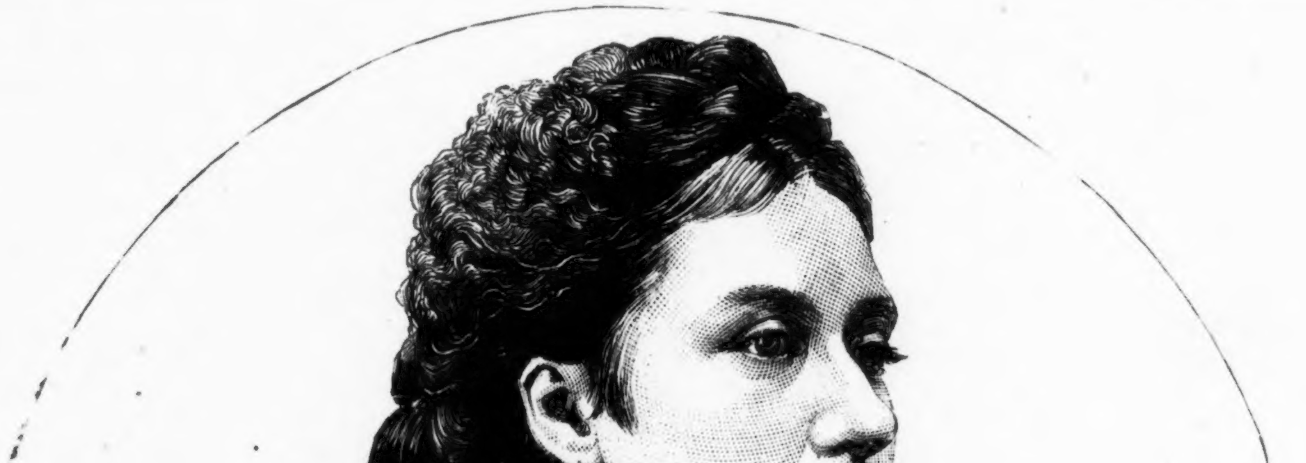
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

Vol. VII.—No. 1. JANUARY, 1879. $3.00 Per Annum.



BRITISH ROYALTY IN AMERICA.—H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.
SEE NEXT PAGE.

BRITISH ROYALTY IN AMERICA.

THE appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to the Governor-generalship of the Dominion of Canada, and the subsequent entrance into American history of that nobleman, and of his wife, the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, give suitable occasion for some account of the visits to America of members of the British Royal Family.

These visits have not been numerous, yet the perusal of details concerning the personages to be named in this connection, will be found not without interest to the general reader.

There have been, in fact, but four members of the Royal Family of Great Britain who have visited this Continent prior to the advent of the Princess Louise. These were Prince William Henry, afterward William IV., uncle to Queen Victoria; her father, Duke of Kent; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales; and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught.

On August 24th, 1781, at the period when the Revolutionary struggle of the American Colonies against Great Britain was nearing rapidly to its close, there appeared in the harbor of New York a British fleet, comprising the *Prince George* and three other ships-of-war, having on board the flag-ship, commanded by Admiral Digby, His Royal Highness Prince William Henry.

This Prince was the third son of George II., and was born in 1765. It having been determined that he should enter the navy, he was, in 1779, rated as a midshipman in the *Prince George*, carrying ninety-eight guns. Having made several cruises, his ship sailed for Gibraltar early in 1781, and thence for New York, where the young Prince made his appearance in midsummer, as already stated.

New York City had been in the possession of the British since September 15th, 1776, and was not evacuated by them until November 25th, 1783, so that, on his arrival, the boy-prince found himself at once in the midst of friends.

At this time Sir Henry Clinton occupied the house No. 1 Broadway, and Sir William Howe the dwelling adjoining it; Admiral Rodney was at 256 Pearl Street, and Lord Cornwallis lived three doors below this. The residence provided for Prince William Henry was the city mansion of Gerardus Beekman; though on his first evening in the city he occupied apartments temporarily provided for him in Wall Street.

On the day succeeding that of his arrival, the Prince reviewed the loyalist militia and independent companies, the ceremony being followed by a dinner given in his honor by Lieutenant-general Robertson. Shortly after his arrival, the Governor, in behalf of himself, His Majesty's Council, and the inhabitants, presented a highly flattering and loyal address—as in duty bound—of which a single paragraph must serve to indicate the general tone. Said His Excellency the Governor: "On report of your coming, we felt our obligation to our gracious King for this new and signal proof of his regard. Your Royal Highness's appearance augments our gratitude by improving our idea of the extent of his goodness. Your presence animates every loyal breast. The glow in our own persuades us you are formed to win every heart. A rebellion that grew upon prejudice should sink at the approach of so fair a representation of the royal virtues——" and so on, *ad nauseam.*

The reply of the young Prince was brief and explicit: "Gentlemen: I beg you will receive my best thanks for your attention to me, and congratulations on my arrival in this country, which I shall certainly take the first opportunity of making known to His Majesty. I desire you will accept of my best wishes for the prosperity of America in general, and this Province in particular."

So far as New York was concerned, His Royal Highness was certain of a warm reception, and loyal and hospitable entertainment. Elsewhere, however, and where the voice of the people and the press was not tuned to the keynote of British bayonets, there was quite another sort of commentary on the royal visitor.

The Pennsylvania *Packet* of October 6th, 1781, talked in this fashion: "The Governor of the garrison of the City of New York seems to think that we are prepared to return to our ancient idolatry, and that, above all things in the wide world, we are ready to worship the offspring of the Royal Brute of Britain. . . . . Let slaves adore tyrants and the sons of tyrants; Americans are free. The boy, William Henry Guelph, lately arrived at New York, will, perhaps, soon be in our power. In that event we shall not visit the sins of the father upon the child, but send him home to his mother. It would not be quite so safe for his father to come amongst us. The blood he has so wantonly spilt, and all the cruelties he has used toward the people of this country, would very justly be remembered against him."

But all this violence of language disturbed little the sailor-lad who was "having a good time," and being petted generally in the select loyalist circles of the metropolis. It is alleged that a plan was arranged by some of the Revolutionary spirits still remaining in the city by which the person of Prince William Henry was to have been seized. If such a plan there was, it was certainly never undertaken. It has been stated, also, that the boy was arrested while "skylarking" in the streets, and in ignorance of his rank. One of these stories is as good as the other, and it is quite probable there is nothing in either of them.

The young Prince remained in New York during the Winter of 1781-82, and until late in the following season; being, however, removed by the King's orders to the *Barfleur*, commanded by Sir Samuel Hood.

While on board this ship, an incident occurred, which is interesting and not generally known. Lord Nelson, at this time commanding the *Albemarle*, frigate, arrived at New York with his fleet, on November 13th, 1782. In a letter written a few days later, he says: "I am a candidate with Lord Hood for a line-of-battle ship; he has honored me highly by a letter, for wishing to go off this station to a station of service, and has promised me his friendship. *Prince William is with him.*"

In fact, the Prince soon made the acquaintance of the future hero of Trafalgar, and at a later period this ripened into warm friendship. Indeed the Prince, at a later period, put on record a description of Nelson as he first saw him, with which we will conclude our reminiscences of the visit of Prince William Henry to America. "I was then a midshipman on board the *Barfleur*, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, came in his barge alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank, unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail, of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice—for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being. Nelson after this went with us to the West Indies, and served under Lord Hood's flag during his indefatigable cruise off Cape François.

"Throughout the whole of the American War, the height of Nelson's ambition was to command a line-of-battle ship; as for prize-money, it never entered his thoughts. He had always in view the character of his maternal uncle (Horatio, Lord Walpole, after whom he was named), I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane. He had the honor of the King's service and the independence of the British Navy particularly at heart; and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply captain of the *Albemarle*, and had obtained none of the honors of his country, as when he was afterward decorated with so much well-earned distinction." All of which hearty and friendly commentary is exceedingly creditable to the young Prince, who was presently to find his way up to the rank and position of Lord High Admiral of England.

Prince William Henry (made Duke of Clarence and Earl of Munster in 1789) was found by the British officials to be somewhat difficult in the matter of discipline, preferring to follow the dictates of his own inclinations rather than the orders of his superior officers. So from 1789 forward his life presents only a series of promotions, without any corresponding service; it being deemed the more desirable that he should remain on home duty than in active service.

On June 26th, 1836, the death of George IV. raised the Duke of Clarence to the throne of England, which he retained until 1837, being popularly known as the "Sailor King," and generally liked by his subjects. On his death without living issue, he was succeeded by his niece, Queen Victoria.

The present Queen of England is the only child of Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., who married the widow of Prince Leiningen, youngest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The Duke of Kent entered the British army at an early age, and distinguished himself in the British attack on the French West India Islands, under Sir Charles Grey. He was made Governor of Nova Scotia, created Duke of Kent and Strathearne, and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America.

He was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1799; and, at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1861 there were still many living in that city who remembered his grandfather, and experienced a special pleasure in seeing his descendant, the heir-apparent to the crown.

Excepting the Duke of Kent, more than three-quarters of a century now elapsed before the appearance upon American shores of any member of the British Royal Family. Other visits of royalty there were—mostly royalty in distress—including the names of Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, the Prince de Joinville, and, not impossibly, the Dauphin (Louis XVII., of unhappy memory), Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and others.

It was not, however, until the beginning of what promised to be a second revolution that a British prince again set foot on American soil.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9th, 1841, was at this time in his nineteenth year. It is related of the Prince Consort that, shortly before his death, he became possessed of a beautiful marble statuette of the boy-king, Edward VI. This he had placed at the top of one of the grand staircases of the palace, designing to present it to the Prince of Wales on his coming of age, but died, December 14th, 1861, almost exactly a year before this event occurred.

The statuette in question represents the royal child holding in his hand a sceptre, with which he points to a sculptured representation of a Bible, and to the passage in II. Chron. xxxiv., verses 1 and 2: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David, his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left."

This incident is of interest in the present connection as signifying the intentions of the Queen and Prince Albert in regard to the rearing of their children. It is gratifying to note that the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers and sisters were all trained with the most careful regard to their self-respect as men and women, and to their duties in the high positions which they were destined to occupy. Particularly was this the case with regard to the Prince of Wales. His early education was gained under the direction of the Rev. Henry M. Birch, Rector of Prestwich, England, Mr. Gibbs, barrister-at-law, and other gentlemen distinguished alike for their learning and elevated character. He studied for a session at Edinburgh, then entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he attended public lectures for a year, and afterward resided for three or four terms at Cambridge for the same purpose.

In 1858 the Prince was gazetted to a coloneley in the British Army. Under the exceptional tuition and discipline which marked his education, he became manly and proficient beyond his years. He displayed great aptitude in linguistics, and spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish with fluency, besides being a good Greek and Latin scholar.

A Cambridge paper referred to the Prince in these terms: "We declare, without fear of contradiction, that while the Prince of Wales was at the University, he proved himself to be a good and amiable young man, a true English gentleman, and a prince wholly free from everything approaching to a debasing tendency."

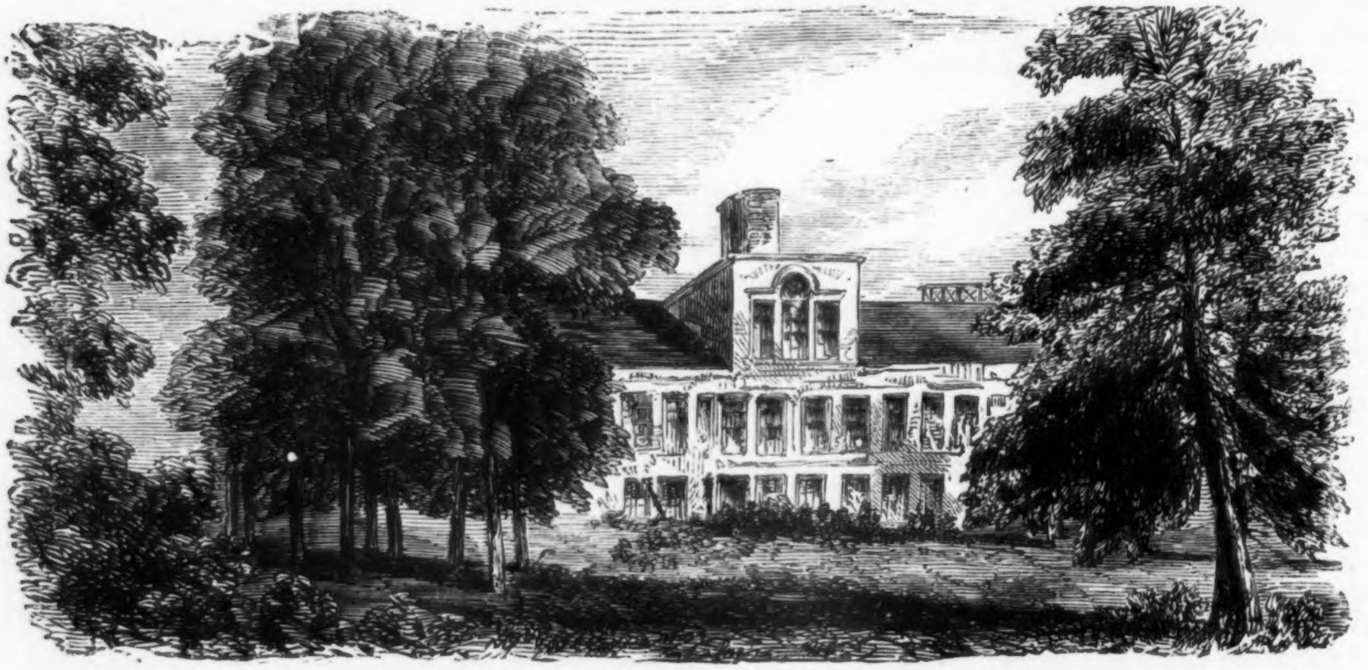
Meanwhile, the education of the Prince had not been neglected in the important matter of foreign travel. He had made several visits to the Continent in charge of his preceptors and governors, and had acquired from personal observation acting upon an acute mind a fair acquaintance with the forms and methods of monarchical governments, and the conditions of peoples.

It was now concluded that by a visit to Canada he should be enabled to inform himself as to the situation of one of Great Britain's leading colonial dependencies; and, incidentally, by a tour through the United States, gain his first impressions of a republican form of government in its relation to thirty-two millions of people.

On July 10th, 1860, the Prince of Wales set sail from Plymouth, England, on board H. M. S. *Hero* (91 guns), Captain Seymour, C. B., accompanied by the *Ariadne* frigate, and bound for St. John's, Newfoundland. The Channel fleet lay southwest of the Eddystone Lighthouse, and as the *Hero* approached, the ships-of-war separated into two lines, the *Hero* passed between them, and out on her way down the Channel with a fair wind.

The Prince was accompanied part of the way to Plymouth by Her Majesty the Queen; and the Prince Consort continued with the Prince until his final departure, when he returned to Osborne. The departure of the Prince from Plymouth was marked by the attendance of the civic functionaries on board the royal yacht, where loyal addresses were made and responded to, while salutes were fired from the citadel and from the men-of-war in port.

After a pleasant sail of fourteen days, the *Hero* and *Ariadne* arrived in the harbor of St. John's, where great



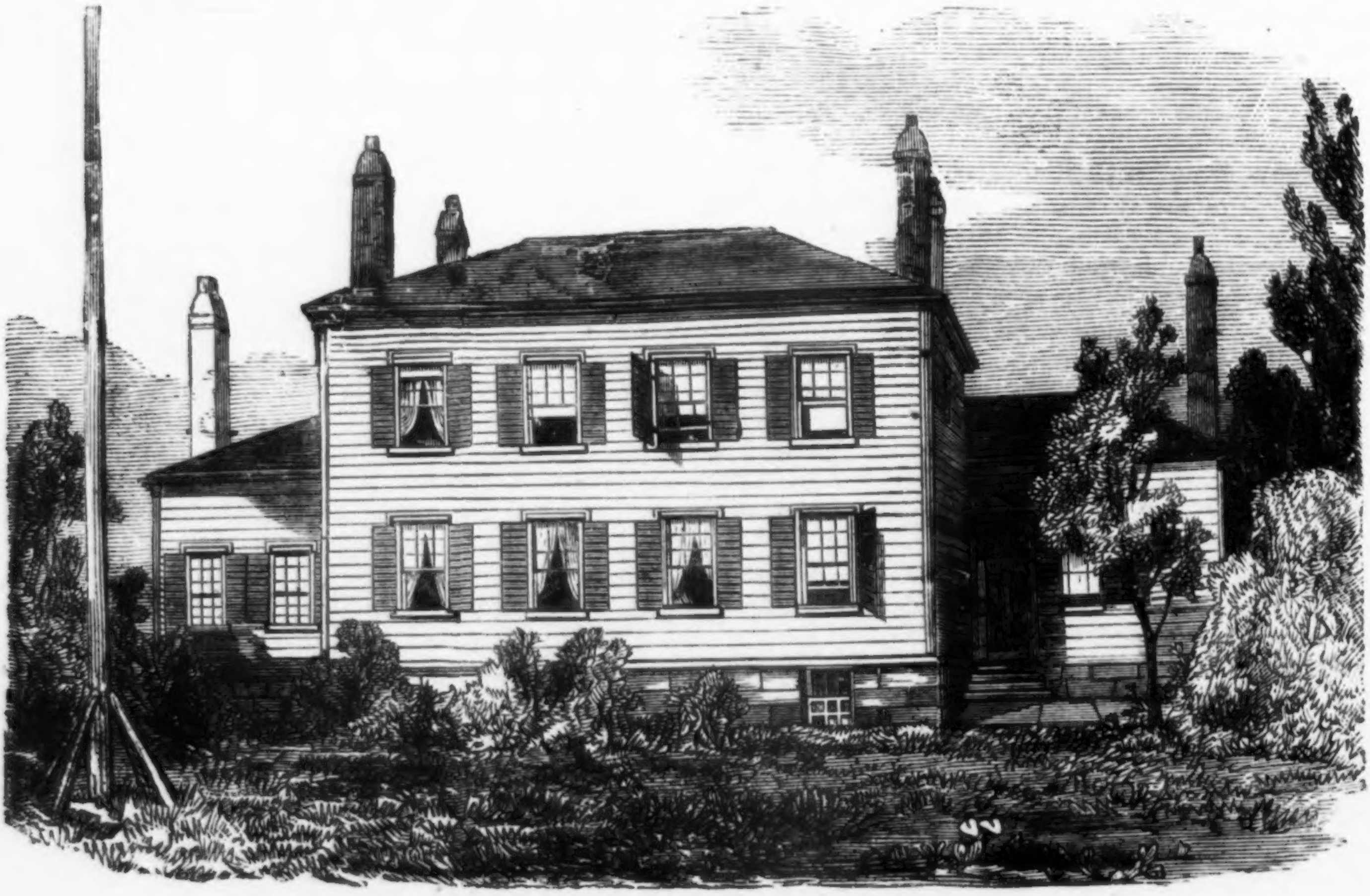
DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE, WINDSOR ROAD, HALIFAX.

preparations had been made for the reception of the royal visitor. On the 24th the Prince landed, accompanied by his suite, including the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies; the Earl of St. Germains, Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household; Major Teesdale and Captain Grey, equerries in waiting; and Dr. Acland, the Prince's physician.

St. John's was now in gala array, with bunting flying in all directions; arches of evergreens festooning the streets; the public buildings decorated, and bands playing, and the populace shouting in all directions. The wharves and even the roofs of surrounding buildings, and the rigging of vessels, were crowded with eager spectators. Companies of volunteer riflemen and policemen guarded the approaches to the Queen's Wharf; and here were gathered societies, officials, school-children, foreign consuls, and officers, all in full dress.

At noon the prince entered his barge, and was pulled rapidly to the shore. Here, along the wharf, a crimson cloth carpeted the way to his carriage, and, as the Prince passed rapidly through the throng of people, looking handsome and manly in the uniform of a colonel in the British army, the loyal outburst of enthusiasm was tremendous.

From the wharf the royal party proceeded to the Government House, where they received addresses from the various civic and colonial bodies and officials; this ceremony being followed by a levee and the introduction to the Prince of prominent citizens. During his stay at St. John's, the Prince of Wales was engaged in visiting the

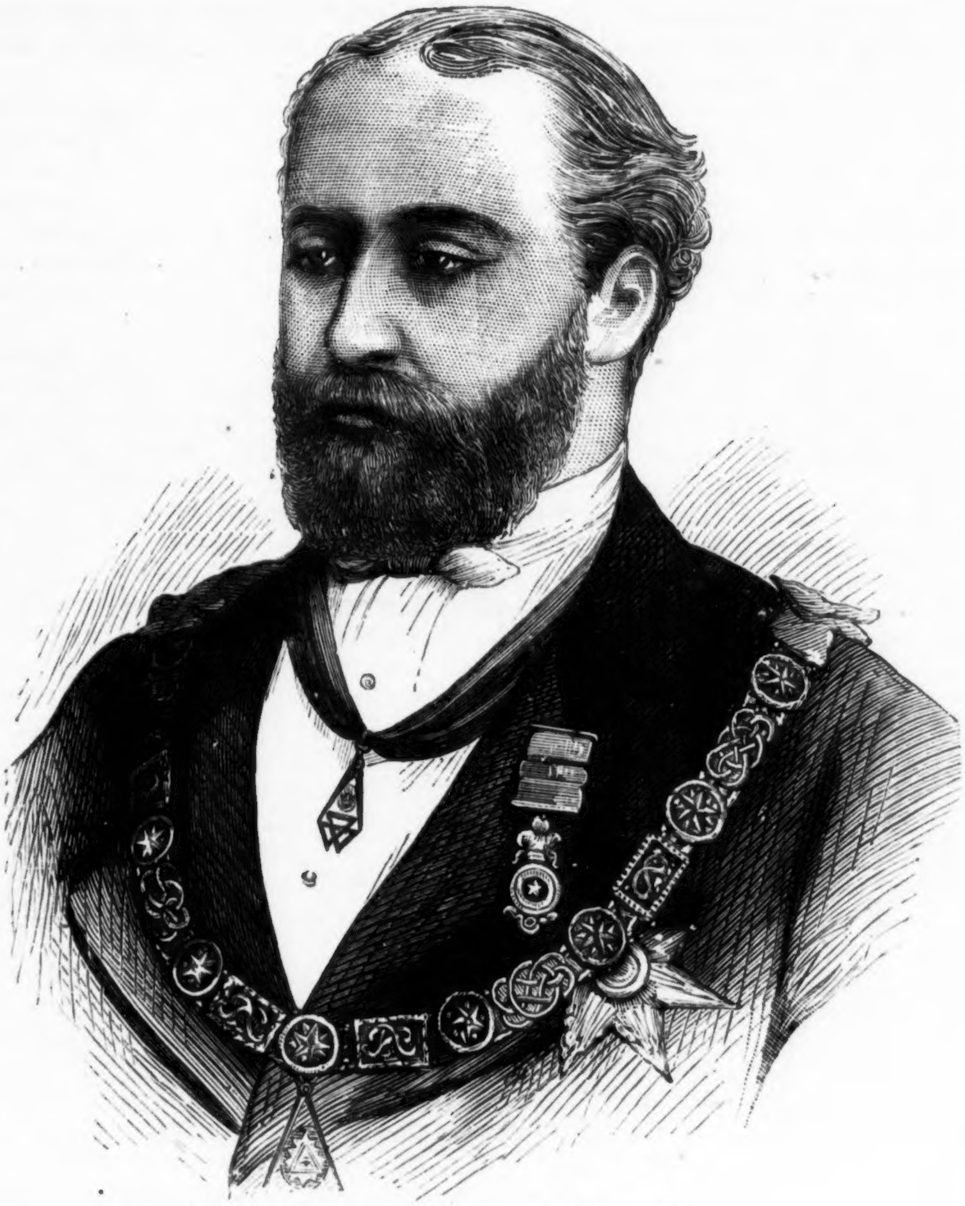


RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF KENT, GRANDFATHER OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE, AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

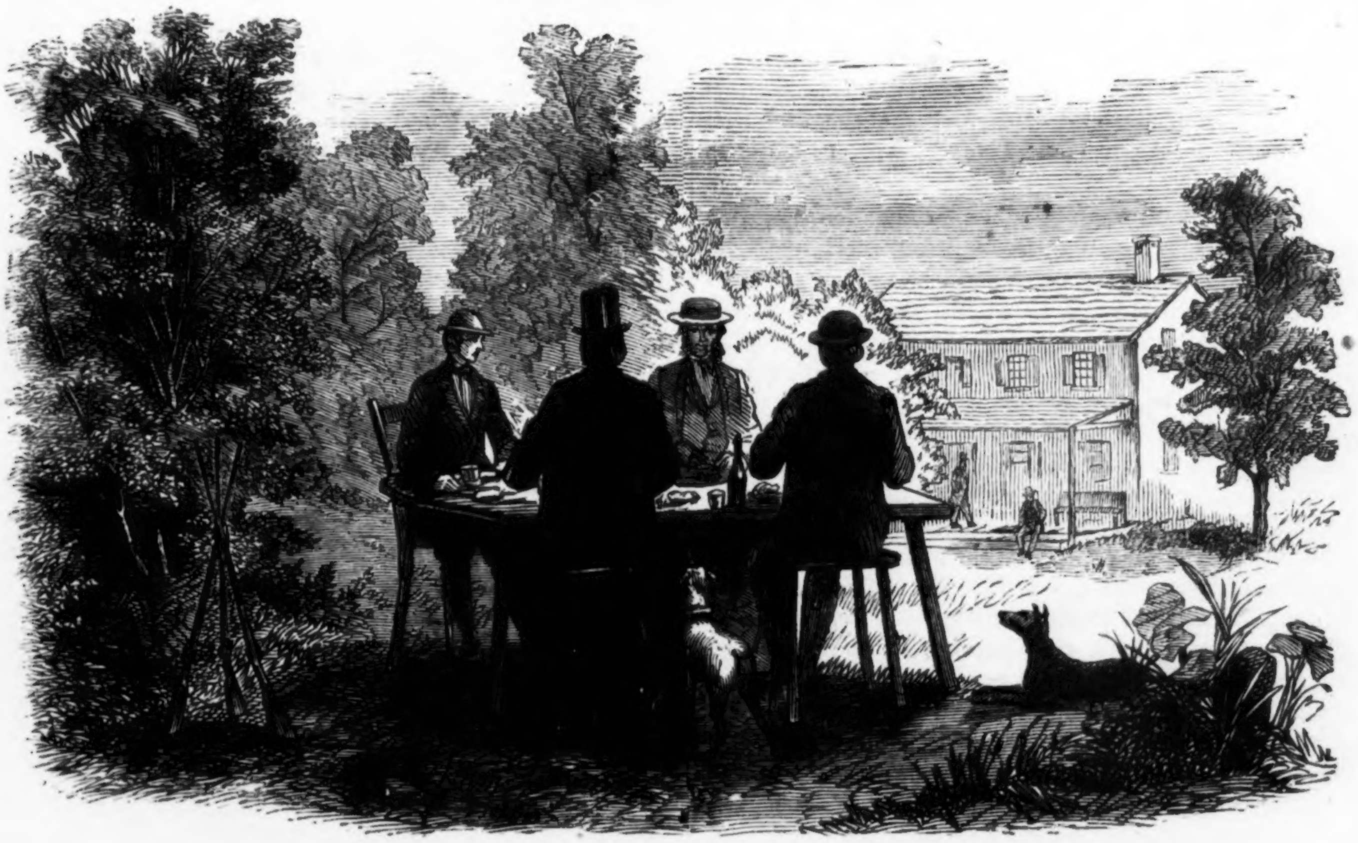
public buildings, and in riding and driving. On the evening of his arrival, the city of St. John's was illuminated, and a state dinner was given at the Government House. On the following day, the prince was present at a regatta at Lake Quidi Vidi, half a mile from St. John's, and also inspected a fishing-station, and informed himself on the various processes connected with the catching and curing of cod-fish.

On this evening a grand reception ball was given at the Capitol, where the prince danced twelve times, and gave the Newfoundlanders a most favorable opinion of his affability and grace of manners.

This ball was described by an eye-witness as the most comical gathering imaginable. It being a public affair, with tickets for sale at five dollars each, it resulted in bringing together a mixed community of souls, all one in their interest in the prince, but at odds as to everything else. But few of them understood dancing; little mites of midshipmen chose for partners the largest ladies in the room; the



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE PRAIRIES—A HUNTER'S MEAL.

figures of the dancers got badly into disorder, yet the Prince himself danced through the whole with evident delight, laughing heartily at the *contretemps*, and rectifying such errors as came under his personal view. Ladies were flung floundering at the Prince's feet by clumsy partners; others persisted in taking his arm, to the confusion of royal etiquette; but through it all, the Prince retained his serenity. He remained until very late at the ball, and retired, leaving the best of impressions, manifested by the ringing cheers from the assembled people which accompanied him on his departure.

An incident of the visit to St. John's was the presentation to the Prince of Wales, by the Chief Justice of the Colony, of a beautiful Newfoundland dog, which the pleased recipient immediately named "Cabot," after the discoverer of the island.

On the 26th the royal party left St. John's, and, after calling at Sidney, Cape Breton, for coal, proceeded to Halifax. At this port, the capital city of Nova Scotia, the Prince was received with the roar of cannon from the batteries on shore and from six men-of-war in harbor, while the citadel and the docks were crowded with people, who shouted and cheered enthusiastically. Twelve canoes, paddled by Indians, formed a part of the pageant. British infantry and Nova Scotia volunteers lined the streets through which the procession passed, and at the dock-yard the Admiral of the fleet, Lord Muglrave, Governor of the Province, the Mayor of Halifax, and other dignitaries, welcomed His Royal Highness to Nova Scotia.

In Halifax the festivities of reception and entertainment were of very much the same character as in St. John's. A dinner at the Government House, a grand review of the regular and volunteer troops on the following day, a ball in the Province Building, levees, a regatta; and so the days until August 2d were passed agreeably enough. The loyalty of the "Blue Noses" was manifested at every opportunity, while no pains were spared to give the Prince a favorable impression of this portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

From Halifax the royal party proceeded by special train to Windsor, near the Bay of Fundy, whence he sailed for St. John, New Brunswick, visiting also Fredericton; after which he returned to Windsor, and passed through Truro and Picton, on his way to Prince Edward Island—thus named in honor of his grandfather, the Duke of Kent. From Prince Edward Island the Prince's party repaired to Quebec.

The appearance and manner of the Prince of Wales, during his tour, were, of course, freely commented upon by newspaper correspondents and others; and there seems to have been but one opinion as to his grace and general urbanity, and the constant courtesy which marked his conduct. In his features, Albert Edward presented the characteristics of his race, resembling greatly his mother, and showing rather his Guelph than his Coburg origin. He was genial and cheerful in disposition, had a quick appreciation of the ludicrous, and impressed those who saw much of him with his ready wit and his aptitude of understanding. No amount of prosy speech-making bored him, no presentation of local statistics or historical allusions bewildered him. He seemed to have thoroughly informed himself on the general data in connection with the scenes he visited, and to be willing, and even anxious, to obtain closer and more detailed information concerning such localities. Tireless and indefatigable in sight-seeing, and appreciating to the full the hospitality and loyalty everywhere displayed at his coming, the young Prince now gained new and pleasing impressions as to the extent and importance of the sovereignty of Queen Victoria; while he left behind him everywhere the most profound regard and respect for his personal character and bearing.

During the voyage from England the Prince is said to have been the most lively and social of all on board. He would sit cross-legged, with his telescope in his hand, signaling the other ships of the squadron; asking the most humorous questions, and returning replies framed in equally comical fashion. He had the entire use of the upper quarter-deck cabin, usually occupied by the captain; and into this none of the members of his suite ever entered, unless to dine, or by special invitation. His cabin was furnished plainly, but substantially, in mahogany and leather, and contained for decoration an engraved portrait of Lord Nelson on one of the walls, and four silver candlesticks which had been the property of Lord Nelson when commanding the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar. In one part of the room was a library of works on the United States and Canada, which the Prince read very assiduously; thus informing himself quite fully concerning the countries he was about to visit.

Of the Prince's suite, the Duke of Newcastle was a little past forty years of age, about five feet eleven inches in height, wearing full beard, whiskers and mustache cut short, and presenting an erect and gentlemanly appearing figure. The Earl of St. Germains was much older than the Duke, and had gray hair; his step was firm, and his bearing dignified and distinguished. General Bruce, a Major-General in the British army, was the Prince's governor, a little younger than the Earl, but having also gray hair. The remaining members of the suite were young men.

On arriving at Quebec, the Prince and his suite were met by the Governor-general of Canada and the Ministry, the Commander of the Forces, Sir William Fenwick Williams, the "Hero of Kars," the British Minister at Washington, Lord Lyons, and two *attachés*, who had traveled from that city to pay their respects to their Prince, and by the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops and clergy in their robes, and, finally, the Mayor of the city, the Municipal Council, and many members of the Legislature. Suitable addresses were made and responded to, when a procession was formed to escort the Prince to the Governor-general's residence. The city of Quebec was magnificently decorated on this occasion, the whole route of nearly five miles between the wharf and the Government House being spanned by arches, each having its appropriate motto. In the evening the city was illuminated, with very impressive effect.

By this time it was late in August, and on the 21st an important ceremony took place at the Province Building, when the Speakers of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Colonial Parliament were knighted by the Prince of Wales, acting for the Sovereign. A visit to the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci, another to the Ursuline Convent, receptions, balls, dinners, and a grand display of fireworks, were among the incidents of the Prince's stay in Quebec.

On August 22d the Prince and party left Quebec for Montreal. On the 25th His Royal Highness landed from the steamer on which he had made the trip from Quebec, and was received by the principal dignitaries of the city, after which he was conducted to the pavilion where an industrial and horticultural exhibition was being held, and where a raised dais and throne had been placed for his reception. Here there were more addresses, a prayer from the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, and other ceremonies; after which the Prince was shown through the exhibition by the gentlemen in charge. This was followed by the inauguration of the great Victoria tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence, built by Robert Stephenson—a ceremony at

XUM

which it had been originally designed that the Prince should officiate. This bridge is two miles long, was commenced July 20th, 1854, and completed in 1859, and belongs to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, forming an unbroken line of communication with the United States.

The conventional festivities which had hitherto characterized the reception of the Prince at the various cities which he had visited were varied at Montreal by his being afforded an opportunity of witnessing a game of lacrosse, played by sixty Algonquin Indians and an equal number of Iroquois. This was followed by an Indian war-dance, conducted by twenty savages in full war-paint and armed with tomahawks, clubs and scalping-knives. The first day's proceedings closed with a *levee* and a grand citizens' ball, held in an enormous circular room three hundred and seventy-five feet in circumference. The next few days were occupied by the Prince in visiting points of interest in and about Montreal, after which the party proceeded to Ottawa, where His Royal Highness performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the public buildings, in the presence of the Governor-general, the Legislature, and the Mayor and Council of Ottawa.

The journey was now pursued up the Ottawa River to Almonte, and thence by Grand Trunk Railway to Brockville, where the party took steamer to make the trip through the Thousand Islands. All along the route the inhabitants of the small towns and villages through which the royal party passed displayed the greatest enthusiasm to catch a glimpse of the Prince, and evince their loyal sentiments toward his House by delighted recognition of its representative.

The journey through the Thousand Islands was completed satisfactorily, and the party proceeded to Kingston, where it was in contemplation to land. Here, however, the stupid faction quarrels of the Orangemen and Roman Catholics interfered to mar the serenity which had hitherto characterized this entire progress. The Orange party had determined to appear in full regalia in the reception procession, thus giving offense to the Roman Catholic population of the town; and as the Prince would not countenance any procedure of this character, the design to land was abandoned. At Belleville a similar difficulty kept the Prince and suite on board their steamer, and they accordingly proceeded to Cobourg, where the Prince attended a ball given in his honor. At Toronto a grand ovation met the party, interfered with to some extent, however, by the wanton incorporation of the stupid Orange element into the celebration.

From this point the journey was continued rapidly to Niagara Falls. Here the Prince viewed the great cataract from all points, and was also greatly entertained by witnessing the marvelous feats of M. Blondin, who crossed the river on his tight-rope, carrying a man on his back, turning somersaults, and performing various other dangerous and daring acts.

Leaving Niagara, the royal party proceeded to Queenstown, where the Prince inaugurated the new monument to General Brock. From Queenstown to Niagara, St. Catherine's and Hamilton, where he received the last ovation from the Canadian people, and then the Prince made his first appearance in the United States, entering Detroit at night and by torchlight, in most picturesque fashion.

He now traveled under the name of "Baron Renfrew"; but his *incognito* did not prevent his gaining the warmest reception on the part of the citizens of Detroit. Proceeding now to Chicago, where the party were met with equal show of curiosity and enthusiasm, they branched off eighty miles to enjoy a couple of days' prairie shooting, in which they met with excellent success. Returning to Chicago, the journey was continued to St. Louis and Cincinnati, in both of which cities the reception of the Prince was tumultuous; and this continued to be the case in every town and city where a stoppage took place—in Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore—particularly in the latter city, where he was received by the Mayor, the British Consul, and a committee of leading citizens. At the depot in Washington, the Prince of Wales was received by Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, who conducted him to the President's carriage, which was in waiting, when the entire party repaired to the White House. Here, on the threshold, the Prince was greeted by President Buchanan, who entertained him at dinner on the same day, in company with the Cabinet Ministers, the Prince's suite, and Lord Lyons, British Minister. On the following morning the President gave a public reception in honor of his guest, where the Prince had an opportunity of witnessing the democratic relations existing between the chief executive and the people of the United States.

It is interesting to note that the Prince of Wales visited, in company with President Buchanan, the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon. It afforded a happy commentary on the War of the American Revolution, that the descendant of George III. and heir to the crown of England should represent the British throne and people at the grave of their ancient foe.

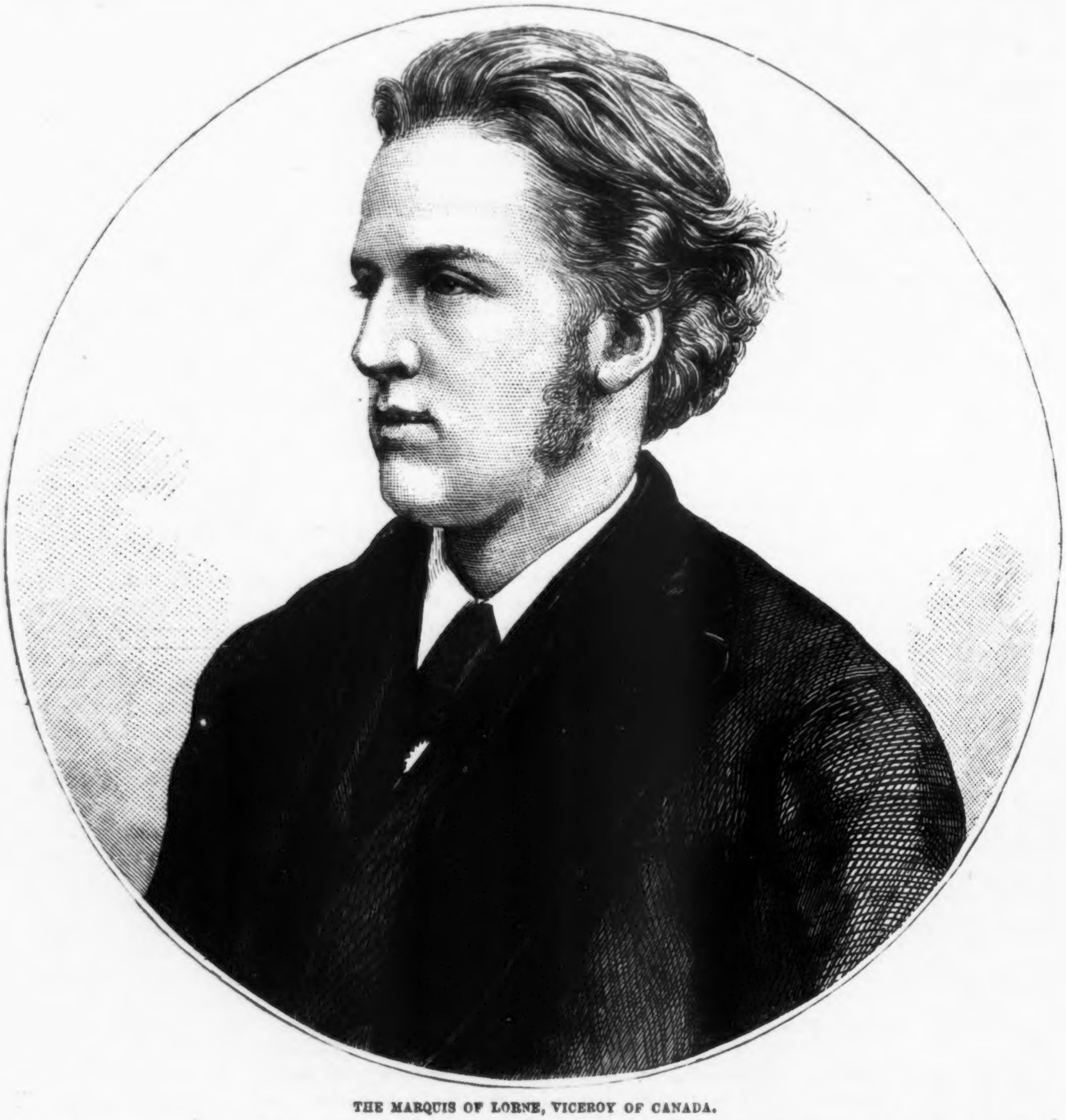
From Washington the Prince and party proceeded to Richmond on a short visit, and, returning, passed through Washington and Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, where they visited Girard College, the Eastern Penitentiary and the Insane Asylum; passing the evening at the Academy of Music, where were performed acts of "Martha" and "Traviata" by Patti, Carl Formes, Pauline Colson and Ernani. On the following morning the Prince took the cars for New York.

At Amboy the Prince went on board the United States steamer *Harriet Lane*, dispached thither by the President for this purpose; and, on reaching New York, was received with discharges of artillery from Fort Hamilton and the other batteries, amidst the din of which the landing was made at Castle Garden. Here the party were met by Mayor Fernando Wood, and Major-General Sanford, commanding the First Division New York State Militia, by whom the Prince was asked to review the troops. To this he gracefully assented, and presently appeared in full uniform, and mounted a horse which had been provided for him, when the division, numbering about six thousand men, passed in review before him. The grand procession to the City Hall, where a halt was made, and thence to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was one of the most magnificent pageants which New York has ever witnessed, while the multitude assembled on Broadway was utterly innumerable. This was the 11th of October, and of the extraordinary scene presented on the occasion, a dispatch to London spoke as follows: "The most unbounded enthusiasm prevailed. Broadway was densely crowded with people of all classes; house-windows were packed to overflowing, house-tops completely covered, and every available square inch occupied. The demonstration here entirely eclipsed all others; the Atlantic Cable and Japanese celebrations cannot be compared with it. Half-a-million of people lined Broadway, and there was a splendid military display."

On the night of October 12th, a grand ball was given at the Academy of Music by a committee of four hundred citizens, at which the toilets of the ladies were magnificent, the decorations tasteful and attractive, the floral display being exquisite. This ball was on invitation only, and the gathering, though enormous in numbers, was remarkably select

XUM

The days of the Prince's stay in New York were occupied by visits to the Astor Library, to the University, one to the veteran General Scott at his residence, and one to Barnum's Museum. The entire party also visited Mr. Brady's photographic gallery, where their pictures were taken, and where they left their autograph signatures at the request of Mr. Brady. On the evening of the 13th the Prince witnessed a grand torchlight procession of firemen, who mustered five thousand strong. On the 15th (Sunday) the Prince attended divine service at Trinity Church, and on the following day he sailed up the Hudson to West Point on the *Harriet Lane*, and thence by steamer *Daniel Drew* to Albany, where he was entertained by Governor Morgan.



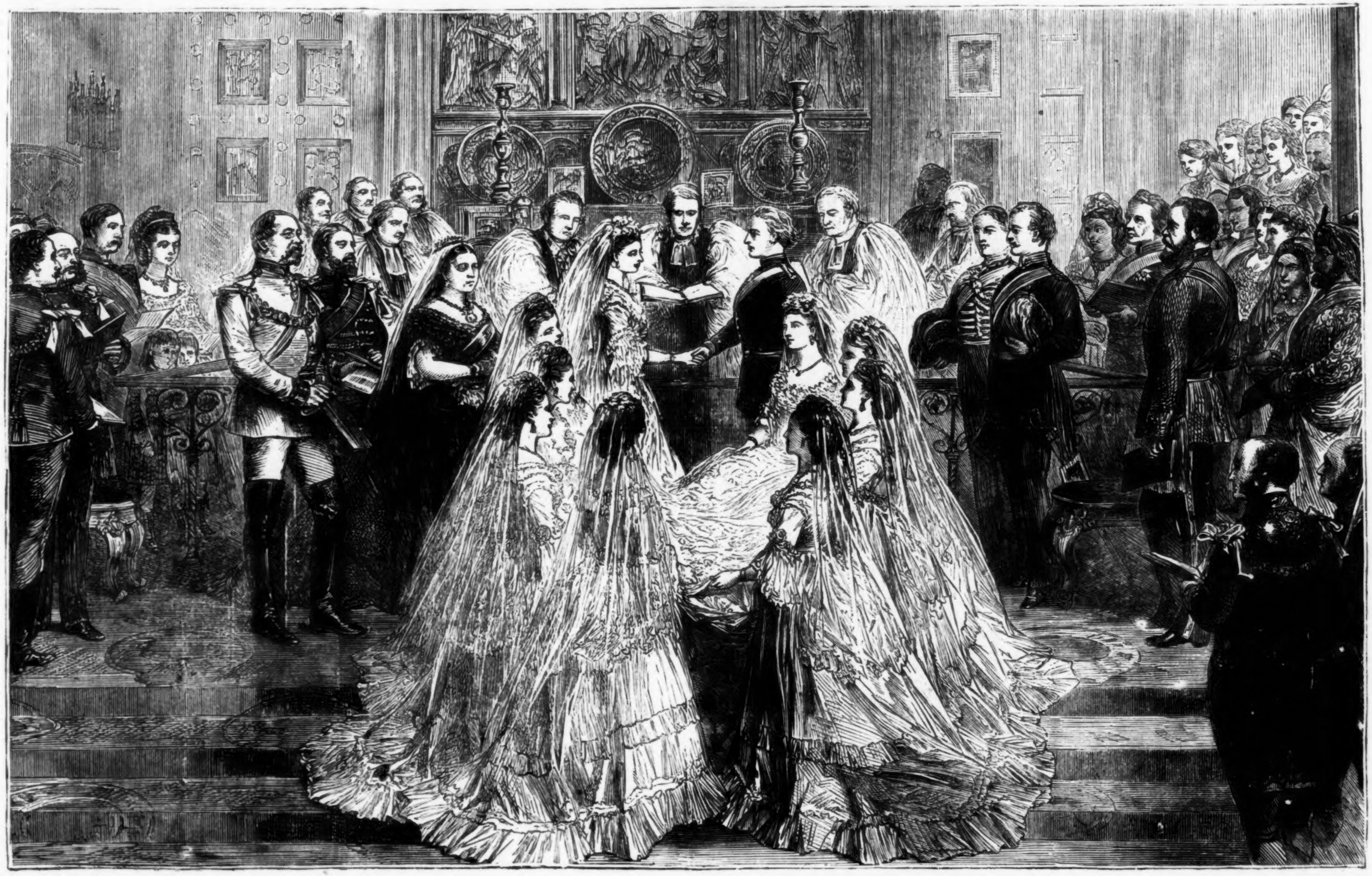
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, VICEROY OF CANADA.

From Albany the party proceeded by rail to Boston, where a reception of the warmest character welcomed the Prince of Wales to the Old Bay State. Here a military review, a grand ball, and a musical festival at the Music Hall were the features of the Prince's visit; and, after two days' stay, the party left by rail for Portland, where a military reception awaited them. They were escorted to the wharf, whence they embarked on the *Hero*, which, with the rest of the fleet, sailed on October 20th for England.

The next visit to America on the part of a member of the British royal family was that of Prince Arthur, in 1869. Arthur William Patrick Albert, the third son of Queen Victoria, Duke of Connaught, was born May 1st, 1850. He entered the Military Academy at Woolwich in 1866, and became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868; being, however, transferred to the Rifle Brigade in 1869, and made a captain in 1871, when he obtained his majority, and had a grant of £15,000 per annum voted him by Parliament.

On August 1869, Prince Arthur left England for a visit to Canada and the United States, and arrived a, Halifax on the 22d, where he was received with much enthusiasm, and in accordance with the courtesy due to his rank. He was at Quebec on September 15th, where his reception was similar in character to that already recounted in connection with the Prince of Wales. On the 9th of October, the Prince reached Montreal. But the greater part of Prince Arthur's visit to Canada was passed in its northern portion, where he amused himself by hunting and fishing.

At Mohawk, he was honored by being made a Chief of the Six Nations, with great glory of decoration and many



MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

ceremonies. From Montreal the prince proceeded to New York in January, arriving in the latter city on the 21st, where he was met by Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister; and Mr. Archibald, the British Consul at New York. The Prince with his suite, comprising Colonel Elphinstone, and Lieutenants Pickard and Fitzroy, visited the Central Park, passed the evening at Wallack's Theatre, and then proceeded to Washington, where he was the guest of Minister Thornton.

In Washington, the young Prince received every attention, being received at the White House by President Grant with distinguished attentions, while Cabinet Officers, Senators and other high officials showed him every possible courtesy. He returned to New York on January 29th, passing the evening of that day at Niblo's Garden, in Mr. A. T. Stewart's private box, which was appropriately decorated with flags, and in company with Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton.

On the 31st, the Prince gave audience to the British residents of New York, by whom he was presented with an address of welcome. February 1st was passed in visiting the Astor Library and other public buildings, in having photographs taken at Gurney's, and in the evening, at a grand ball given at Delmonico's in honor of the Prince. On February 9th, Prince Arthur and suite were present at Peabody, Mass., at the funeral obsequies of George Peabody.

While the visit of Prince Arthur induced less enthusiasm in the United States than was the case with regard to the Prince of Wales, this very natural fact did not prevent him from having a most enjoyable tour, or from making friends of all who were privileged to form his acquaintance. The young prince proved himself to be an additional evidence of the admirable system of government and education which has ever been pursued in the rearing of the children of the reigning family of England.

The bearing of Prince Arthur was soldierly; he had a frank, open countenance, which invited confidence, and his manners were those of a highly cultured English gentleman.

The year 1878 will close with peculiar prestige in the minds of the Canadians, since it bestows upon the Dominion a Viceroy, or Governor-general, notable, not only for his own family and rank, but for his having been specially favored by being permitted to marry into the Royal Family—the first instance of the kind known to the history of England.

John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, called by courtesy the Marquis of Lorne, is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and was born in London in 1845. It is possible that the young representative of the Campbells would have remained in obscurity, had it not been for his marriage, in 1871, to Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. This event has resulted in bringing about the visit of the Princess to the United States, and thus renders appropriate the account already given of previous similar occurrences.

The Princess Louise, more than any other member of the Royal Family, has shown herself interested in what may be termed by courtesy, "Women's Work." She is the founder and patroness of the "Royal School of Art-Needlework," at South Kensington, which contributed specimens of work to the Women's Pavilion in the Centennial Exhibition. Some of these specimen pieces of art-needlework were quite exquisite in finish, one or two examples being after designs by the Princess Louise herself. Her Royal Highness is amiable and pleasing in manner, and is certain to fill, with dignity and grace, the position she will assume in the Dominion.

On Tuesday, March 21st, 1871, the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in the presence of the Royal Family and invited guests. The bridal procession included H.M. the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Teck, the Count de Flandres, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Maharaja Dhuleep Singh and the Maharanee, and the Duke of Argyll.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, the bride and groom repaired to Claremont, Surrey, the residence of the Marquis of Lorne, and in September visited the Castle of Inverary, the seat of the Duke of Argyll.

The domain of Argyll has been amongst the most important of any of the Scottish chiefs. The "Lord of Lorne" was originally the "Lord of the Isles," and held free sway over the whole tract of sea and land covered and included in Scott's poem of that name: "North to Skye, south to Loch Ranza"; and the Campbell, in his turn, has held the soil of many of the isles. As early as the twelfth century, the clans of the MacDougalls and the MacRonalds were united in the person of their common ancestor, the Shane of Argyll. To the present Duke of Argyll and Marquis of Lorne belong the barony of Mull, while the Duke is also proprietor of Iona—anciently esteemed the metropoliis of the northern isles.

The Duke of Argyll's seat—Inverary Castle—is situated about sixteen miles from Loch Awe, in the little county-town of Argyllshire, noted for its herring-fishery. In Scott's "Legends of Montrose" the castle is presented to the reader in a romantic though rather gloomy aspect, as it appeared during the bloody feuds of the seventeenth century.

The present mansion was built about 1750 by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll. It is a stately but heavy quadrangular structure, of dark, slaty stone, with round towers at the angles, and a pavilion above. In the great hall is kept a collection of Highland weapons, with the muskets used by the Clan Campbell at the Battle of Culloden. The surrounding domain comprises an extensive park, beautifully wooded, and includes an eminence, from which can be obtained a view of a broad and charming landscape.

The present is not the first visit of the Marquis of Lorne to America. In 1866 he made a voyage to the West India Islands, visiting Cuba, Hayti, and Jamaica, returning by way of the United States. He visited New York, Boston and Washington, and traveled through a portion of the South, afterward passing some time in Canada. The Marquis collected his notes into a volume called "A Trip Through the Tropics, and Home Through America," which presents a series of rather superficial impressions—all that could be reasonably expected in such a work. The writer tells his story, however, in a chatty, pleasant way which is attractive, and in some instances gives evidence of substantial consideration and the exercise of careful judgment in forming his opinions.

This marriage has possibly proven not to be as perfect a union as might have been desired. If current rumor be accurate—and there is in this instance every reason to trust it—the system of etiquette of the Court of St. James, and the rules of precedence, for which no one is a greater stickler than Queen Victoria, have served to greatly harass and embarrass the ambitious husband of a princess of the blood royal. As the Marquis of Lorne is a man of talents and a courteous and agreeable gentleman—and as the princess is an amiable and beneficent lady, it is gratifying to

XUM

those who are interested in both, that the present appointment will cause at least a temporary cessation of these annoying rumors, and of the incidents which gave rise to them.

Appointed Governor-general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne assumes the post under peculiar difficulties of another nature. He is, in fact, handicapped by the reputation and popularity of his predecessor, Earl Dufferin, than whom it is difficult to believe that any country has ever had a more entirely satisfactory viceroy. There is, however, every reason for believing that the new Governor-general, aided by the presence of the Princess, his wife, will establish for himself a favorable impression.

When the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Halifax, the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh added one more to our list of "British Royalty in America." Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, has been in the naval service since 1858, and has seen nearly every country in the world, including a previous visit to this Continent. In Australia, in 1868, he narrowly escaped assassination, but his assailant was captured, tried, condemned and executed for the offense.

On January 23d, 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Grand Duchess Marie, only daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. The Duke is now in his thirty-fifth year, having been born August 6th, 1844. In 1862, he declined the offer made to him of the throne of Greece, preferring the excitement and change of the naval service. The Duke of Edinburgh makes the sixth member of the reigning family of Great Britain who has visited the Continent of America.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise took their departure from London on the evening of November 13th, for Liverpool, traveling on the Midland Railway. At Liverpool a public reception awaited them, when they were escorted to the steamship *Sarmatian*, designated to convey the royal party to Halifax.

The suite of the Marquis and Princess comprised the following persons: Lady Sophia MacNamara, Major and Mrs. De Winton and two children, Miss De Winton, Hon. Mrs. Moreton and daughter, Colonel McNeill, Hon. C. Harbord, Captain Chater, Dr. Andrew Clark, and Mr. Sidney Hall. There were also twenty domestic servants, including that very necessary appendage to a Scottish traveling party, a Highland piper.

The *Sarmatian* was fitted for the special convenience of its important freightage, much floral and other decoration being prevalent. It will be interesting to the future reader of this magazine to have gained through the investigations of the reporter of the period the valuable information that "the canopy of the Princess's berth was of green silk, with silver ornaments, while that of Lady MacNamara was red.' Also that the entire expense of transportation was two thousand pounds.

With the hope of preserving the royal party from the ravages and discomforts of sea-sickness, the universal American had invented a "patent leveling berth," which was put to use in the cabins of the Princess and Lady MacNamara. It is painful to record that this invention failed dismally of warding off the dreaded foe. The two ladies were frightfully ill, and the "patent leveling berths" were discarded.

The *Sarmatian* sighted Sambro Light on the afternoon of November 23d, and at midnight of the same day she was brought to anchor, near the royal dockyard in Halifax Harbor.

By this time the Dominion was feverish with the excitement of promise, and the fulfillment brought brilliantly to light the thousand-and one preparations for the grand reception of royalty and vice-royalty. India might rejoice in the luxury of a distant empress; but to Canada, of all England's Colonial belongings, it was reserved to have her Governor-generalship burnished with the actual presence of a princess, and the gilded glory of a real court.

On the morning of the 24th, the Duke of Edinburgh left his ship, the *Black Prince*, and called on the Princess; the vice-admiral went out to the *Sarmatian* in his gig, and invited the royal party to the Admiralty House; the Lieutenant-governor went on board with the military secretary of Lord Dufferin—the latter being the gentleman from whom the Marquis was to obtain his "coaching" for the numerous official ceremonies.

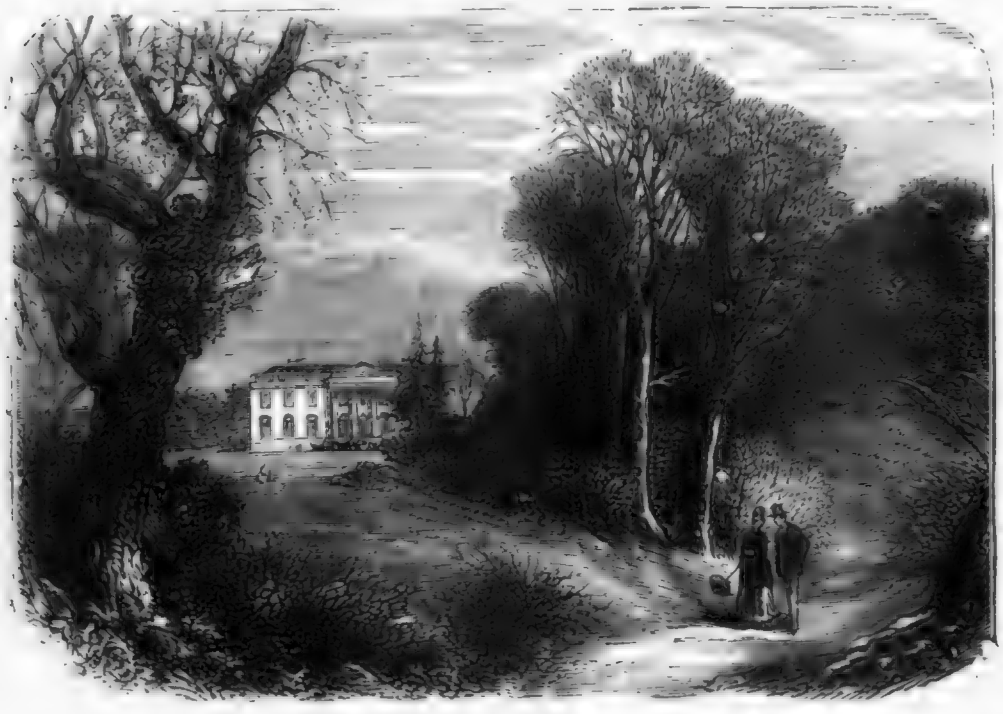
The Marquis and Princess passed their first night after their arrival on board ship. On the afternoon of that day they went on shore informally and drove through the city, after a lunch with the Duke of Edinburgh on board the *Black Prince*. Halifax was now dressed in gay attire, making that sombre city for the nonce brilliant and attractive. Great triumphal arches spanned the streets; the houses were decorated profusely with evergreens and bunting; the reception rooms in the Province House were swept and adorned fitly; and, as the city was now thronged with strangers, it presented a most animated appearance.

On Monday, November 25th, the great public landing of the new Governor-General and his royal wife took place, with every possible surrounding of ceremony to give it distinction. The harbor of Halifax presented a most brilliant appearance, the *Sarmatian* sailing between two lines of men-of-war up to the dock-yard, where the vice-regal party were landed, amid salutes from one fortification after another; the guns from the bastions of the citadel completing the round. Each of the six men-of-war in harbor, led by the *Black Prince* and *Bellerophon*, was decked out with bunting, and every yard fully manned, the ships' crews cheering in turn as the *Sarmatian* steamed proudly past. The bands played "God save the Queen," and everybody mentally ejaculated "God bless the Princess Louise!"

At the Queen's Dockyard the scene was gorgeous in color and general effect. Redcoats from the fleet lined the outer wharves, while detachments from two British regiments stood in line in the rear. Behind these were the Mayor in scarlet robes, the Chancellor in a purple gown, bishops and judges, cabinet officers and members of the Provincial and Dominion Parliaments, guards of honor, and, behind all, a background of evergreens and flags; the whole suffusing the eye and making the air tremulous with color.

The vice-regal party came on shore in two boats, the first landing the Princess's ladies of honor, the other containing the Duke of Edinburgh, Lady MacNamara, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. On the landing of these latter, and the positive appearance on Canadian soil of a princess of the blood royal, the excited and loyal Canadians gave vent to their feelings in prolonged and hearty shouts and cheers. The Marquis and Princess were now received by the civic, military and naval dignitaries, and by a guard of honor from the 66th Regiment. A pleasant incident of this part of the ceremonial was the presentation to the Princess of a beautiful bouquet of flowers by Miss Mary Archibald, the youngest daughter of the Lieutenant-governor of the Province of Nova Scotia.

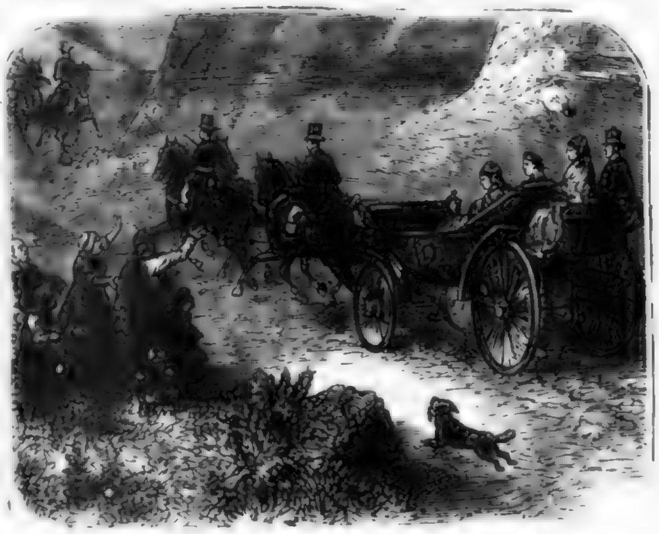
The procession now formed, including, with the Marquis and Princess, the Grand Marshal, a detachment of City Police, the Mayor, Corporation and General Reception Committee, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Duke of Edinburgh and the staff of the General Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop and the Dominion Cabinet, the Chief Judges of the Court of Law and Equity and Members of the Privy Council, with various societies.



CLAREMONT, THE HOME OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

The Princess was dressed richly, but simply, in black silk and velvet, with a sealskin sacque and plain black hat; her earrings were emeralds, and she wore on her neck some fine lace. The Marquis was dressed in an olive-green uniform. The streets through which the procession passed were lined by different societies, regulars and militia, the artillery of both branches of service and the Royal Engineers. The sidewalks were crowded with people, it being estimated that there were 20,000 persons in the streets.

The procession halted at the Provincial Building, and proceeded to the Assembly Chamber. Here the presiding judge before whom the oath was to be taken took his seat in his crimson robes at a table at the left of the throne. In front of the throne, at the right, sat Sir John A. MacDonald, premier, and Cabinet officers. The Princess Louise sat at the right of the Administrator of the Government, the Duke of Edinburgh sitting at his left, in the full uniform of a captain in the Royal Navy, his breast covered with orders and decorations.



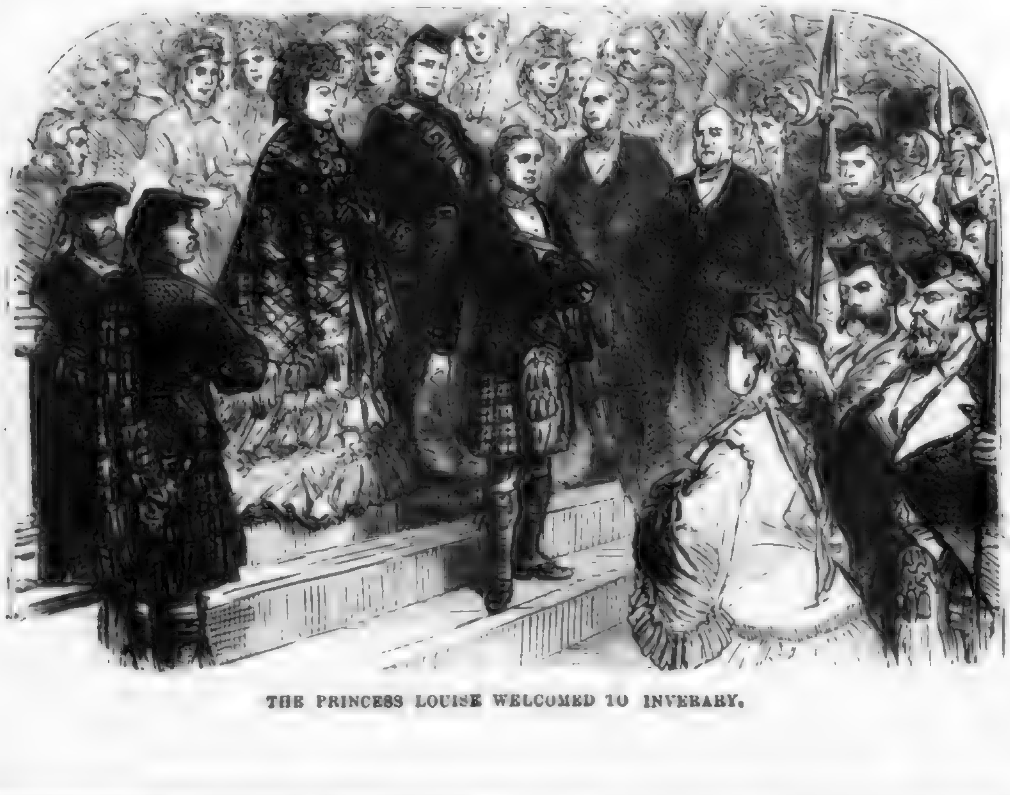
THE MARQUIS AND THE PRINCESS ON THE WAY TO SCOTLAND.

Letters patent, and the Commission appointing the Marquis of Lorne Governor-general of the Dominion of Canada, were now read, when the oaths of office were administered by Judge Ritchie, as follows:

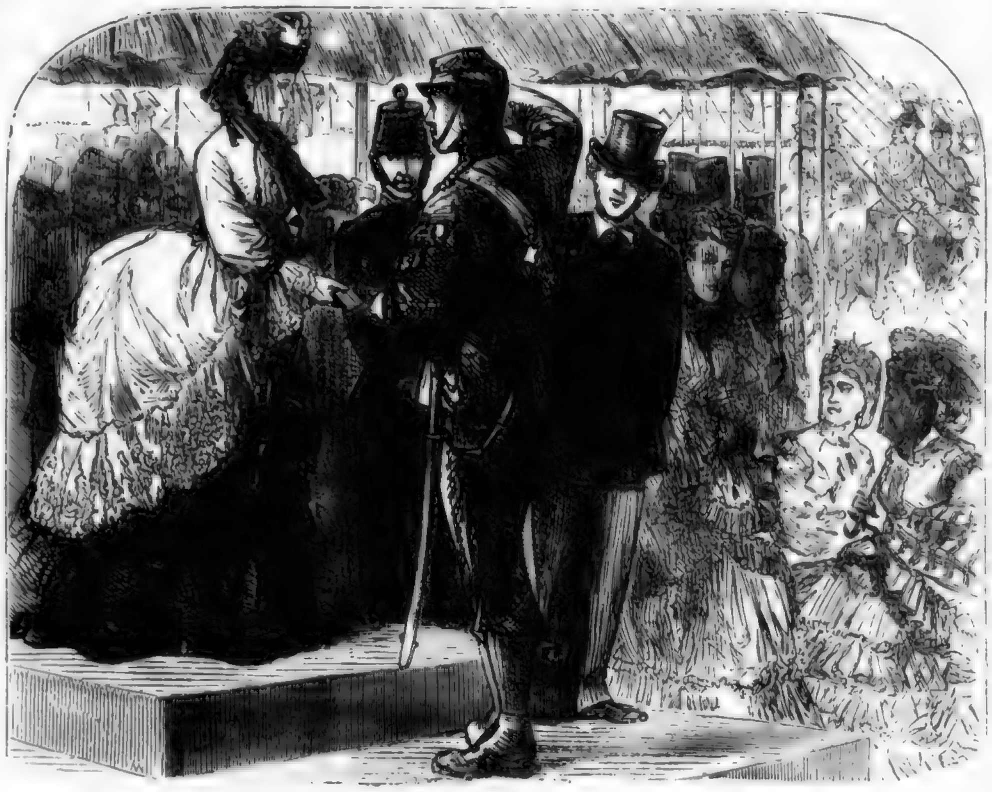
"I, Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspirators and attempts whatever which shall be made against her person, crown or dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and treacherous conspiracies which may be formed against her or them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support and defend to the utmost of my power the succession of the Crown, which succession, by an act entitled 'An Act for the further limitation of the Crown and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants, hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the Crown of this realm; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person or prelate, state or potentate hath, or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm; and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian, so help me God"

This oath was read and signed by the Governor-general. Three additional oaths were then administered by the Chief Justice:

"You shall well and truly execute the office and trust of Gover-



THE PRINCESS LOUISE WELCOMED TO INVERARY.



THE PRINCESS LOUISE CONFERRING DECORATIONS ON HEROIC SOLDIERS.

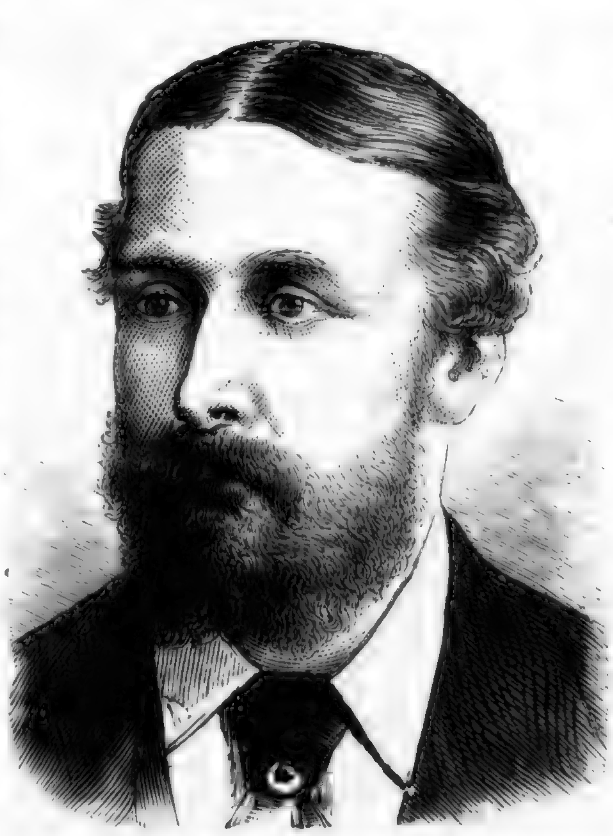
nor-general of Canada and the territories depending thereon, and duly and impartially administer justice therein, so help you God."

"You shall do your utmost endeavor that all the clauses, matters and things contained in the several Acts of Parliament heretofore passed and now in force relating to trade in Her Majesty's Colonies and plantations be punctually and *bona fide* preserved according to the true intent and meaning thereof, so help you God."

"You shall well and truly execute the office of Keeper of the Great Seal of Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada according to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God."

Immediately after the formality of taking the oaths, a salute of seven guns was fired from the citadel, the bells throughout the city were rung vociferously, and the Marquis of Lorne took the chair of state in the Province Building of Halifax, as Governor-general of the Dominion.

The popular reception of the Marquis and Princess was enthusiastic and hearty, as is natural to the Nova Scotians, than whom there are no more hospitable people the world over. A dinner and drawing-room at the Government House completed the ceremonies of the day. At these important social entertainments, the rigid etiquette of the Court of St. James was partially enforced. Gentlemen were only required to appear in full dress, but ladies were required to wear dresses cut low, and with short sleeves—an innovation on custom and climate at which the belles of Halifax were rather inclined to rebel. The Princess wore a rich black velvet dress, trimmed with *clair de lune* and jet; underneath was a satin and silk-ribbed petticoat; her head-dress was a diamond tiara with feathers, and her vail ornaments were diamonds. The Princess also wore the order of Victoria, Albert and India. The Marquis wore the Windsor uniform, and carried his hat in his hand. Guests were presented having the right hand ungloved, and the Marquis and Princess shook hands with no one. There were three hundred and fifty guests presented at the drawing-room; at the dinner which preceded it, fifty guests sat at table. The festivities of the day closed when the Princess ordered her carriage, about midnight.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On the 26th, the new Governor-general held a public levee in the Legislative Hall of the Provincial Building. This took place in the afternoon, the Princess not being present, and the Marquis being permitted for the first time to taste the pleasures of official dignity and rank, unembarrassed by the shadow of royalty. During this day the Princess remained quietly at the Admiral's residence, where she staid as a guest during her visit in Halifax. She lunched with Sir John A. MacDonald and another member of the Cabinet, and passed the day with her brother.

At seven o'clock the royal party drove to the residence of General MacDougall, at Maplewood, to dine. Here the table was set for thirty; the house was decorated with trophies and decorations; the floor of the dining-room strewn with buffalo-robes, bearskins and other furs, and quaint ornaments and *curios* gave interest to the place, of a character widely different from what had been previously met in the experience of the royal and noble guests.

In the evening the city was illuminated in all directions, every archway being resplendent with colored fires. The royal party were escorted to Maplewood by a torchlight procession of firemen, the fleet off the dockyard was brilliantly illuminated with blue lights and colored fire, and for three hours Halifax seemed changed by enchantment into a fairy scene, through which a weird and beautiful pageant passed onward into the shadows of night.

The royal party left Halifax on the morning of the 27th for Montreal, and were received with cordial demonstrations of welcome at Truro and other points along the route. The Marquis and Princess traveled in the palace car of the Intercolonial Company, a sufficiently magnificent vehicle for even royalty.

The train reached Montreal, after the long ride of a thousand miles, on Friday, November 29th, where the party were received with demonstrations as enthusiastic, and display perhaps more brilliant, than had welcomed them to Halifax. At the depot, decorations of the flags of all nations were prominent, while gildings and hangings of silk and satin made the rusty old railroad station quite palatial in its appearance.

The reception was cordial and earnest, and the response of the Marquis to the address of welcome—well-chosen and unaffected—was a champion effort in its result of achieving for him the reputation of being a decided acquisition to the Dominion.

The procession to the Windsor Hotel was a spontaneous ovation from beginning to end. The city was magnificently dressed—the streets were thronged with vast crowds of delighted spectators, who cheered unceasingly, and such a gala occasion has certainly never before been witnessed within the boundaries of Canada.

In the evening, Montreal was illuminated, the arches being resplendent with Chinese lanterns and colored fires, and almost every house contributing to the general display of light and hue

On the same night a grand ball was given at the Windsor Hotel, under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society—the Scotch element having led emphatically in the reception festivities. The ball took place in the dining-room of the hotel. The dances were quadrilles, waltzes, lanciers and Scottish reels, and for the latter a group of pipers appeared when called for. The attendance numbered about five hundred, and the dresses were very costly and in extremely good taste.

The Princess wore a white brocade silk and satin, trimmed with white bugles, and at the bottom of the dress satin folds nine inches deep. Her Royal Highness wore a head-dress of diamonds and flowers—her ornaments being diamonds and pearls. She wore the decoration of the Order of Victoria and Albert. The Marquis wore a plain dress suit, without a single decoration.

One feature of the day and night was alone a little gloomy. The Roman Catholic element, which is large and powerful in Montreal, was not as prominently cordial as it might have been. The casual observer, remembering the Orange annoyance during the visit of the Prince of Wales, might, perchance, draw the inference that the prevalence of royalty during the new Governor-general's term would not, of necessity, prove auspicious.

On the day following the ball the Marquis received at the hotel in his Governor-general's uniform. After lunch the party visited the Convent of Ville Marie at Monklands, and the McGill University, and in the evening a grand drawing-room was held in the parlor of the Windsor Hotel. Here the same rules were enforced as at Halifax. The Marquis was dressed in a Windsor court suit, wearing the Order of the Thistle, and other decorations. The Princess wore a pale pink satin petticoat with black velvet overskirt and waist, covered with lace, the waist ornamented with three large clusters of diamonds down the front; on her head she wore a tiara of diamonds.

Sunday, December 1st, was passed by the royal party in attendance on two churches, and in resting after the fatigues of the week. On the 2d they left Montreal for Ottawa, the future home of the Governor-general and his wife. Here the new Government House, Rideau Hall, had been put in order and refurnished for the new occupants, while the city was suitably decorated for the great coming event.

The vice-regal train arrived at Ottawa on the afternoon of the day of its departure from Montreal, and found a large crowd assembled at the depot to bid them welcome. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the public reception was postponed until December 4th; and, accordingly, the only formality was an address by the Mayor and a response on the part of the Marquis, when the vice-regal pair walked to their carriage and were driven to Rideau Hall. The principal streets were profusely decorated, seven arches bearing mottoes being a prominent feature.

And here, at last, the new Governor-general and his royal wife found rest, and set forth upon their American career, aided, certainly, by the sympathies of the people whom the Scotch Marquis had been called upon to govern, strengthened by the loyalty which is so marked an element of British colonial life, and of the character of the subjects of the good Queen Victoria everywhere.

HISTORICAL WITTICISMS.

Amid her darker and sterner chronicles, history has preserved not a few jests likewise—more, perhaps, for the sake of those who uttered them than of the utterances themselves; but it is noteworthy how many of these mere verbal jingles have actually taken a permanent place in the world's annals, not unfrequently to the exclusion of the very term that produced them.

The now forgotten Ougours of Siberia (whose grim visages Ammianus Marcellinus, in his blunt, soldierly way, defined as "not a face, but a bun") live again in the *Ogres* whose child-devouring exploits are the terror of every nursery. The "*Non Angli sed Angeli*" of St. Augustine is imperishable as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. The great Athenian teacher's true name of Aristocles has lost itself altogether in his punning cognomen of Plato (the Broad).

St. Leo, watching the goblin rout of Attila's Huns sweeping over the plains of Lombardy, prayed, in a form of wit scarcely worthy of a Bishop of the Empire that "these *Tartarean* demons might be sent back to their native Tartarus"; and thus the word *Tartar* * sprang into being to be a symbol for evermore of cruelty and terror.

Early in the second half of the fifth century, a young Gothic warrior entered the cell of a Christian monk to beg his blessing, announcing himself as the Herulian chief Haud-y-Wacker (Hold-ye-Stout). The recluse laid his hand on the bowed head of the towering figure before him, and said:

"*Stout* shalt thou be to win, and firm shalt thou *hold* what thou winnest."

The listening Goths laughed grimly at the uncouth jest; but they had reason to recall it fourteen years later, when, amid the ruins of Imperial Rome, Haud-y-Wacker took his place in history as *Odoacer*.

The Middle Ages, however, were undoubtedly *the* era of punning *par excellence*. Grave divines, learned schoolmen, stately prelates, kings and princes—nay, the august wearer of the Triple Crown himself—indulged without stint in the form of wit stigmatized by Dr. Johnson as the lowest of the low. Even heraldry, in its own opinion the most exalted science on earth, tortured three languages to swell the number of the verbal juggles in which it delighted; writing on the Vernon crest "*Ver non* semper viret," and on that of the Custs, "Qui *Cust-odit*, metuat." Indeed, in an age when books existed only as scarce rolls of dusty parchment, transcribed by the life-long toil of some laborious monk, a caustic jest of this kind, leveled at some familiar abuse or some tyrant in high places, flew from mouth to mouth like a watchword, stirring the souls of men in a way which our older century can but faintly appreciate. More than one Pope directed all his spiritual thunders against the unknown authors of the biting epigrams placed in the outstretched hands of the statue of Pasquin at Rome—a circumstance which has given to this form of satire its modern name of "Pasquinade." The University Statutes of England teem with ordinances against "the drawing of caricatures or writing of scurril verses against the collegiate officers, to the bringing into contempt of their lawful authority." The caustic hits of those medieval Saturday Reviewers, the court fools, more than once changed the purpose of their despotic masters. Sir Walter Scott, and other writers of equal renown, have borne ample testimony to the effect of the old anti-Romish ballads in paving the way for the Reformation. Scandinavian chroniclers tell us that a Norwegian king, who had maltreated some Iceland traders, was informed by their indignant countrymen that they intended making as many lampoons upon him as there were promontories in his dominions—a threat which one glance at the jagged coast-line of Norway will show to be a very terrible one indeed!

---

* The real name is "Tatárin" in the singular, and "Tataré" in the plural.

It is easy to conceive what encouragement the hard-pressed followers of John Huss must have found in the dying prediction of their martyred leader, which, strongly as it savors of *ex post facto* invention, is attested by many competent witnesses: "Ye may burn the goose [Huss] if ye will, but not the swan [Luther] that shall come after me!" *

Even in an age of such universal pleasantry, however, it is somewhat strange to find the saturnine Charles V. uttering such a flagrant pun as that of "I could put Paris in my glove" (*gant*), with which he answered the vaunts of Francis I.—a rude play upon the name of Gand or Ghent, then the largest town in the Netherlands.

A much neater as well as more practical rebuke was given to the factious Duke of Orleans, in the preceding century, by his rival, Jean "Sans-Peur," of Burgundy, who, seeing on the Orleans banner the figure of a knotty club, significantly adorned his own with *a carpenter's plane*.

Amid the countless affectations of the sixteenth century stood pre-eminent the fashion of jesting by anagram—*i. e.*, by inverting or transposing the letters of a proper name. Every schoolboy (as Lord Macaulay would have said) is familiar with Henri of Navarre's appropriate anagram upon the beautiful Marie Touchet, "Je charme tout."

The Huguenots extracted "Vilain Herodés" from the name of their sworn enemy, Henri de Valois (Henry III. of France); and the Romish ecclesiastics, smarting under the sarcasms of Erasmus, satirized his humble origin with the taunt of "Eras mus" (Thou wert a mouse).

The courtly and artificial witticisms which the Louis Quatorze era prescribed to all Europe as an unalterable fashion are too well known to need repetition; but a few manly spirits were found to resist the intellectual as well as the physical tyranny of the Grand Monarque. Few rebukes have ever been better merited than that which William III.'s envoy administered to a French courtier who showed him the gallery of battle-pieces in the Louvre, boastfully asking whether the English king could display the like.

"*My* master's deeds, sir," said the ambassador, "are seen everywhere, *except* on his own palace-walls."

A similar check was once given to Louis himself by the famous Dunkirk privateer, Jean Bart, whom the king greeted, on his return from a successful cruise, with the flattering announcement:

"M. Jean Bart, I have made you admiral of my fleet."

The rough-hewn veteran, instead of being overpowered by the royal condescension, as the brilliant circle around him doubtless expected, answered, bluntly:

"Sire, vous avez bien fait."*

The quiet intensity of this rebuke can be paralleled only by the famous repartee of Prince Esterhazy in our own time, when, hearing a Spanish grandee boasting that he had "fifty thousand sheep" the great Hungarian remarked, quietly:

"Curious coincidence—that's just the number of my shepherds."

The historical pleasantries of the eighteenth century, like every other form of contemporary wit, followed the bias given to them by the formidable renown of a single name. Voltaire, though in reality the topmost bough rather than the root of that fatal "Enclyclopedist" tree which was one day to overshadow all Europe, reigned as absolutely in life as after death, and extended through every land the use of those verbal stilettoes wherewith the wits of the day poniarded friend and foe alike. All the best sayings of D'Alembert, Diderot, Pope, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole and Frederick the Great, bear the unmistakable stamp of the great master of mischief; Frederick's close intimacy with Voltaire himself rendering the likeness doubly conspicuous in his case. On one occasion, however, the "soldier-king" was fully matched at his own weapons. After his conquest of Saxony, in 1756, the indignant nation altered the inscription on the newly introduced Prussian coinage—*Ein Reichsthaler*—into *Ein Reich stahl er* (He stole a kingdom), a gibe keenly resented and terribly avenged.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the word "thaler," or dollar, is in itself a kind of historical pun. The silver yielded by the valleyof Joachims-thal was formerly so much esteemed that the country-folk, in taking payment for their wares, were wont to say, "Give me a Joachim's Dale one" (Joachim's-thal-er); and this, shortened to "thaler," gave rise to a world-wide name.

The sanguinary pleasantries of the French Revolution have been immortalized by its greatest historian, Mr. Carlyle; but the most perfect sarcasm of that terrible period is now almost forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, almost the only remaining representative of the destroyed *noblesse*, seeing "Brotherhood or Death!" chalked on a wall, remarked that it should be translated, "Be my brother, or I kill you."

Of Napoleon I. (certainly the most unlikely source from which to expect a pun) one such utterance is recorded—perpetrated, too, in the very height of one of his most splendid campaigns—that of 1796-97—which ended in the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the Treaty of Campo Formio. Hearing an Italian lady observe that he seemed very young to have achieved such wonderful successes, he answered, sharply: "Demain j'aurai Milan" (mille ans).

As for the countless historical jests of the present century, our remaining space will only permit us to indicate one or two of the best.

The headlong frenzy of ambition has seldom been more keenly rebuked than in Talleyrand's criticism on the career of Napoleon:

"His watch was fast, while the rest of mankind had the right time."

---

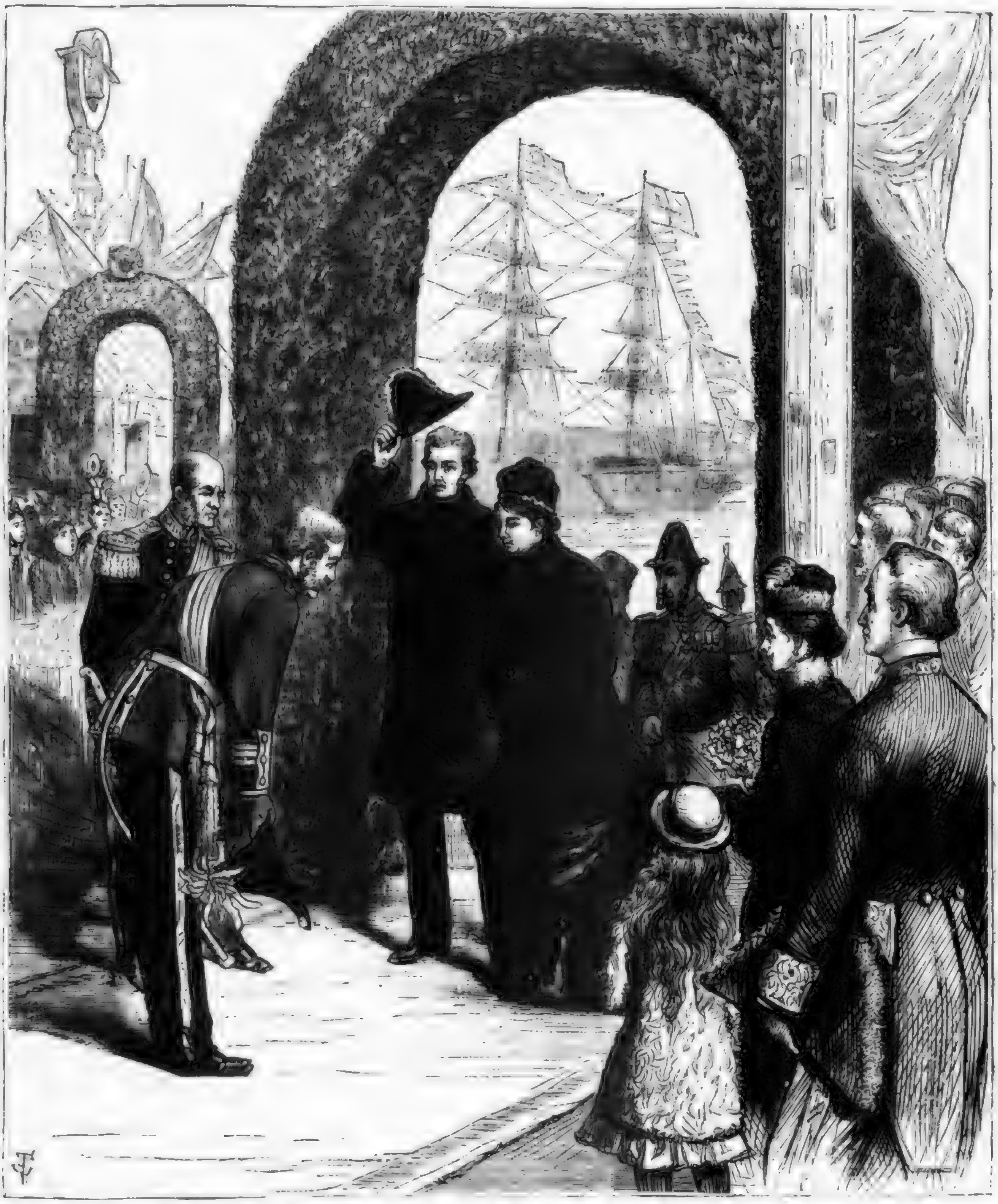
* In Huss's native Bohemian dialect, this prophetic pun holds good as above.

* To the credit of Louis, he was sensible enough to take this reproof in good part, his only remark being, "Here, gentlemen, is a man who knows what he can do, and means to do it to the utmost."

XUM

Not less happy was the jest of a veteran Parisian wit on Louis Napoleon's gift of a hotel a-piece to two of his marshals:

"Ah, oui! ils défendront le trône et l'hôtel"—an admirable travesty of the oath of allegiance, "to defend the throne and the altar" (*l'autel*).

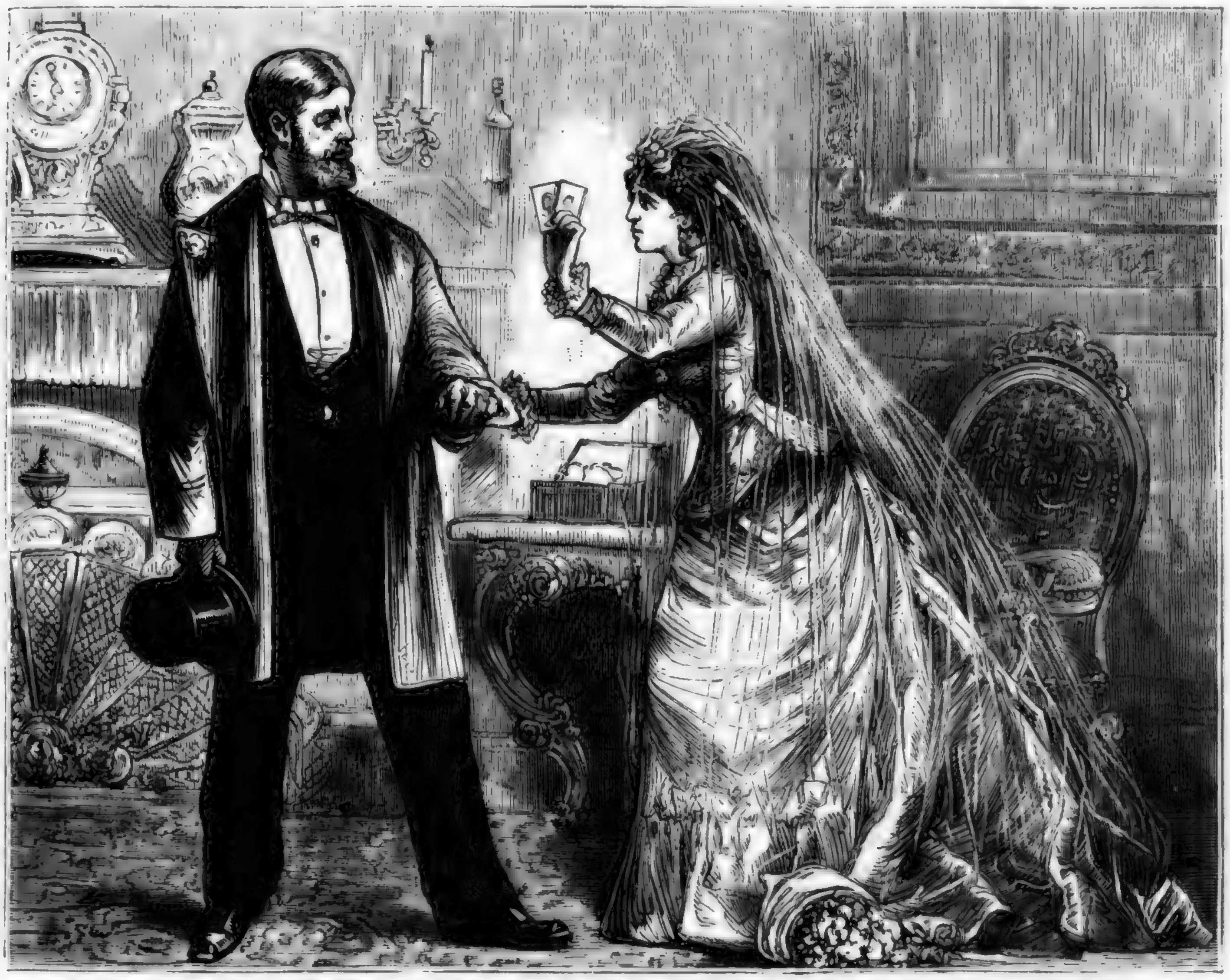


RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE ON THEIR LANDING AT HALIFAX, NOV. 25TH, 1878.—SEE PAGE 2.

The remark attributed to the Emperor Nicholas on his visit to Sobieski's statue at Warsaw, although probably due in reality to his court jester, Prince Menschikoff, has a grim significance when viewed by the light of subsequent events:

"That man and I are the two greatest fools of history, for we both saved Vienna."

Prince Bismarck's prophecy that the war of 1870 would cost France "two Napoleons" is well known; and Tacitus himself might have envied the caustic terseness of the definition of Russia—a definition, happily, all but obsolete at the present day—as "a despotism *tempered* by assassination."



TEN YEARS THROWN AWAY.—"SHE GRASPED HIS ARM WITH ONE SLENDER, NERVOUS HAND, WHILE WITH THE OTHER SHE HELD THE MINIATURE TO HIS EYES. 'IS THAT YOUR WIFE?' SHE CRIED, FIERCELY. 'IS THAT BOY YOURS?'"

TEN YEARS THROWN AWAY.

The large hotel was filled to the attic, not, however, with a gay, dancing, pleasure-seeking crowd, but with invalids who, afraid of the melancholy Springs of the North, hoped to find alleviation, if not cure, in the healing breath of the vast pine-forests of the Carolinas.

It was early in the evening when Mrs. Fane stepped from the long window of the drawing-room out on the piazza, accompanied by her friends and fellow-travelers, Dr. and Mrs. Allerton. Every one was waiting with impatience the arrival of the mail.

The day had been a sad one for Margaret Fane. The early train had brought a crowd of hopeless invalids, driven up from Florida by the excessive heat, and intending to remain at Aiken until tidings should arrive of settled weather at the North. Then, too, Margaret had been haunted with persistent memories of a bitter past. An item in the newspaper, a faint perfume shed by the rustling folds of a lady's dress, a name indifferently spoken by a careless stranger, had each and all recalled to her the great sorrow and crowning mistake of her life.

Imagination and memory were now busy at work, weaving futile pictures of possibilities she had so recklessly thrown away in her far-away youth.

Mrs. Fane was no longer young. A creole by birth, proud and passionate by nature, tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a complexion of creamy whiteness—a whiteness rarely marred by a tinge of color—she was very remarkable in appearance, and a stranger rarely met her without a passing wonder as to her history.

A singular reticence characterized her, and never, even to her best friends, had she been known to speak freely of herself, her hopes or of her past.

Dr. and Mrs. Allerton had known and loved her from her childhood. They knew that Margaret, on her wedding-day, had left her husband, and that she had never seen him since. They knew these facts, simply because they had been near at hand at the time, but no reference to them had ever passed Margaret's lips.

For many years her residence had been in Europe, under her father's protection, while her husband, Paul Grosvenor, lived in New York, where he labored successfully, and occupied a distinguished position at the bar.

All this the Allertons knew, and knew also that after her father's death, Margaret, at his express wish, was to reside in New York, which city was her birthplace and early home.

Dr. Allerton, who had been with Mr. Fane constantly in his last illness, knew that he died with the hope, and almost with the conviction, that the breach between his daughter and her husband would eventually be healed; but of the mystery attending this breach, Dr. Allerton was as ignorant as was his wife.

Together the three had come from Italy in the late Autumn, and when Dr. Allerton, startled by a slight cough of his wife, hastily decided to go to the sunny South for a time, Margaret Fane as hastily decided to go with them, only too glad to postpone the day and the hour when she must, in New York, be thrown in contact with her

But to-day Dr. Allerton announced that in twenty-four hours they must turn their faces northward, and Margaret was troubled and sad. She now stood with her friends idly watching the newcomers as they emerged from the omnibus that had just driven up from the station.

A youth's gay laugh thrilled to her very soul, and she leaned hastily over the rail to distinguish more clearly the handsome youth, who slightly touched his hat to the ladies as he passed them.

"How like!" Margaret said to herself, as she drew her light shawl more closely about her, and turned her steps to the western piazza.

A rosy tinge yet lingered in the sky, and the fair, full moon rode high in the heavens. The soft west wind, laden with the delicious aromatic odor of the pines, flew full in her face. Below, in the valley, twinkled the lights of a German festival, while strains of gay dance-music came to her in fitful gusts of melody.

She paced to and fro on the long piazza, still alone, and each time she passed she looked in at the lighted windows of the parlor. She caught sight of her friends—busy with each other and with their letters. She saw a mother watching her frail young daughters with eyes of anxious solicitude. And, as Mrs. Fane walked solitary in the pale moonlight, a feeling of utter loneliness, such as she had never before experienced, came upon her. The life she saw within seemed totally apart from herself, and she regarded it all with an unspeakable sense of strangeness.

No one could see her from within—and to look, even on the most familiar face, being one's self unseen, gives it an unfamiliar aspect. A feeling of isolation—isolation of spirit, as well as of body, overwhelmed her.

"What did her existence matter to any one?" she asked herself. Her father's death had left her alone, and the world itself was terrible to her.

"Alone," she murmured, half aloud; "and must I be alone for ever? Is there no place for me in this great world—no one who needs me?"

Sad at heart, Margaret finally turned to the quiet of her own apartment. There she found her maid on her knees before a huge trunk. Dismissing her, Mrs. Fane took a low chair to the window, and in silence, but not without tears, reviewed the past ten years.

She went back to the hour when she first met the man she married. She seemed to breathe again the very scent of the violets that purpled the broad Campagna; she remembered their daily rides, and the lingering tenderness with which he lifted her to her saddle—each hour of that Roman Winter was to her a very Paradise. For six months, her lover had been constantly at her side. She knew him, or thought she did, most thoroughly—knew him to be a man of loyalty and honor—a man too, much older than herself, who had seen much of the world.

At the termination of these happy six months, Margaret's wedding-day arrived. The ceremony took place in Paris.

The bride had just returned to her father's apartment when, being for a moment alone, her maid brought her a package just arrived by mail, and marked with the word "Important."

Margaret broke the seal with girlish impatience, supposing that it was some wedding-gift thus tardily received.

A brief note—two miniatures, one of a lovely woman, the other of a beautiful boy, were the contents of the parcel. Beneath the picture of the child were the words, "Paul Grosvenor, aged eight years," and a date. The note was to this effect:

> "I hope this will reach you in time to avert a great wrong. Show the miniature to Paul Grosvenor, and ask him what relations he sustains to the lady, and whose child is the boy."

Mr. Grosvenor at that moment entered the conservatory, where Margaret sat, pale and stunned.

For years she shuddered at the odor of heliotrope, and at the sight of a bit of stephanotis, she would turn deadly pale.

Margaret sprang to her feet at the sound of her husband's voice, with eyes aflame, and her scarlet lips apart. She grasped his arm with one slender, nervous hand, while with the other she held the miniatures to his eyes.

"Is that woman your wife?" she cried, fiercely, demons of jealousy and deception fighting within her. "Is that boy yours?"

"Poor Margaret!" answered Paul, gently. "I am sorry that this has come to you in this way. I ought to have told you——"

"Told me!" interrupted Margaret—"told me of your infamy and of my humiliation!"

Mr. Grosvenor's broad brow grew crimson as she repeated her question:

"Is that boy yours?"

"Yes," he answered at last, with stern coldness, "he is mine!"

"And the woman?"

"Is dead."

"Did she die before or after you knew me?"

"After I knew you."

Margaret dropped his arm, stood for a moment in silence, and then left the conservatory. On the threshold she turned, in her shining bridal raiment.

"Farewell—farewell forever!" she said, in a low voice.

An hour elapsed, at the end of which time it was discovered that Margaret had left the house, and had taken refuge in a convent quite near.

She utterly refused to hold any intercourse with her husband, or to see her father until Mr. Grosvenor had left Paris.

Paul refused, in his turn, to make any explanations to Mr. Fane, saying simply that when Margaret would listen to him, he would speak and answer all her questions, fully and frankly. "Until then," he added, "my lips are sealed."

Finally, Margaret learned that her husband had not only left Paris, but was on his way to America.

Then her stoicism gave way; a brain-fever brought her very near death, and on her recovery her father, as proud and haughty as herself, took her to the South of France, where he watched over her with all the tenderness and care of a woman.

The only visible trace of the days that had been was to be found in Margaret's assumption of the title of Mrs. instead of Miss Fane.

It was very late when Margaret aroused herself from this dreary train of thought, and slowly made her preparation for the night. The moonlight kept her awake, and yet she could not endure to shut out its loveliness. Finally she fell asleep.

How long a time elapsed she never knew, when suddenly she was aroused by a cry for help, as it seemed to her. She started up, listened, but all was silent. She heard only the melancholy sighing of the wind through the pines, like the murmur of waves on the shore.

So vivid, however, was her impression, that she rose, opened her door, and looked up and down the corridor. All was silent, save a sharp cough, which she remembered to have heard at intervals before she fell asleep.

"I am sadly nervous," she said to herself, "but I really hate to go to sleep again."

She closed her eyes, but the beating of her heart seemed to choke her. Slumber at last stole over her senses.

Suddenly the cry for help came again—words, too, this time: "Come quick! For God's sake come!"

Mrs. Fane sprang from her bed and opened her door. Was it fire? No; the quiet moonlight lay in bars on the floor.

"Is anything the matter?" she called aloud.

All was silent. Half ashamed of herself and the strange trick played her by her dreams, she again locked the door and stood, uncertain and troubled.

Almost mechanically she put on her dressing-gown. At that moment came again the cry of "Help!" accompanied by coughing and a strange, gurgling, choking sound.

Thus guided, Margaret flew down the hall, and pushing open a door that stood ajar, beheld a sight, the memory of which haunted her for many a subsequent day. The gay youth whom she had seen a few hours previous, lay with the life-blood pouring from his lips.

Margaret delayed only to promise help and to enjoin quiet, and then hurried to Dr. Allerton's room, who, with her, was soon giving every possible aid to the sufferer.

The poor fellow was in a state of feverish excitement.

"You saved my life!" he said to Margaret, eagerly grasping her soft, cool hand with fingers hot as molten iron.

"You must not speak," she whispered. "Everything depends on your being perfectly quiet. Sleep if you can."

"Yes," he answered, "as soon as you have telegraphed to my friends. Tell them to come quickly, for I am dying." continued the boy—for boy he was, after all.

The pallor of exhaustion swept like a wave over his face, and each feature assumed a wan and pinched appearance.

He continued, hoarsely:

"On the table is a letter. Read it, and you will find the address."

Mrs. Fane obeyed these instructions, and found the letter. It was directed in her husband's clear, peculiar writing, to "Paul Grosvenor, Jr."

She read these words over and over again, her dulled brain and weary eyes—weary with tears and watching—refusing to grasp their meaning.

It was a kind and loving letter—just such as a proud father would write a son in regard to the health of whom he felt some slight solicitude.

"And now," murmured Margaret, "I am the Cassandra who bears tidings of woe to his house."

Selecting her words with care, and signing the name of the proprietor of the hotel, Margaret sent her telegram, and then stationed herself by the side of the invalid, who finally slept under the influence of the anodyne administered by the physician.

Margaret examined the pale face, seeking for the resemblance which had so startled her the previous evening on the piazza.

The long night was at an end. The dawn came, chill and sad, and on the arrival of the nurse—a stout colored woman—Margaret stole away, hoping to snatch an hour's repose.

At the breakfast-table she appeared serene and stately, ready to reply to the thousand questions that awaited her in regard to the occurrences of the night.

But later, when Mrs. Allerton made some allusion to their departure on the following day, her self-possession forsook her, and the hot tears fell fast as she announced to her friends her intention of remaining there until her husband came.

Mrs. Allerton quietly consented, and Dr. Allerton agreed to the wisdom and charity of Mrs. Fane's decision, and told her that he would await her movements at Charleston, where he must remain for some days on business.

The hot, sunny days grew hotter and sunnier. Young Grosvenor was no better, and Margaret rarely left him. Nearly a week elapsed. Mr. Grosvenor might be looked for the next day, and it was advisable that the invalid should be prepared, in some degree, for his coming.

Margaret, therefore, said, gently, as she bathed the boy's hot brow:

"You will not be much longer alone among strangers. Your father may be here to-morrow."

The young man opened wide a pair of large, blue eyes, glittering with fever.

"I have no father," he whispered. "Do you mean my uncle?"

Margaret's heart beat wildly.

"I mean Mr. Paul Grosvenor, of New York," she answered, quietly.

"Yes—my uncle—most people think him my father, and he has been a true father to me. But my real father died when I was very young, and my mother was Uncle Paul's only sister. Her miniature is in my writing-desk. Give it to me, please.

Mechanically, as if in a somnambulistic state, Margaret opened the desk; there lay a miniature in a dainty violet case; she recognized it at once as the one that had been sent to her on her marriage-day. At that moment a gentle tap summoned her to the door, and Margaret stood in silence before a tall, manly form.

"If that is my uncle," said a calm voice from the bed, "let him come in."

Margaret slipped aside, and then leaving the door slightly open, that she might hear any summons from the invalid, went into the hall and stood at the large window breathing the fresh air—fresh and dewy with the coming dawn. The moon was fast sinking, and in the east a faint flush; a twitter among the trees told that the birds were awake. The never-ceasing, the always-recurring wonder of the birth of a new day filled Margaret's soul with solemn awe.

Desolate and alone, feeling keenly that a crisis in her life was impending, Mrs. Fane waited—waited until she heard a step.

"Margaret!" said her husband.

She turned with outstretched arms—her whole heart in her face.

"Forgive me!" he whispered.

The proud woman sank on her knees.

"Ah, Paul!" she cried, "I was mad, but I loved you!"

He raised her and kissed her tenderly.

"This is no time for explanations. Go and rest. I will take your place in the sick-room."

Margaret was too weak and too worn to resist; besides, obedience just then was very sweet to her, after so many years of self-assertion.

It was not, therefore, until some days later, when the physicians had pronounced Paul out of immediate danger, that Margaret, in the course of a long drive with her husband, heard the explanation to which she had so haughtily refused to listen ten long years before.

Mr. Grosvenor's only sister, much younger than himself, had left her father's home in a tranquil English village with a miserable adventurer, who had deceived her by a false marriage.

The brother followed her to America, and there establishing himself, succeeded in finding his sister, and in inducing her to leave the man who had so cruelly deceived her. To this the half broken-hearted girl consented finally, making it a condition, however, that no one should ever know of her existence.

This secrecy on Mr. Grosvenor's part had exposed him more than once to evil suspicions and ungenerous surmises.

Who it was, however, who had so heartlessly sent the miniatures to Margaret, remained for ever unknown.

Paul's suspicions rested, nevertheless, on a *lady*, holding then, as now, a prominent position in New York society.

This lady, without being particularly ill-natured, was possessed by an insane desire to interfere in the private affairs of her friends. She was utterly miserable and restless until she had played some part, however small, in any matter that attracted the attention of the world in which she moved. Her task was sometimes to make, oftener to mar, and she felt that no one thing could be *au fait accompli* without her assistance.

Margaret had at last found her place. The only tears she could shed in the future would be caused by regret for the happiness she had so recklessly, so passionately cast aside. The only heartaches in store for her were the pangs she would always feel as she thought of the shortness of life and the ten years she had wasted.

A VISIT TO WHITTIER

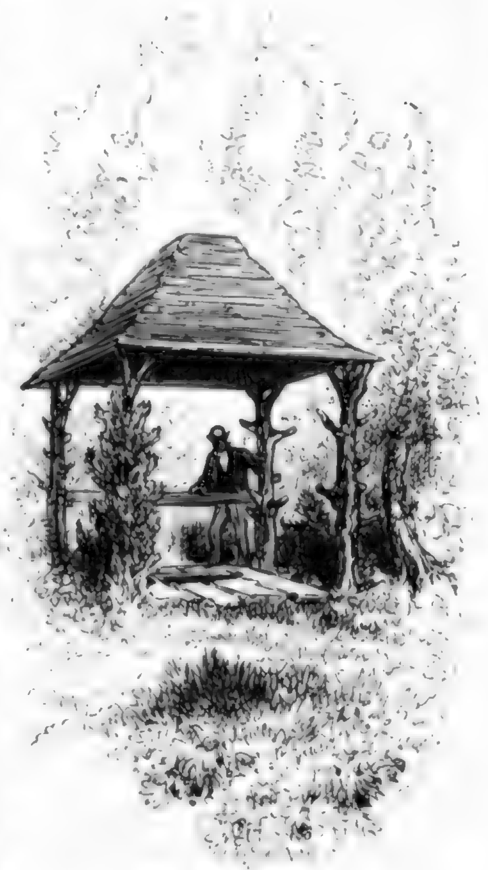
With Illustrations from Original Sketches by Sir Randall Roberts.

I shall not easily forget the day when I first had the pleasure of making Mr. Whittier's acquaintance, or the impression that he left behind upon that occasion. When he entered the room, I was struck by a peculiar nervousness of motion, which was communicated to his voice as he asked if I had not a picture of the Merrimac to show him? I regretted that I had not, but asked him to inspect the humble contents of my portfolio.

There was no introduction; nor did I, for the two hours which he remained, even know to whom I was speaking. That he was a Quaker I at once surmised, from his use of the personal pronoun; and after the awkwardness of the first few moments had passed away, that he was a man of no ordinary culture and observation was easy to determine.

The conversation was principally upon art and the impossibility of the greatest artist to depict with truthfulness either the grandeur or beauty of the works of the Great Creator. The conversation then turned upon the works of foreign artists and the peculiarities of the various schools, during which the calm, almost austere-looking, face became animated, the deep-set eyes flashed with brilliant intelligence, the nervous motion of the hands ceased, and the whole man seemed transformed into another being.

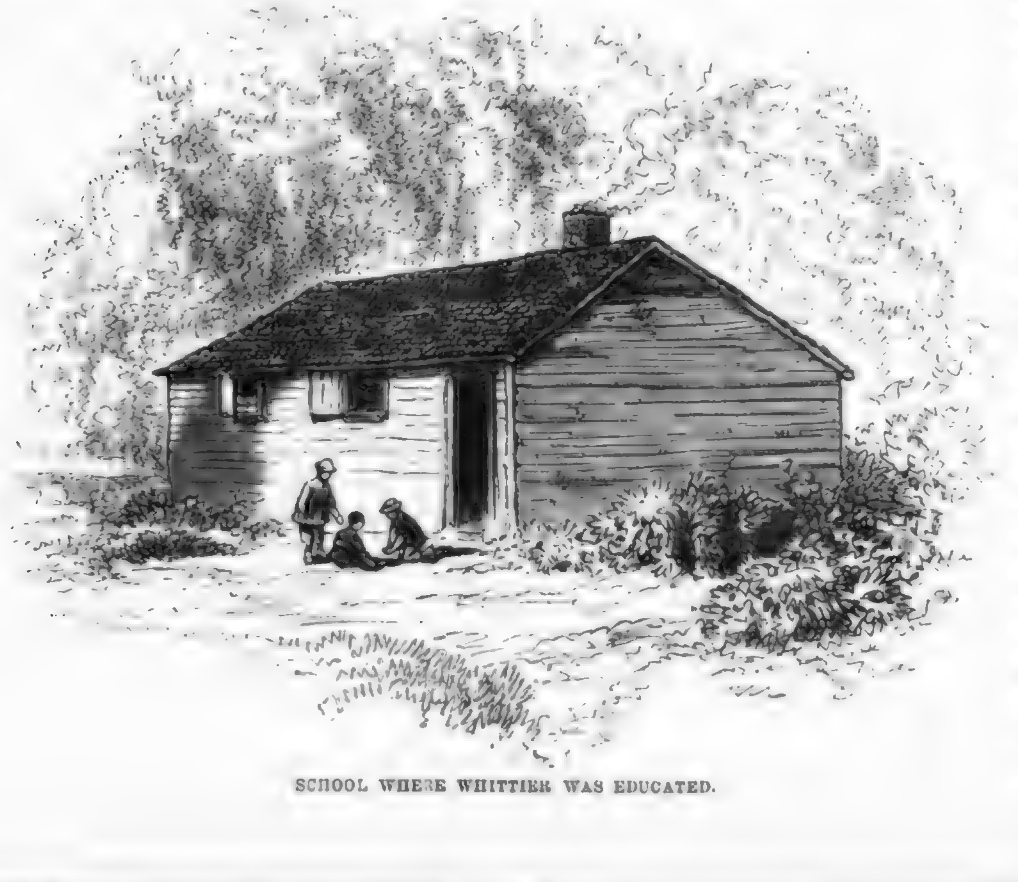
At the close of the visit I was made acquainted with my visitor, whose nervousness upon writing his name and address seemed to return as he traced with an unsteady hand, "John G. Whittier, Oak Knob, Danvers."



THE WITCH WELL.

There was a good deal of old-fashioned, ceremonious courtesy as he bade me adieu until the time should arrive when he proposed to accompany me to the spot he loves most on earth, the banks of the Merrimac, where he was desirous that I should paint him a picture.

As is often the case, after having read Mr. Whittier's works I had drawn for myself a totally different picture of the author to that which this interview disclosed, and, as my acquaintance has increased, I have had more opportunity of studying a character in which simplicity, earnestness, love of nature and generosity form the component parts.



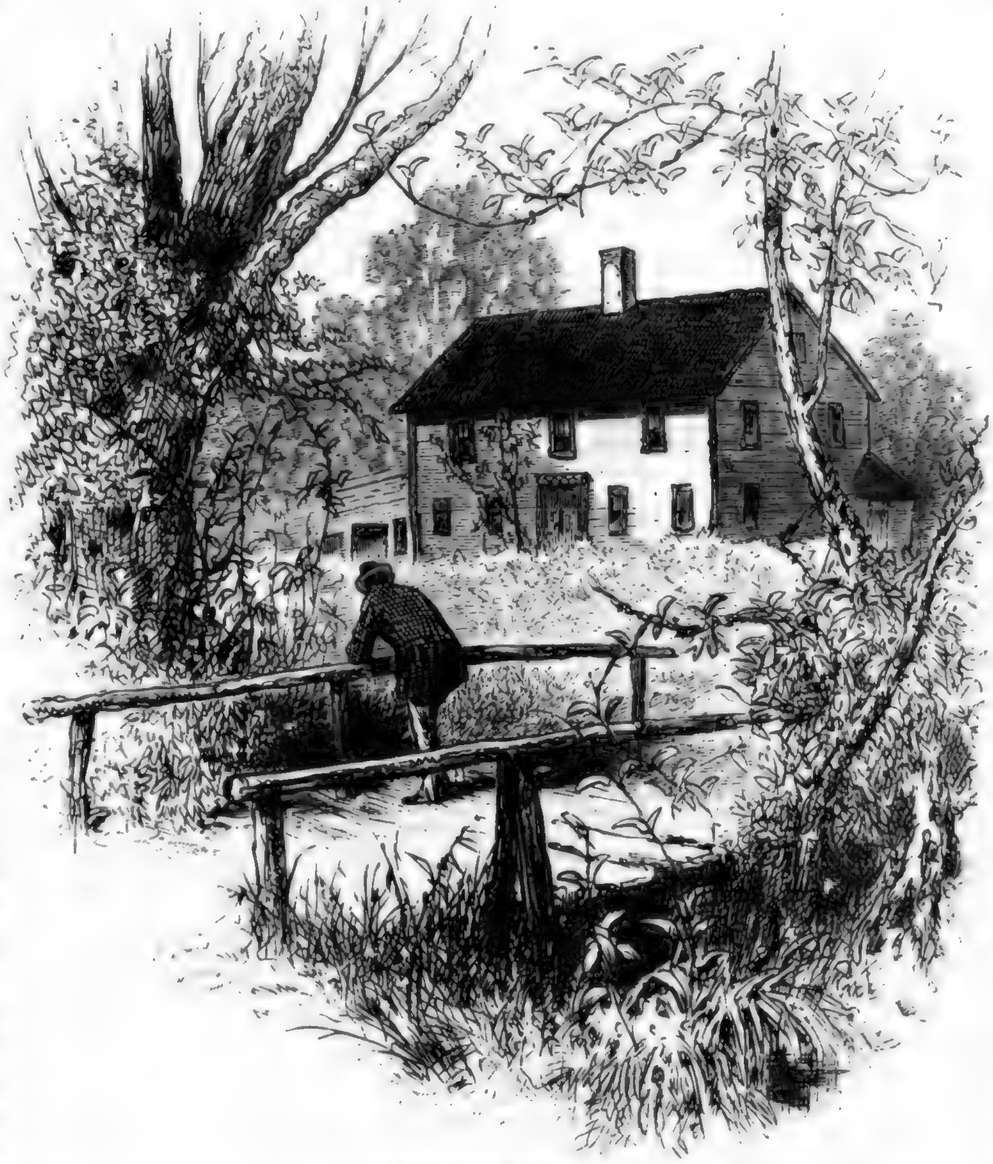
SCHOOL WHERE WHITTIER WAS EDUCATED.

A love of nature is, perhaps, the most ruling passion of Mr. Whittier's heart. This is easily seen from the grounds which surround the house at Oak Knob, where he now passes most of his time. Situated on rising ground, overlooking the pastoral landscape which surrounds the neighborhood of Salem and Beverly, removed from the road amidst masses of luxuriant foliage, the house, which can boast of no particular architecture, nestles under the protecting shadows of umbrageous foliage. Here nature is left supreme. No hand of man has laid out stereotyped paths, or planted trees in fanciful clumps. The oak; the ash—of which Mr. Whittier is particularly fond—and the maple in endless variety, flourish in untrained simplicity. Bright glades of waving grass, bespangled with wild flowers of every hue, broken here and there with the tender or more pungent greens of the delicate fern, reflect the dark shadows of the branches which wave above them. Now and then, as you descend into some little natural valley, a glimpse is caught through the tree stems of the blue landscape beyond, breaking the monotony of the surrounding verdure, whilst some gray rock, with rugged sides, russet shadows and lichen apparel, starts up, as if in times gone by some mighty convulsion of nature had hurled it there.

It is amongst these shadows, amidst the rustling of leaves and the songs of birds, that Mr. Whittier loves to wander, except during those hours that are devoted to his work or to a somewhat voluminous correspondence. But if nature is left to herself, in undisturbed possession of the grounds surrounding the house, the residence itself speaks of something else.

The rooms are large, and furnished with that extreme Quaker-like simplicity which pervades the whole of the establishment. Mr. Whittier's own room, opening out from the drawing-room, is a model of neatness. The walls are lined with books, and a small table in one corner is where he works. It is in this room that, talking of men and things, Mr. Whittier once said to me: "I can forgive all that has been done to injure me; for, as I once told a man who had maligned me, 'Friend, thee knows I am not a good hater.'" Here, too, I have conversed with him upon the struggles of his early life, his love of honest labor, his thoughts upon religion. It is evident from his conversation that he admires Burns more than any of the modern poets, as a well worn copy of his works, lying on the table, sufficiently attested.

Mr. Whittier's habits are as simple as his daily life. He rises early, and retires to rest betimes. He is very sparing of the good things of this life for his own use, although his hospitality to strangers is lavish in the extreme. Amongst his friends and neighbors he is perfectly idolized; many a quaint saying being treasured up as emanating from his lips.



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

I do not think it possible for a man occupying Mr. Whittier's position to have less ambition; in fact, he has none at all. His aim in life seems to be summed up in endeavoring, to the utmost of his ability, to be of service to his fellow-creatures.

On the 17th of December, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born upon his father's farm in East Haverhill. He was not a strong child, and, as he himself expresses it, "I believe I was born with a headache." These headaches have been a great source of annoyance to him all his life, and he believes he inherited them from his father, who suffered in a similar manner.

As he grew up and was able to commence his education, he was sent to the village school at East Haverhill, an illustration of which we furnish, and which has never before been published. Here he learned the rudiments of the English language, and was enabled to make himself acquainted with the great poets. Amongst these, it may be as well, perhaps, to state that from his earliest childhood up to the present day he has always regarded Burns as the *beau ideal* of a lyric poet.

This little school was only opened for ten or twelve weeks in the year, and then in the depth of Winter. It was the recollection of those days that inspired him to write that beautiful and touching little poem entitled "Schooldays," now familiar in the mouth of every child who can lisp the lines:

> "Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
> A ragged beggar sunning;
> Around it still the sumacs grow,
> And blackberry vines are running."

As he grew older and stronger, he went to work, like other laborers, upon his father's farm; and it was whilst thus employed that he wrote the greater part of the poem of "Mag Magone." The evenings, and all his spare time, were devoted to the improvement of his mind; eagerly seizing upon whatever books he could lay his hands on, his powerful mind grasping the authors' views with wonderful intelligence. Upon one or two occasions he had supplied two or three papers to the *Hartford Review*, which had been published, and most favorably spoken of by the New York press. One warm day he was hoeing corn in a field upon the farm, when a letter was presented him from the proprietor of the Hartford *Review*, offering him the position of editor, in consequence of the illness of the gentleman who had occupied that position.

"I was never so surprised in my life," he says, "and I could not believe that it was really meant for me." However, after due consideration he accepted, and went to Hartford to take charge of the paper; knowing, as he himself expressed it, "nothing whatever about journalism."

His early work upon that paper was anything but agreeable, and he felt that many eyes were watching his career, expecting him to halt in his undertaking; but, as he says, "I took care that no one should find out how little I knew about it."

Here, however, was an atmosphere of literature in which a mind like his could revel, and his aptitude for his work soon developed itself in the increased popularity and circulation of the paper, which soon came to be known as one of the best sheets in New England. He remained with the Hartford *Review* for two years, when his father's death summoned him to his home.

During all this time Mr. Whittier had made his mark in connection with the Anti-Slavery question. He became the secretary of the society calling itself the "American Anti-Slavery," and he felt prouder of his name attached to a declaration which was issued in 1833 upon this question, than when it had appeared on the title-page of his most successful works.

In 1838 Mr. Whittier took up his residence in Philadelphia, and became editor of the Pennyslvania *Freeman*. On this position of his life Mr. Whittier dwells with enthusiasm. "Those were perilous times for Abolitionists," he said. They were assailed by all parties, both in church and State. He, as one of the champions of freedom, and particularly in his position as editor, stood the brunt of such attacks; so much so, that upon one occasion his office was ransacked and burnt to the ground by a mob. But he kept on, true to the great work he had undertaken, and, above all, true to himself.

During his stay in Philadelphia, he mentions the story of a Southern gentleman who, whilst discussing the subject with Mr. Whittier, expressed himself as follows: "I have no fear of the colored people, for they are essentially an imitative people. Their great desire is to ape the manners, customs, and dress of the white man; and they will succeed in bettering their condition by this very process. Those I most fear for, are the poorer classes of white men, who seem to have no ambition or energy to make themselves wiser or better."

In connection with the Slavery question, Mr. Whittier expresses himself clearly and distinctly; nor has his opinion changed one iota since the days when, through the columns of the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, through good report and through evil report, he fought the hard fight for the oppressed, and waged a just though severe war against the oppressor.

His object was not to touch slavery in the States otherwise than by moral suasion. He says he had no constitutional right to do so; but he strove to effect the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the Territories not formed into States. His aim also was to induce Congress to put an end to the Slave trade between the States, and prevent the admission into the Union of any new Slave States.

In 1846 Mr. Whittier became one of the editors of the *National Era*, at Washington, D. C., which was for many years the leading Emancipation paper of the United States. His health, however, gave way, and compelled him to retire to his residence at Amesbury with his mother and sister. There, in the refreshing solitude of his home, he rested, after his fervid labors; and there once more he breathed forth those lines which have made him the Burns of America.

Whilst residing on the banks of the Merrimac, Mr. Whittier's home was open to his many friends; and there, with that old-fashioned courtesy and politeness which marked the time of our ancestors, he entertained with hearty welcome all those who came to see him.

But that stern decree which limits human life to its circle of years was busy with his family. His mother first and then his beloved sister were taken to their rest, leaving him alone in the world, so to speak, with the exception of his niece, who kept house for him. It was but a short time and she, too, left him to be married.

Since then Mr. Whittier has resided much of the time with his cousins at Oak Knoll, Danvers, although he still keeps his home at Amesbury. He passes his simple, useful life in retirement, and in those occupations he loves so much; still thirsting for knowledge, still forming those beautiful, heartfelt, simple lines that, once read, seem to remain engraven on the heart, like the pleasant memory of some beautiful picture that has gone straight to the soul of those who look on it.

Perhaps much of the blamelessness and integrity of Mr. Whittier's life finds a solution in his faith. He is a Quaker. "We Quakers," he says, "find our amusements in our own domestic circle. I have never seen a theatrical play. As to Shakespeare's plays, I think I can imagine, as I read, all that the finest actor could suggest."

Neither has this "modern Burns" been a traveler. He knows nothing of other countries beyond what he has read, and seems to agree much with what Mr. Emerson said upon his return from Europe: "I have seen it all, but I cannot say I have seen anything more than what I might have found at home."

Perhaps the most beautiful feature in the character of Mr. Whittier is, the simplicity of his religion. "I dislike theological discussions," he says; "I am shocked alike by presumptuous dogmatism as by skeptical irreverence. I believe in God and the future life. I recognize the voice within me which calls upon me to live truly, to be just and merciful; and because God's voice demands of me nothing but the highest good, I know that God is good, and only good."

Mr. Whittier has taken an active part in public affairs, although he has declined many nominations to office, having little ambition in that direction. He has, however, been in the Legislature of his State, and has twice been chosen Presidential Elector. He has been an overseer of Harvard College, and is now one of the trustees of Brown University, of Rhode Island. Among his intimate friends and associates have been such men as Charles Sumner, Chief Justice Chase, Vice-President Wilson, Governor Andrew, Dr. Channing and Horace Greeley.

His home at Danvers, situated on an elévation overlooking an undulating and beautiful landscape, is a very charming one. Here he passes his days, engaged in answering a very large correspondence, and from time to time resorting to his favorite themes. He rises early, and takes a good deal of exercise in the grounds, but he suffers much from illness.

In the grounds surrounding "Oak Knob," the name of his place, trees of all kinds grow in wild luxuriance. Every species of ash, with its graceful foliage, is to be seen here;

the beech and oak spread their boughs over the verdure; whilst the pine, the fir, the maple and others too numerous for description, flourish side by side.

Nature has been left as much as possible to herself in the grounds which surround Oak Knoll, except, perhaps, in the quaint, old-fashioned flower-garden separated from the rest of the grounds by its neatly trimmed hedges. In the centre a fountain plays, whilst the beds are gay with the colors of old-fashioned flowers. In the grounds close to the road-side is a venerable elm, of which we give an illustration, with an ancient well beneath it.

Here the Rev. George Burroughs for a time resided, who was hanged for a wizard. Mr. Whittier's residence is in the region where the Witchcraft Delusion of 1692 prevailed, and the famous Witch Hill is almost within sight.

Here, then, in this retired spot, when in the flower of his old age, John Greenleaf Whittier is passing the remaining years of his life—a life that almost from its birth has been devoted to his fellow-creatures. If ever the Latin proverb—

"Alieni appetens, sui profusus,"

could find a truthful application, it is surely in his case. Although his labors and genius should have commanded wealth, the generosity of his nature and his desire to help art and literature forward have made inroads into a well-earned fortune. He is a great lover and keen appreciator of good pictures, in which he finds as much pleasure as in forming those lines which, when years have rolled by and generations have passed away, will remain fresh and green, as the proud monument of his genius, better than blocks of marble could ever bestow or monuments raised to his memory.

JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.

By Helen W. Pierson.

WHY the settlement was called Jerusalem Camp was a mystery. Not, certainly, from any likeness between that city of olden time and splendor and the scattered huts and the muddy roads, with a few boards nailed about to prevent pedestrians from hopelessly sinking.

Perhaps it was so named in the chance way prevailing in new regions. In fact, the pioneer of the place, a burly, rough-looking customer, with keen, steel-blue eyes, iron-gray hair and taciturn disposition, had been named after the settlement, or the settlement after him. He had a way of slowly exclaiming "Jerusalem!" and at last was known by no other title.

In fact, he had never disclosed his real name. Nothing was known of him, letters never came to him; but this awakened no curiosity among those early pioneers. Too many of them had cut themselves off from the past by some crime to be curious about any one's antecedents. The day and its luck, to-morrow and its prospects, were enough for them. They left gossip and suspicion to more civilized communities.

So even Jerusalem's partner, Gentleman Phil, as he was called, because he had some slight prejudice in favor of clean linen, and had been seen disguised in a white shirt—even he knew nothing of his companion, save that he was silent, industrious and successful, always washing out more gold-dust than others who seemed to have the same chances. He had saved Phil's life in a brawl once, and, as we always love those we serve, had taken to him accordingly. He had never shown the least social tendency before, and the fellows were surprised at it, for Phil was the opposite of our hero in every respect—big enough, but white and pink like a baby, with golden hair that would have curled over his head, had he not kept it cropped so closely that it looked like short yellow plush. "Baby" and "Beauty" were also nicknames for "Gentleman Phil."

One evening, as they sat smoking under a rude arbor by their hut, the elder broke the long silence by saying:

"I'm going to build, Phil. Now, you know something about houses, don't you?"

The young man opened his eyes. Long as they had been together—more than a year—there had been no confidences between them.

"Going to build!" he echoed. "But I must know what kind of a house before I could give a hint."

"A tip-top house—a reg'lar out-and-out palace," answered Jerusalem, placidly. "I've got money enough to do the thing handsomely. Bay-windows and balconies, and all. There must be a garden, too, with roses and spicy pinks."

"Ah!" exclaimed Phil, half wondering at his own daring; "then there's a woman in the case?"

A strange spasm seemed to convulse the generally impassive face of his companion; but he merely answered, after a moment's silence: "Right, my boy. There *is* a woman in the case!" But it was in a tone that precluded further questions.

"Well," said Phil, "I know something of building, to be sure, but I wouldn't venture in anything important. My advice is that you should take a run to 'Frisco, and find a regular architect, and have the thing done brown."

Jerusalem assented to the wisdom of this, and then both smoked on for a long time afterward.

Before many days the camp was startled by strange workmen coming into their midst, and by the grand dimensions and promise of the new building.

"Old fellow's gone loony," was often decided. "Wot does he want of verandys and bay-windys?" and they would watch him as he stood superintending the workmen and gazing with a rapt admiration at the really picturesque building which rose like a vision of beauty before him. A new expression had grown upon his face with the growth of that house—something more genial and human—and he would even stop to speak in a friendly tone to the others now and then.

As the work went on, and it was hurried to the utmost, a restrained excitement began to show itself in face and manner. At last, when the furniture came from San Francisco, and the dainty carpets were spread on the floors, and lace curtains hung at the windows, and the rough ground smoothed and sodded, and roses all in bloom planted, Jerusalem brought his friend Phil to see it all, and drew a long sigh of satisfaction as he beheld the fullness of completion.

"Looks as if a feller might find some happiness here, doesn't it?" he said, at last.

"You bet," answered Phil, half enviously, for he had a taste for all the refinements of life. "I only wish I had such a cage for my bird. It's fit for a princess."

"And you think any woman would be satisfied, eh?" Jerusalem asked, looking wistfully out of the lace-draped window at a damask rose-bush all in bloom.

"If she wasn't she ought to be condemned to an adobe hut for the rest of her life!" exclaimed Phil; but, though awakened to some curiosity about the said woman, he asked no questions.

And the next morning Jerusalem announced, in his usual laconic way, "I'm off—will be gone for about a month—air the house for me, Phil."

"Going for her?" Phil asked.

And Jerusalem nodded, but his face did not wear the radiance or hope of a bridegroom.

On a certain June afternoon, a woman sat busily sewing at the window of a little cottage, in a prim New England town. It was a tiny little affair enough, seeming too small to be called a house; yet the woman owned it, and it fixed her to a place she longed to leave. For there was no one else in that well-to-do town who would not have scorned the little brown hut as a home.

Often and often the woman, who was young and very handsome, looked around rebelliously at the four white walls which seemed to close around her in a suffocating way, and crush down every plan that entered her busy brain for making her life richer and fuller. Must every day drone on like the last—must she for ever make handsome garments for the people who were better off, and put on shabby and faded clothes herself, when she knew the power of her own beauty, if suitably adorned? Oh, it was a face mutinous against fate—eyes weary, yet expectant of something—that looked out of the small window that June day.

A VISIT TO WHITTIER.—OAK KNOLL.—SEE PAGE 20.

An old man, toiling along that road, saw the face, and stopped a moment by the fence. His clothes were covered with dust, and he wore an old sombrero on his head. His hair was reddish of hue, but his eyes were keen and of a steel-blue. They looked younger than his face.

He gazed at the house in a strange way for a time. The young woman drew back from the window.

"He needn't come here, goodness knows!" she murmured. "I haven't a bite to give him."

And, as she heard the click of the gate, she shook her head energetically at the stranger.

But he did not see her—he was staring about him as one who suddenly awakens from a dream—and he made his way up to the door, and knocked somewhat feebly.

"I am looking for one Mrs.—Mrs. Lynn," he said, hoarsely.

"All right," answered the young woman, concluding he had been sent with some message; "that is my name."

"I've walked a goodish way," he began.

"Oh, you're tired! Well, come in. I can give a chair, if nothing else."

The old man stepped inside, and looked around in what Mrs. Lynn considered a very suspicious manner; but then, there was nothing worth stealing in the house. He sat down at last, and said:

"I come from California."

Mrs. Lynn did not look particularly interested in that, but nodded.

"You've got a husband in them parts."

Mrs. Lynn colored, with a vexed expression.

"Lor', don't say *got!* He's been gone half-a-dozen years, and never wrote me a line—and a worthless fellow too, he was."

The man winced a little.

"Then you're prepared for bad news?"

"Goodness gracious! I never expect nothin' else in this world; but I have had enough bad luck for it to take a turn some time. I s'pose he's comin' home crippled and sick, for me to take care on?" There was a strange tremble in the man's voice, as he said:

"No; he'll never come home no more. You'll never see him again—never no more."

He looked hard in the woman's face for some sign of emotion. Surely there must be some memory of the time when that husband had been a lover—some day not so far away in her life when his voice could bring the color to her cheek and light to her eye—some time in the early wedded day when she listened to his home-coming step, and met him with a kiss.

If such a time had ever existed, there was no trace of its memory in the hard, handsome face into which he looked. Indeed, it seemed to brighten considerably under his gaze; and, after a minute's silence, she seemed to feel that she was called upon to explain the want of feeling, for she said:

"We didn't get along well together."

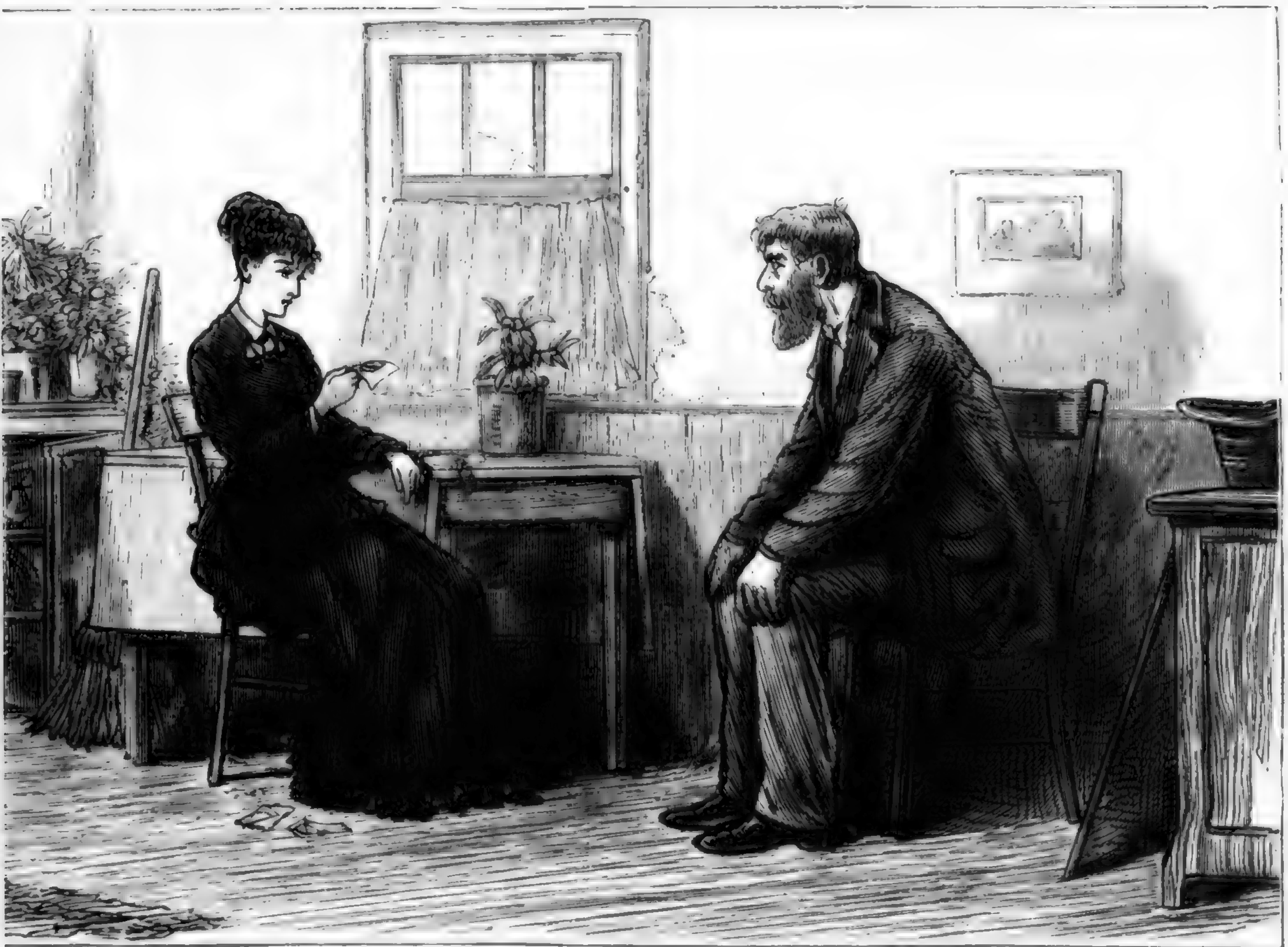
"Ah! was he a bad sort of feller?"

"Well, not exactly; but somehow we didn't agree—besides, I never cared for him."

"Not when you married him?"

There was an eager, pleading tone in the man's voice; but Mrs. Lynn, wrapped in her own thoughts, did not perceive it, the stranger having spoken very huskily all the time.

"Lor, no! We was dreadful poor, and ma would have the match—said Jem would keep me like a lady; but, bless you, Jem never prospered. Oh, did he leave anything to me?"



JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.—"SHE BROKE THE CORD AND LOOKED RATHER CONTEMPTUOUSLY AT THE CONTENTS."—SEE PAGE 23.

"Nothing," answered the stranger, brusquely.

"Jest like him. Never was forehanded, Jem wasn't. Now, he might have made up for old times if he'd got together some little property. There's somebody——"

Then she hesitated, as if she found herself growing too confidential to a stranger.

"Somebody !" echoed the stranger, with a sort of smile, which was, after all, but a painful contraction of the muscles.

"Oh, never mind ! So you didn't bring anything—not even a bit of gold for a wedding-ring ?"

"A wedding-ring, eh ?" asked the old man, in a hoarser voice. "No ; but here are some things poor Jem treasured."

He took out a little parcel, and handed it to her.

She broke the cord, and looked rather contemptuously at the contents—two or three letters, creased and soiled, a knot of ribbon once white, and a poor little tin-type representing the handsome face that regarded it so scornfully.

She pushed them away from her on the table, and drew a somewhat impatient sigh.

"So that's all ?"

"Yes."

And there seemed really nothing else to do but for the visitor to take himself away—which he at once began to do. Then the young woman seemed to bethink herself.

"Oh, I'm obliged to you for taking the trouble ; it takes a load off my mind—uncertainty's so very tryin', you know. And was he long sick ?"

"No."

"Died easy ?"

"No !" exclaimed the other, with more fire than one would expect from such an old man—"he died hard."

"Do tell ! Well, that was like Jem—he always took things so hard. I never thought he'd live out half his days. So, good-by. Goin' back to them parts, I suppose ?"

"Yes ; good-by."

And, with one more look, in which the desolation and pathos of a blasted life seemed expressed, he turned away.

But this young woman was not accustomed to look beneath the surface of things ; so she did not translate the stranger's gaze, and only voted him a "curious-lookin', unpleasant cretur."

The man walked straight to the little depot, and took ticket for the nearest city. He had left his baggage there. He looked no more with strange, unutterable longings at the streets where he had played as a boy ; the hope which had led him on was shattered, the dream that deluded him had faded away. A strange black pall had been suddenly let down before him, and he saw no more.

In the wild California settlement there was quite a ripple of excitement. It had been generally surmised that Jerusalem had gone for a mistress for the new house. There was not a single woman in the settlement, and many were the conjectures about the coming one. The rough men paced about the house, and it seemed like a vision of beauty—a bit of poetry in their matter-of-fact lives.

During a dry week they helped Phil to water the newly planted flowers.

"Won't she look dainty, a-steppin' about here !" said Bingo, a strapping six-footer. "Perhaps she'll wear white —blamed if a pooty woman in white ain't next door to an angel."

But Jerusalem took them by surprise at last. The men had calculated on giving him a welcome in the shape of a

XUM

house-warming. He had not been particularly sociable with them, but they forgave that now, and a liberal order had been made out for 'Frisco for plum-cake and various other "fixin's." Several intended to disguise themselves in white shirts to honor the event.

But one evening, as Phil was taking his smoke alone, and thinking with envy of his old pal, and wondering when he might be lucky enough to go off on the same errand, he heard a dull, heavy step—a dragging step, as if some one was thoroughly done out and broken down. He stepped to the window, and saw that the man had opened his door—opened it as if it was his home.

Yes, it was Jerusalem! He came in with his hat crushed over his forehead; his face looked thin and ghastly; his eyes, always so clear and full of fire, were [illegible], and encircled by purple lines; and *he came alone.*

Phil sprang forward to grasp his hand.

"Why, you're sick, old feller!" he said, with anxiety.

He did not dare to ask questions, looking at that face. He knew some strange storm had wrecked that man's hopes in port, and the tempest-tossed looks of his face touched his heart.

"Yes, I'm sick—just caved in, for the present; but I'll be all right to-morrow."

And then, like some wounded animal, he went off alone to bear his anguish as best he could.

Phil broke the tidings to the others as soon as possible, that his friend might not be tormented with questions. The camp seemed at first to resent the disappointment, and were inclined to think that if the chosen "had cut up rough and chucked him over, he ought to hev made up to another gal, ef he'd had sperrit," and brought home some occupant for the palatial house.

But the disappointment borne in such utter silence and isolation was too much at last, and Jerusalem bluntly broke it one evening by saying, in a jerky way:

"Phil, old boy, you thought I was goin' to bring a bride home, t'other day?"

"Yes, I thought so," answered Phil, quite startled.

"Well, I wasn't. I've been married this eight year."

"Ah!" exclaimed Phil, holding his breath.

"I must talk to some one. Jerusalem! I can't keep it bottled up for ever. Phil, you're a good feller. I think it will help me a little to open my heart to you—I must, or I shall go mad."

"Fire away, old feller!" exclaimed Phil.

"Yes, 'bout eight years ago I married the pootiest girl in our place. Dead in love I was, too—reg'lar spoons, as they say. Her eyes were black as sloes, her lips like cherries, her hair just black satin. Lor', Phil, what gonoys we are in our youth! I never dreamed how them black eyes could snap fire, and them red lips, that seemed made only for kisses, could spit out venom. I learned it very soon. Still, I loved Nellie, for all——"

"Nellie!" exclaimed Phil, in a sort of startled tone.

"Yes, Nellie—pretty name, isn't it? I have said it to myself many a time in these long years, and it always brings up her fresh face, and its handsome color and sparkling eyes. Ah, she liked fine things to set off that same pretty face, and when she found out that I had only a workingman's wages to give her, she gibed and jeered me out of the house. I came off here in sheer desperation, Phil."

Phil nodded silently.

"But I soon took a plan in my head. I would make a pile and surprise her some day. All her scorn and ill-temper had not killed my love. I thought she would be pleasant and kind enough if I could satisfy every wish; and that was what I aimed for, Phil."

A moment's pause, and he went on, with a half-groan.

"You know how I succeeded. Luck went with me; and all the time I thought of Nellie, of the silk dresses, and the ribbons and feathers, and all that she delighted in. Oh, what a fool I was! And of course I built the house for her, and I pictured her delight when I showed her that beautiful home, and we both remembered the little hut where we began."

Jerusalem made so long a pause, he seemed to sink into such forgetful silence, that Phil was bold enough to say "Well?"

"Oh, yes. As I was saying, it was a sort of day-dream, but I'd hugged it so to my heart that it seemed reality. Only when I started on that 'ere journey I began to have misgivings, and I thought I'd try her—I thought I'd try her. I disguised myself, you see—put on an old red wig, and you wouldn't have known me, I looked such an infernal scamp. I was afraid of the voice, but I scarcely spoke loud. I went up to the house—same little brown hut. God! how my heart thumped! Sing'lar, isn't it? I could shoot down a man without feeling it beat quicker; but when I saw her face—Nellie's face—and the same dark eyes flashing at me, it nearly choked me. My voice was disguised enough when I asked for 'Mrs. Lynn.'"

"Mrs. Lynn!" cried Phil, and his face looked strangely agitated; but the other was too deeply absorbed to notice it. "Why did you want Mrs Lynn?"

"Why, she's Nellie; don't you understand? Oh, I suppose you never heard my real name? I sorter dropped it when I came to these parts. Didn't think I was baptized 'Jerusalem,' did you? No; my name is James Corbin Lynn."

Phil had clinched his hands together, and his lips seemed to echo the name; but there was no sound.

"Yes, I went in like some poor vagabond from California. I told her her husband was dead, and she took it as cool as a cucumber—rather relieved than otherwise—asked if he had left anything, and then told me in confidence she had *never loved the man.* That was something of a back-hander, wasn't it, now—a regular back-hander, old boy?"

Phil faltered something, but it was inaudible; and Jerusalem went on:

"It's sorter hard, after all these years. I'm kind o' lonelier, now I've got nothing to look forward to. Fact is, Phil, I've got nothing to do with my life or the money. As for the house, I hear the fellers call it 'Jerusalem's Folly' already, and they're pooty nigh the truth."

Phil stared silently before him in a gloomy way for a few moments, till his companion noticed his silence, and seemed to feel a want of sympathy; but, looking in his face, saw that he was strangely moved. He tried two or three times to speak, but his lips fell rigid. At last, however, he made out to say:

"I've got something to tell you in return, old boy, and maybe when you hear it you'll want to part company."

"Oh, I guess not," answered Jerusalem, cheerily, in an absent way.

"Well, only I have been loving the same woman—your Nellie."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Jerusalem, starting up, with a dangerous flame in his eye; but the next moment he sat down again with a shiver. "What is it to me—she is nothing to me."

"Of course I did not know who she was," Phil went on—"or, rather, who you was. I heard that her husband had left her years ago, and was thought dead; but we were waiting for confirmation."

"All right; you can go ahead now. He *is* dead, you know."

"It's all over now," Phil said, with set lips, "and we will not speak of it again."

"Now, look here," answered Jerusalem, decidedly; "I am dead to her, jest as much as if I was in my coffin. You can marry her with a clear conscience. It's a case of desertion, don't you see? I care enough for Nellie, spite of all, to want her to be happy, and I am sure you'll be good to her. Phil, my boy, I'll go off to parts unknown, and you can have the Folly to live in."

"Never!" answered Phil. "Do you think that I'm a rascal? Never!"

And there was no persuading him. So the two went on as before, only knit together by a closer bond than common friendship. The roses about the Folly bloomed and fell, and late Autumn flowers burned and glowed in its flower-beds.

Jerusalem walked by it often of an evening, and gazed at it with unutterable pathos in his eyes. It had gone up to the music of hope, and the glamour seemed to linger around it yet. He could almost see the face of Nellie at the windows.

"Pshaw! what a fool I am yet!" he muttered, impatiently. "She never was worth shucks."

And he turned away to walk home.

Going by "The Nugget," a drinking and gambling saloon, he heard high voices, and through the open door just saw Phil dash a glass of liquor in the face of a slim, copper-colored, wily-looking Mexican with whom he had been playing, while he hissed the word "Cheat!" between his teeth.

Quick as a flash, Mex, as he was called for short, drew a dirk-knife; but he was surrounded and pinioned by Phil's friends, and he broke away, grinding his teeth, and vowing unutterable things in Spanish.

"You'd better look out for him, Phil," Jerusalem said, as his friend joined him—"a nasty, slippery snake of a feller, who hides and strikes."

"Oh, he's a coward," Phil answered, carelessly.

"The more danger," answered his friend. "In an out-and-out, open fight, you know what you're about."

So something seemed to keep Jerusalem awake that night; yet before he knew it, at the midnight hour, he saw, suddenly, a figure at his friend's bedside.

So wily and noiseless had been the movements of the Mexican that Jerusalem had just time to spring upon him, and try to wrench the dirk out of his hand. The man turned. He had counted on a sleeping victim, but now he was desperate, and one sharp plunge sent Jerusalem down like a log.

But Mex did not escape. Phil's hand was at his throat in a second, and the wretch grew purple, and tried to gurgle out a prayer for mercy.

Phil pitched him into an inner room for future punishment, for he saw that there was no time to lose with his friend, from whose side the blood was pouring like water.

No time to lose, indeed! Even as Phil raised him, the eyes were fast glazing. The strong man wept like a little child.

"You have saved my life, dear old fellow!" he cried. "Don't slip away from me now. Twice you've saved my life, and I've never done you a good turn!"

"You can do one for me," Jerusalem murmured, faintly. "You can marry Nellie now. I've left you—everything."

Phil pressed the fast stiffening hands. He could not speak.

"I'd like to think some one was happy out of my living in this world," he said. "I've missed it myself, somehow. But maybe God will make it up to me in the next. I've thought a lot about these things, lately; and, after all, Phil, what's the use of fixing your heart here, when it all passes away?"

And, as he spoke, all the vain shows of this world passed away for him for ever.

A year after, the infatuated Phil brought his bride to the home that was left to him. He had told her the story of the great love she had slighted, and even her shallow nature was impressed by it.

Let us hope prosperity improved her and made her worthy of Phil's honest affection, and that the little ones, who may be seen running through the gardens and plucking the roses, may elevate and ennoble the mother's heart.

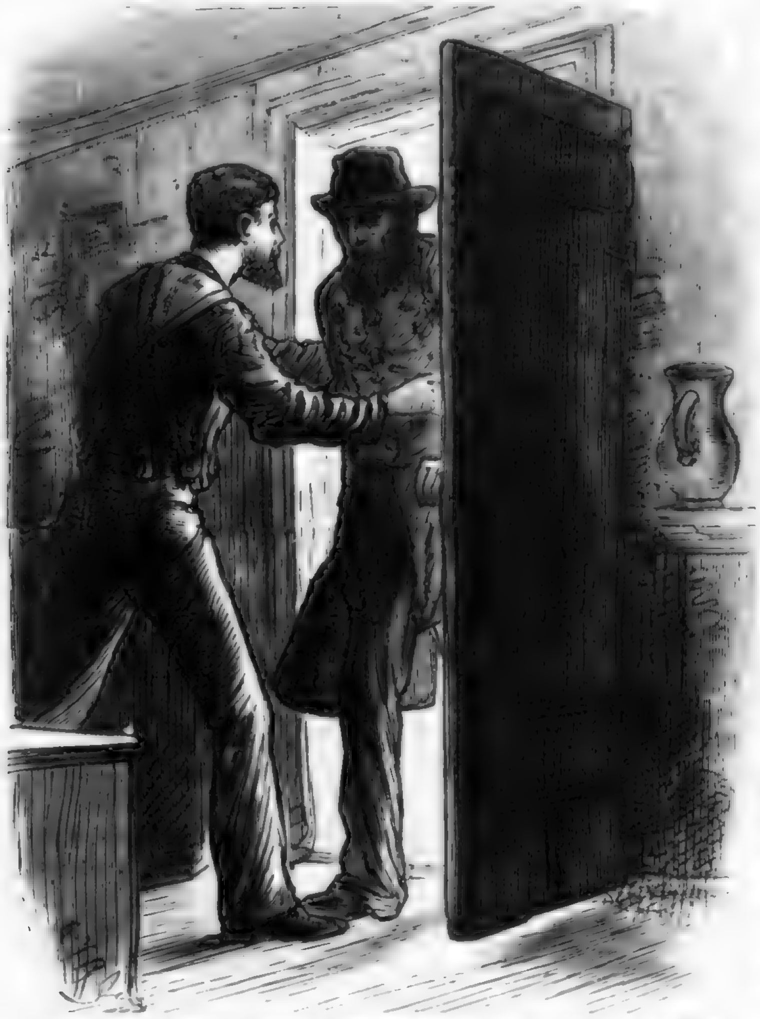
A TURKISH HOUSE.

SEEN from the outside, the house of a Turkish gentleman is not much to look at. Most of its windows face toward the garden; and from the street little may be seen to indicate whether the owner is a rich man or one in moderate circumstances. The street itself is unpaved, dusty, and infested by dogs as snappish as they are lean. No servants linger about the door; but suddenly, at a distant cry of "*Hal-vet-var*" (take care), which is repeated many times, like the howl of some breathless wight being cuffed, a little postern in the wall swings back, and a shiny black Nubian comes out to greet his master.

The master appears round the corner, escorted by a couple of servants who run by his side, while he canters on a seedy white horse which looks as if it had been fed on old newspapers. The Turk is careless about seeming rich, and differs in this from the Persian, who likes to ride abroad on a fine horse splendidly caparisoned, and followed by a numerous retinue. There is nothing to distinguish a pasha in the streets from an ordinary effendi; for he dresses with scrupulous plainness, and wastes little money on the liveries of his servants. He seems to think that outward show is mere vanity, and that a wise man had better reserve all his *hischmet* (comfort) for his *haremlik*, where, being hidden, it will excite no envy. That is why the *selamlik* of a Turkish house, where male visitors are received, offers no signs of luxury. There are a divan, soft carpets, and little tables on which coffee is served; but nothing in the way of ornamentation—no precious knick-knacks. Of old the Turk used to offer jeweled pipes to his guests along with their coffee or sherbet; he now gives cigars or cigarettes, and smokes these things himself, for the chibouk and narghilé have gone out of fashion.

A pleasant talker is the Turk, and exquisitely courteous; but it will be noticed in his conversation that he never makes the slightest allusion to the women of his own or of another's household. He is the last person to talk scandal with. If you make him a present with a view of its being given to his wife, custom requires that you should use a periphrasis to convey your meaning; and it will be better still if you leave him to guess your intention without hinting it.

When a Turk has disposed of his visitors, he goes into his *haremlik* to dine or breakfast, first removing his *babouches*. This custom of taking off one's shoes before entering a room is not a religious superstition, but comes of the necessity for keeping carpets clean, seeing that they fulfill the purposes of chairs, tables and sofas in other countries. The bedrooms of a harem may be furnished like Parisian boudoirs, but custom is stronger than fashion, and Turks of both sexes like to recline or sit cross-legged on the floor. Their carpets are curiously soft and thick, and the hangings over the doors shut out all drafts and noises. Through the open windows that look out on



JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.—"PHIL SPRANG FORWARD TO GRASP HIS HAND. 'WHY, YOU'RE SICK, OLD FELLER!' HE, SAID, WITH ANXIETY."

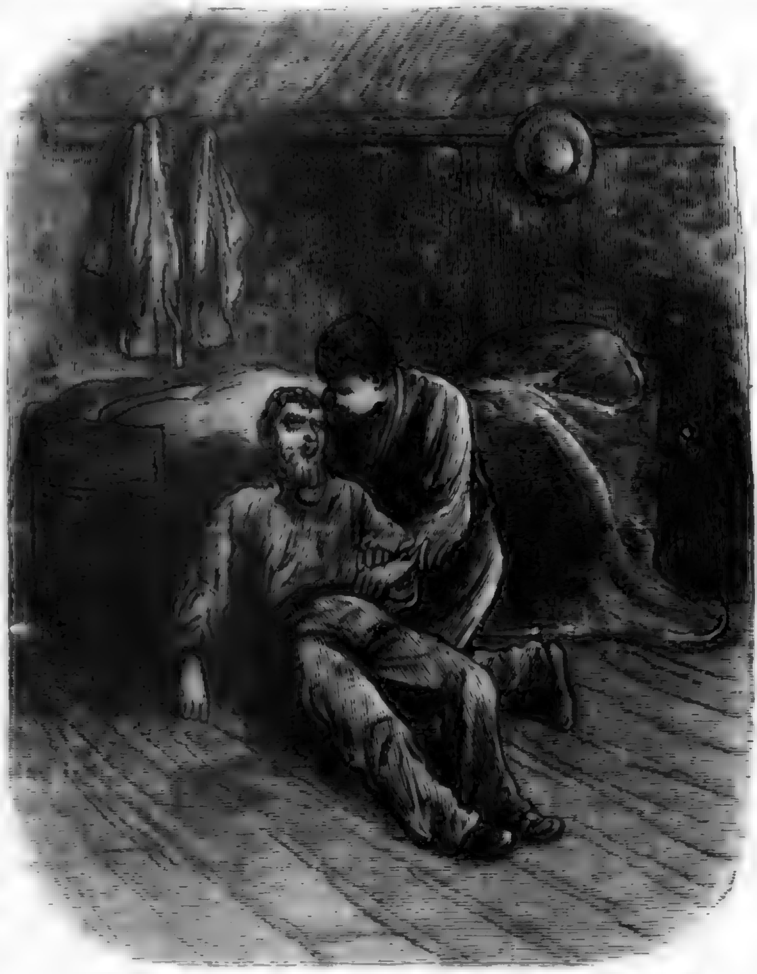
to the garden come a scent of roses and the hum of bees, mingled with the laughter of children who are playing on a well-trimmed lawn, under the eyes of dark-eyed Circassian nurses. The mistress of the harem—the *buiuk-hanum* (great lady), to give her full title—dresses much like an English lady nowadays, reads French novels and plays the piano, though she has some gorgeous Turkish costumes which she dons upon state occasions, such as the *chalvas*, when she entertains other ladies. *Chalva* means a cake, but it has come to designate a party at which that dainty is eaten, just as we say tea for tea-party in English.

When a Turkish lady gives a *chalva*, her husband is, perforce, excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive toward six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and *babouches* in an anteroom, and put on delicate satin slippers which they have brought with them in bags. The reception-rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles, and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests; but each lady as she comes in lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth and mind." This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty.

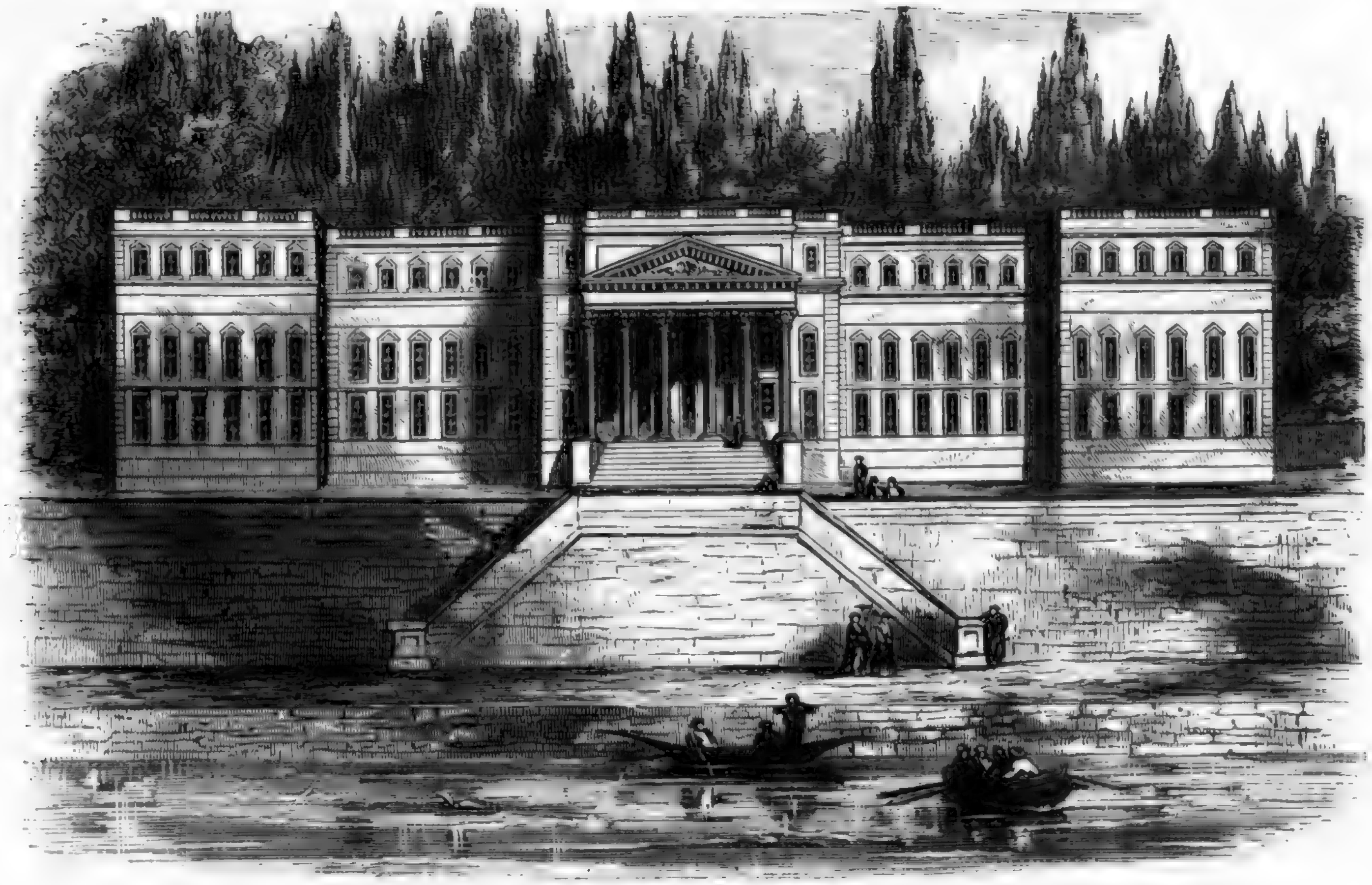
The greetings being ended, the company seat themselves on chairs, if there be any Frank ladies present; if not, they betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together to be regaled and to romp in some other room. Cigarettes, coffee and sweetmeats are handed round, and while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and, indeed, are sometimes worth a fortune. The right costume of a Turkish woman consists of a long tunic, with open sleeves, and of a wide pair of trousers; and when these articles are of costly stuffs, embroidered, laced and covered with jewels, they produce a rare effect.

After the coffee, dancing girls are introduced; and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon, neither more nor less than in Western countries. In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, a lady pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music to amuse the company; but this does not exclude the performances of the native dancing girls, whose gyrations and fantastic music with tambourines and castanets are much appreciated. These almées are seldom older than fourteen, and in any case no married woman ever joins in a dance.

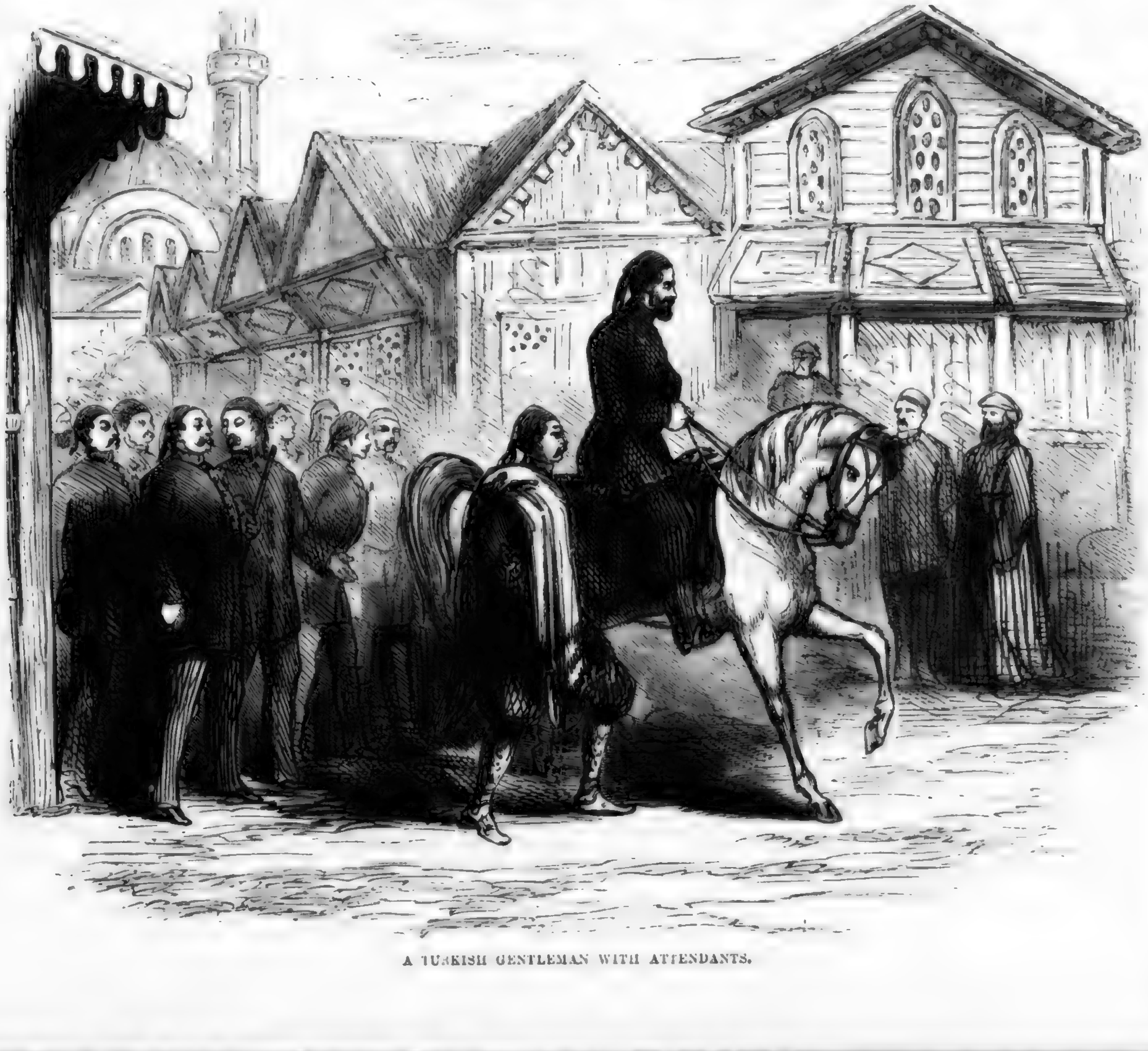
When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for the guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, "*Chalvayel*"—*i.e.*, "Bring in the cake." At once the maidservants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy and spongy pudding is produced—the which having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash



JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.—"EVEN AS PHIL RAISED HIM, THE EYES WERE FAST GLAZING."—SEE PAGE 23.



A TURKISH HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 27.



A TURKISH GENTLEMAN WITH ATTENDANTS.

their hands withal; and then the party is at an end. A very quaint form of salutation speeds the parting guest. As each lady comes up to express her thanks for the hospitality she has enjoyed, the hostess answers, sweetly:

"How happy I am that it is all over!" which ambiguous utterance only means, "How happy I am that no accident has befallen any of us during this delightful evening."

It is said, however, that accidents sometimes befall on the morrow to the younger guests, for that *chalea* is very indigestible.

KISSING THROUGH THE BARS.

When I was but a boy in years,
Near seventy years ago,
I met a romping, laughing girl,
Pure as the driven snow;
From spelling or from singing school,
Beneath the glittering stars,
I saw her home, but at the gate
I kissed her through the bars.

And often, then, when going by
Her house at eventide
I'd whistle that familiar strain,
'Oh, Come, my Bonny Bride!"
When to the road she'd blushing come,
Bright as the evening stars,
And clasp my hand so lovingly,
Then kiss me through the bars.

Now old and gray and bent with years,
While in my easy-chair
I sit and dream of youthful days,
And hopes once bright and fair;
And fancy I am young again,
And gazing on the stars,
While waiting for my love to come
And kiss me through the bars.

While by my side sits my old wife,
With furrows on her brow;
But to me there's been no change
From blushing youth till now;
But fairer grown with lapse of years,
Her love like twinkling stars,
Has never changed since first she met
And kissed me through the bars.

Heaven bless this old, gray wife of mine,
For what she's ever been,
Since first we met at spelling school,
And all the years since then;
And often now in walking out
Beneath the same bright stars,
She slyly asks me how I'd like
To kiss her through the bars.

Though seventy years have bleached our hair,
White as the mountain snow,
Yet still to me she looks as fair
As fifty years ago—
When roses bloomed upon her cheeks,
With eyes that shamed the stars—
As when a boy I saw her home,
And kissed her through the bars.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog; it is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

The fool has one advantage over an educated man—he is always contented with himself.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

It is now evening, and the day's business is over, and John Monkhouse marches home to his dinner. And now he has arrived at his own door. Up the marble steps he walks, and lets himself in with a latch-key, and goes straight to his library, where he finds his wife.

Mr. Monkhouse steps across the carpet with a grave smile and kisses her, and then, seating himself by her side, takes her hand, and a very pretty, lover-like picture they make as they sit thus, and he says: "Another very dull day it has been for my Zulietta, I'm afraid, and for the last hour I have been considering where we can spend the evening. What do you say to the opera? I think they do your old favorite, 'Il Traviata'."

"'Traviata'?" she says, with a quick, girlish smile, showing an even row of exquisite little teeth. "Then we must go. I have heard it so often, and that is one of the peculiarities of music—we must know it pretty well to enjoy it. Don't you think so?"

Two or three words are accented a little, and this pretty tessellation gives a peculiar charm to her speech—a charm that instantly has its effect upon Mr. Monkhouse, for he bends over and kisses those beautiful red lips.

"Yes, darling, I agree with you perfectly," he answers, more like a lover than a husband, for he is a little old-fashioned in his courtesy. And he adds, "Piati sings—you remember him and his formidable *basso profundo*—and the handsome *tenor* from Paris, Margency, and the *prima-donna* is Mademoiselle de Schomberg, from Berlin; so we shall have the music of all nations."

"How nice! And when we come home, after the performance, we must run over all the pretty passages at the piano without the notes, to see how much we can recollect. But, dear, how stupid I am!" she cries, suddenly. "I have forgotten your letter!"

Quickly she runs to her little escritoire, and brings him a letter in a thick yellow envelope, addressed in a small and rather feminine hand—the hand, one would say, of a woman endeavoring, with very moderate success, to imitate masculine chirography.

Mr. Monkhouse eyes this missive rather sternly. Is he not also a little paler than before? He bites his lips and is vexed. But in a moment he smiles as before, and proceeds to read. And now he has finished, and folds up the letter and places it in the breast-pocket of his coat.

All this time his wife has been quietly watching him. She has seen the curiosity as he read the sentences; has noted, also, his unmistakable emotion—not quite trepidation, but surprise and annoyance. And patiently she waits for him to explain, which, in a moment, with a short laugh and a little shrug, he does:

"So ends the 'Traviata' scheme! What man of business can call any hour in the twenty-four his own? I am growing tired of the slavery, and must give it up. You will scarcely credit it, Zulietta, but in an hour I must leave you to go to Dallington, to meet my brother James. He has just returned from Europe."

"Business with your brother!" she exclaims, really astonished. I thought you were not on good terms—that you had not spoken for years?'

"Quite true; but here is a case of, I may say, extreme necessity. I have been trying to borrow some money from him—a large sum, and at Dallington I am to receive his answer."

"It is a little odd, isn't it, that this letter should have come to the house instead of going to the office?"

"Well, my brother never acts in any case as other people would, and he desires me to meet him at Dallington, and I suppose I must go. I had counted all the afternoon upon going to some pleasant place with you to-night, and now here, you see, fate ordains that I shall pass my night in a railway-train."

For a while longer they chatted, and then dinner was announced, which, as time now pressed, was eaten hurriedly. Mr. Monkhouse's trap was brought round, and with kisses and farewells to his handsome wife, he ran down the steps and got in.

A moment after he rolled away, and, leaning back in his seat, his arms folded and his teeth set, a dismal fatigue and terror upon his white face, he whispered to himself more than once:

"My God! it has come at last!"

CHAPTER II.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Mr. Monkhouse reached Dallington only a few hours before daylight. He had a little sleep and then descended to his breakfast, and when all was done, in came a servant to announce that a gentleman wished to see him. Another short interval and the door reopened and the two brothers were face to face.

John Monkhouse advanced, his hand extended. His brother refused this amicable overture by cold and placid unconsciousness.

"Very well," said John, with a short laugh, in which there was just an inflection of uneasiness. "You wished to see me, and I am at your service. If we are to meet as enemies, so be it. But permit me to suggest that this is not precisely the sort of place to discuss the subject before us."

He marched to the mantelpiece and stood leaning upon it—tall, pale, smiling and troubled. What was about to occur? Was he prepared?

"Please to follow me," said James Monkhouse.

They went out together, walking slowly side-by-side, and presently they turned behind a hill and disappeared.

"Then you intend to denounce me?" John Monkhouse was saying, paler than ever, his fingers clinched in an agony of apprehension.

"I have told you already," muttered the other.

John Monkhouse was stunned. He *had* a secret, and that secret was discovered. So terrible was its nature, so peculiar also, that his own brother must be the first to expose him. On he went, like a man in a frightful dream, and presently they descended a gentle hill, and stood amid thick undergrowth and gigantic trees, by a stream of dark water.

Sombre and still was everything here

"I can plead with you here, James," said John Monkhouse, "and none but you can hear me. You have grown cold and hard; but your heart is not utterly dead. Have mercy. Further secrecy is useless, and I acknowledge everything; but the temptation was terrible—you cannot conceive! Remember that I am your brother——"

"You are no brother of mine!" retorted the other. "I don't know why I have come here with you, or why I listen to this," he added, impatiently, with a stamp of his foot. "I shall go back."

"Spare me Jim, for the sake of the old days when we were boys together. Give me one chance of escape—give me a single day, and I promise to go and hide myself where you shall never hear of me again."

"You gave *her* no chance, you villain. She went down into that awful sea without a moment's warning. My God, when I think of it I feel that I could strike you dead at my feet!"

"I had no idea that she was on board, Jim—I swear it! The case was one of terrible fatality, and Heaven knows I am guilty enough without——"

"Guilty! Ay," cried James Monkhouse, in bitter passion—"guilty, indeed, and you shall suffer!"

He wheeled round and walked slowly up the hill to the meadow again. John Monkhouse did not follow; but placing his hand over his eyes, this hardened man of the world gave way to a gush of tears. Is it, indeed, too late to appeal? That brother who has sworn to denounce him was nursed at the same breast where his own head had so often lain, and the same blood warmed both their hearts. One word will call him back; one more appeal will perhaps move him and change his terrible determination. In an instant John Monkhouse has sprung up the slight acclivity and is beckoning and calling to the man who has just left him.

An hour afterward Mr. John Monkhouse returns to Dallington alone. He is in much better spirits, smiling, even radiant, and he orders luncheon, and while it is getting ready, he has some brandy and water.

"My brother will not return. He is a famous pedestrian and has walked on to the next station—what do you call it? —Luxborough—and I am to settle his bill. Now *I* never walk anywhere—never take any exercise—and the consequence, you see, is that I have no appetite. Odd fellow, my brother, Mr. Pym—eccentric, crabbed, a little queer in the head sometimes, I fancy, but a good heart. You would be surprised if I told you how much money he loaned me this morning—money to keep my new cotton mills going, and without any security but my word. And I say, Pym, you need not mention that that was our business together, though," says Mr. Monkhouse, with a sudden and dark caution.

It is, of course, quite impossible that Mr. Monkhouse should suspect that in an hour his secret will be all over Dallington. Nevertheless, Mr. Pym, in an ecstasy of delight at this flattering confidence, vows the secrecy of the sepulchre

CHAPTER III.

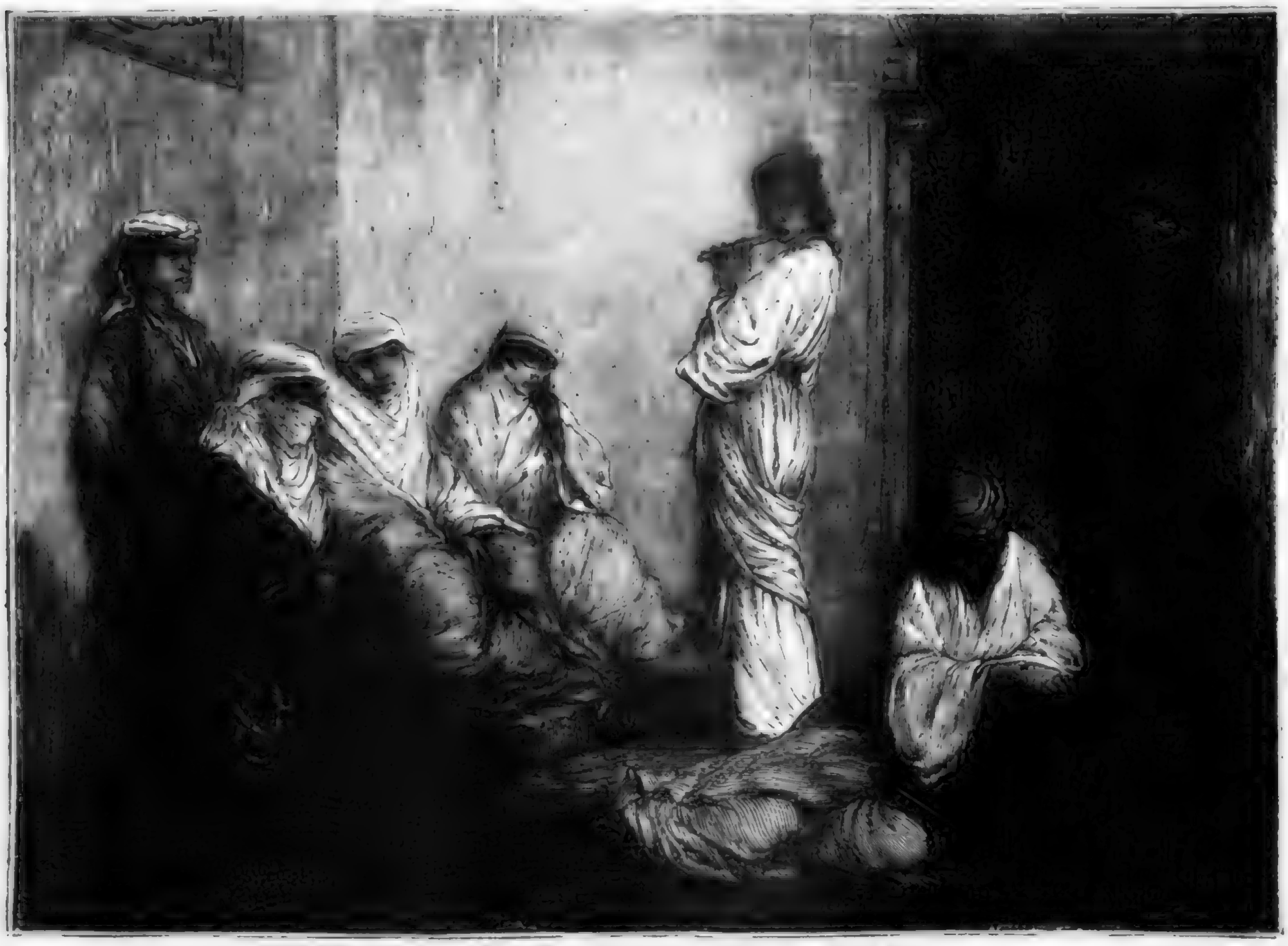
AT DARK COTTAGE.

About a week after this the people who lived in the quiet town of Trevorleigh were somewhat surprised to learn that their old neighbor, Mr. James Monkhouse, had arrived and taken up his quarters at his snug place, Dark Cottage. He had brought no servants with him, except an old woman—a lean and witch-like dame—who was as deaf as a post, and an old man who spoke nothing but French.

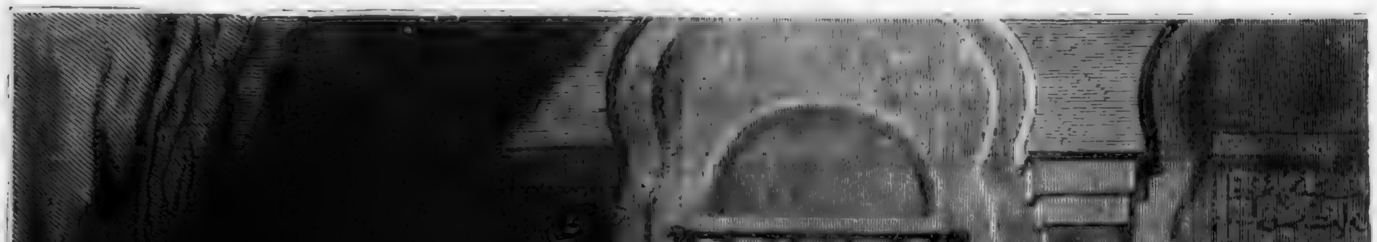
Late in the afternoon he took his walk, trudging, gloomy and alone, over the hills and in the most unfrequented by-paths. The villagers thought his appearance but little changed from what it had been three years before—the stoop in his shoulders more marked, perhaps, and his hair a little grayer; but the same fierce, cavernous eyes and pursed lips.

Reserved and inhospitable he continued, neither visiting nor receiving visits—often not showing himself for weeks together.

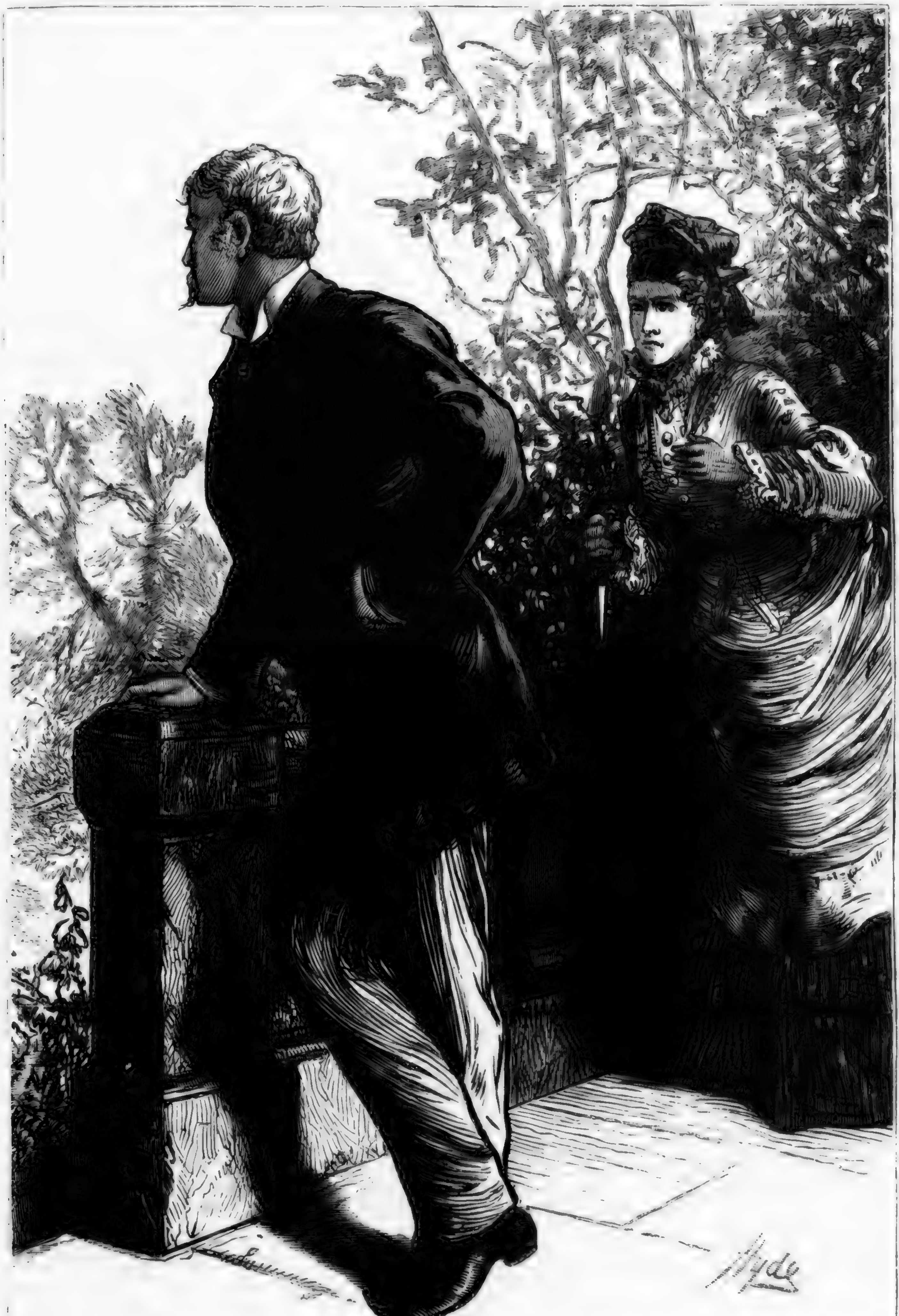
Once the new clergyman, the Rev. Charles Eden, a



TURKISH HOUSE.—GUESTS IN A HAREM.—SEE PAGE 27.



TURKISH LADIES SEATED AT A TANDOUR.



BROUGHT TO LIGHT.—"SHE DID NOT GO OF HER OWN VOLITION—SOME FRIGHTFUL IMPULSE SEEMED TO LIFT HER BODILY FROM THE GROUND TOWARD THAT DREAMING MAN, WHO, WRAPPED IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS, SAW AND HEARD NOTHING."—SEE PAGE 30.

XUM

little curious, as gentlemen residing in quiet rural places are apt to be, presented himself at Dark Cottage; but Mr. James Monkhouse asked him what his business was, so sternly, and adopted such a menacing and aggressive manner altogether, that the ecclesiastic was glad to retreat.

Very often, when he was supposed to be in one of his periodical retreats, there were some who were quite certain he was not in the village at all. He made his departures and arrivals late at night—generally after twelve.

So matters had gone for fully six months, when suddenly this strange personage took a new whim. He one evening actually stopped at Dr. Jorum's gate, just as that worthy physician was returning, cold and hungry, from a long drive up the country. And for a few minutes Mr. Monkhouse chatted there with the doctor, and, when they parted, invited him pressingly to pay a visit to Dark Cottage.

Dr. Jorum of course went, a few nights afterward, and found Mr. Monkhouse in his pretty study, smoking a long Turkish pipe and almost in the dark. But after a time this tenebrous condition of things did not matter, for Mr. Monkhouse presently had in some whisky of such quality that though the doctor was a connoisseur on the subject, he had never tasted anything "so superb"—so "perfectly excellent."

Next day he dimly remembered that his hospitable entertainer had asked him a great many questions about a certain very beautiful young lady who was Dr. Jorum's immediate neighbor—a Miss Violet Fane.

A short time after this Miss Fane came in to tea at Mrs. Jorum's one evening, and, to the general surprise and even consternation, Mr. James Monkhouse made his appearance a quarter of an hour later. He apologized—had no idea there was company—had looked in for a moment upon his friend the doctor—and was about to retire, but Dr. Jorum insisted upon his distinguished visitor remaining. And so it fell out that he passed the evening there, and when the awe which his apparition created had worn off, the time was passed most agreeably.

Never had the ladies met a more agreeable man than this much-misunderstood recluse. And beautiful Violet Fane was also quite charmed with him. They had talked a little together during the evening, and he had spoken so beautifully, so touchingly of his lonely life, that she quite pitied him. She had sung several pretty songs for him, and he had said, after complimenting her:

"I am going to ask a very impertinent favor, Miss Fane; but you will excuse an old fellow who has been too long out of society to strictly regard its usages. I am going to ask you to permit me to drop in upon you some evening when I feel unusually melancholy, and hear you sing."

She readily gave him the desired permission, and the hermit's fits of melancholy must have been numerous indeed, for, in a few weeks he was a constant visitor at Miss Fane's cottage, and there was speculation and gossip, and in due time all surmise was set at rest by the announcement that Mr. Monkhouse and that very handsome young lady were engaged to be married.

I think you never saw a prettier bride than Violet Fane made the following month. Mr. Monkhouse took her away on their wedding-day, and they were absent a fortnight; but when they returned—what a change! There was something mysterious and almost awful in the alteration which had taken place in this hitherto bright, lively girl. She acted like a person who had been badly frightened.

Mr. Monkhouse resumed his former icy reserve and periodical disappearances; but these latter he accounted for. He simply went to visit the cotton mills conducted by himself and brother, although he alone supplied the means and had the authoritative voice.

James Monkhouse had made one bitter enemy—his wife's mother. One day Mrs. Fane said to her daughter:

"You will not confide in me, Violet; but I believe I have penetrated your husband's mystery. He is in some way in his brother's power."

Violet sat still, her face pale, her beautiful eyes dilated, and the conversation expired.

"My daughter will not speak," Mrs. Fane thought, "but he shall."

And up she rose, and rustled out of the room on her way to the study.

She tapped at the door; but there was no answer, and she entered.

James Monkhouse was seated at his desk, leaning upon his hand, asleep.

Before him lay a small photograph; slumber had apparently stolen upon him while he studied the picture—the picture of whom? Of a woman—of a beautiful, smiling, dark-eyed woman. Mrs. Fane smiled luridly.

"The brother of this man knows his secret, and it concerns a woman. I see all." She turned noiselessly to the door, and looking toward the sleeper, said: "You, James Monkhouse, will to-morrow visit your cotton mills in the North. An excellent opportunity will it be for me to visit your brother John in New York."

CHAPTER IV.

SHE SEES THE LETTER.

MEANWHILE Mr. John Monkhouse returned from Dallington in excellent spirits.

"A little cranky I found Jim," he said to Zulietta, the beautiful; "but he has the kindest heart! I never could understand this sham ill-humor. Well, he loaned me the money, and the mills are to go on, and all's well again; and in a week I shall go to Wrexham, where the mills are, to meet him."

Never had Zulietta seen her husband so radiant. But she was not satisfied. That letter and that sudden journey still haunted her. Her husband's good spirits—were they real or assumed?

At times Mr. Monkhouse was a little flushed, and his eyes exhibited a strange glitter; and once, when she had found the closet of his study open, various drugs were ranged there—vials of prepared opium, curiously wrought cut-glass bottles of French brandy, suspiciously "medicated," and a little chloral, and other sinister preparations, the nature of which she could only conjecture.

One day she found an old, faded note, much discolored; she recognized the mysterious letter which had, months before, called her husband so suddenly away to Dallington. It ran as follows:

"JOHN MONKHOUSE: I have returned from Europe, and the hour of your doom is at hand. Two years I have spent in seeking evidence that you had scuttled the ship *Arcturus*. After a long search, I found the mate, Edward Hampsdell, who was dying of drink in a small French town; but who had time enough to confess all. I have his depositions. The whole miserable plot is clear—not a link missing. You obtained your insurance; but on that ship, when she went down, was my affianced wife, Mildred Rayne, the only woman I ever loved—destroyed by my brother's hand! You are brother of mine no more! At Dallington you will meet me on the day after you get this, and there I will show you the damning proof of your villainy. After that I shall denounce you and spare not. JAMES MONKHOUSE."

Zulietta read with a blanched cheek and a heart freezing with terror. All was clear. Her husband had often confessed that his riches had come by sudden strokes of good luck—and now she saw the meaning of that frightful jest: Conspiracies to wreck ships at sea for the insurance; more terrible crimes, no doubt, on land.

Her instant impulse was to go to her husband and tell him that she had discovered his hideous secret; and that impulse she obeyed.

CHAPTER V.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

Mrs. Fane having arrived in New York, it was not difficult to find the famous establishment conducted by John Monkhouse & Co. She first encountered Mr. Blotter, the venerable manager, pink-faced and white-haired.

"Is Mr. John Monkhouse in?"

"He is, madame, in his private office."

Mrs. Fane plucked a tinted parallelogram from her handsome card-case and sent it in. In a moment the messenger returned with the information that Mr. Monkhouse was deeply engaged, and declined to see any one.

Mrs. Fane begged the favor of three minutes; but back came the ambassador with the information that Mr. Monkhouse declined to see the lady, peremptorily.

So, very much baffled, Mrs. Fane took her stately leave. Quivering with indignation, this lady closed the door behind her and stepped upon the pavement, and at that moment a carriage drove up.

Mrs. Fane stood still. A richly dressed and beautiful woman descended and entered the establishment of Monkhouse & Co. With a sudden throb Mrs. Fane recognized the other's countenance—the face of the photograph!

What to do next? Here was more mystery, and Mrs. Fane's curiosity was now roused to its highest pitch. "I will not be baffled," she thought, and re-entered the famous commercial house.

Mr. Blotter again confronted her.

"A lady has just this moment been admitted to an audience with Mr. John Monkhouse," said she, sharply.

Mr. Blotter bowed and smiled.

"That lady is privileged. She is Mr. Monkhouse's wife."

"We both come upon the same business," retorted Mrs. Fane, with ready invention.

To the manager's consternation she swept by him. No one opposed her, and she reached the rear corridor, turned to the right with a certain instinct, and in a moment stood before the door of Mr. Monkhouse's private room. This door had a small glass window; with her hand on the knob Mrs. Fane looked through into the room.

The scene taking place there was a strange one. Mr. Monkhouse sat at his desk, shading his eyes with his hand, while at his feet knelt his wife, sobbing bitterly. Without hesitation Mrs. Fane entered.

"You will pardon me," she began, "but my business is possibly important. My name is Mrs. Fane."

Mr. Monkhouse had risen to his feet, and white with passion, his fists clinched, his eyes gleaming hell-fire, glared down upon her.

"How dare you intrude here?" he roared.

His rage and ferocity were terrible, and they must have frightened Mrs. Fane greatly, for, with a low cry, she threw up her arms, reeled and fainted.

"Who is this person?" asked Zulietta, rising.

Mr. Monkhouse recovered his calmness instantly and smiled—the pale smile of despair:

"A member of my brother's agreeable family. I don't think I told you that he had married since his return from Europe? Well, this woman is his wife's mother. A pretty scandal! I shall have to call assistance, and what will my clerks think?"

"What can have brought her here?"

Something has occurred—I know not what; but am prepared for the worst," he replied, in a low, intense whisper. "And now you must go, darling, just to please me, and it is best, and I shall be with you as soon as I can. Fear nothing; although my secret may have been discovered, there is still plenty of time."

Mr. Monkhouse induced his wife to return to her carriage. Then with the single restorative of cold water, he revived Mrs. Fane, and assisted her to her feet. His manner had changed entirely, and now he was perfectly cool.

CHAPTER VI.

CATASTROPHE.

Zulietta returned home much disquieted. She knew now that her husband was a villain and a murderer. He had betrayed others, but to her he had been always true. How gentle, how generous, how affectionate he had been, always standing in her presence in the melancholy attitude of a lover! His wealth he had lavished upon her; and with strange impetuous inconsistency she almost began to look upon him as a kind of hero.

The day was a long one. Mr. Monkhouse did not appear—sent no message. The suspense was agony. The hour of dinner struck; but his punctual footstep was not as usual audible in the hall. Fifteen minutes past—thirty—forty—and still he came not. Zulietta walked the floor nearly distracted.

The torture became unendurable, and she dispatched a messenger to the office with a bribe to make haste, which he certainly earned; but the period of his absence seemed an age. When he came back it was with an appalling report—the office was closed and no one there but the porter. Mr. Monkhouse had taken a cab at noon and had not been seen since.

Had he fled?

Suddenly a thought darted through Zulietta's mind with the vividness of lightning.

"I shall go to Trevorleigh myself," she said.

Hasty were her preparations, for she had no time to spare, and she was just about to leave her chamber when something caught her eye—a curious little stiletto her husband had given her—a toy which some one had brought her from Spain.

Long and dreary was the night ride, and dawn was breaking when she reached the station at Trevorleigh. She met a farmer, and asked to be shown Dark Cottage, which she had learned from her husband was the name of the brother's residence. The man stared, as well he might, to see this strange and splendidly dressed lady so early and alone; but he civilly directed her.

At the garden-gate of Dark Cottage she halted and scrutinized that dismal residence. Smoke was rising from the chimney and there were signs of life.

She entered and went quietly up the gravel-walk and then round to the other side of the house. Suddenly she stopped. A man was before her, leaning against the little porch of the cottage, buried in deep thought. His back was to her; but she could see that he had gray hair and was bent by time and care. James Monkhouse—it could be no one else.

She did not go of her own volition—some frightful impulse seemed to lift her bodily from the ground and bear her toward that dreaming old man, who, wrapt in his own thoughts, saw and heard nothing about him.

She never knew how it was done; but the next instant she saw the flash of the stiletto, saw him stagger and wheel round with a mournful cry, his hands spread out imploringly; saw him fall, pale, ghastly and terrible, on his face.

In the same mist people gathered around them both—

people that looked like phantoms—a beautiful pale girl, wringing her hands; an old woman, dark, stern, and the living symbol of fatality!—these were there, and a group of terrified servants, a withered dame, her arms raised aghast, and a man chattering volubly in French among the rest.

And now the French servant knelt and turned the body of his fallen master. A wig of gray hair had been twisted awry, disclosing black hair underneath, and a gray beard, which had covered the chin, now hung loosely below.

The face was of a yellowish whiteness, like wax; the under-jaw had already fallen, and in the eyes was fast settling a fixed, deepening look.

The truth was plain at last—John Monkhouse and James Monkhouse were one and the same.

* * * * * * *

John Monkhouse must have anticipated some such terrible catastrophe as this—a sudden death—for among his papers was found a confession. He had killed his brother that morning at Dallington, and thrown his body in the culvert, with great stones tied to his feet.

How he acted we already know. No one suspected him at Trevorleigh until his marriage with Violet Fane, who, of course, detected that he was in disguise on the honeymoon tour, and to whom he revealed everything.

Necessity sealed her lips even from her mother; but that inquisitive lady recognized her supposed son-in-law on the day before his death at the commercial house, when, as the reader is aware, the real wife was also present.

Now, why had Monkhouse taken that perilous step of marrying Violet? He does not explain his motives in the confession; but I suspect he had grown a little tired of Zulietta, and, moreover, Violet was so extremely beautiful, that no man could see without desiring to possess her. With a man like Monkhouse, already so deep in sin, one crime more or less signifies but little.

Was he not in reality mad? There are those who have read the confession and thoroughly studied the case who think so. My friend Dr. Jorum is one, and the Rev. Charles Eden is another. The latter frequently says: "Dr. Jorum will bear witness that I pronounced Mr. Monkhouse insane from the first time I saw him," and the worthy physician gives his testimony to this effect very willingly.

Zulietta's lawyers at her trial set up that she was temporarily insane. It is very certain that a gallant and presumably intelligent jury—what jury is not intelligent?—acquitted her.

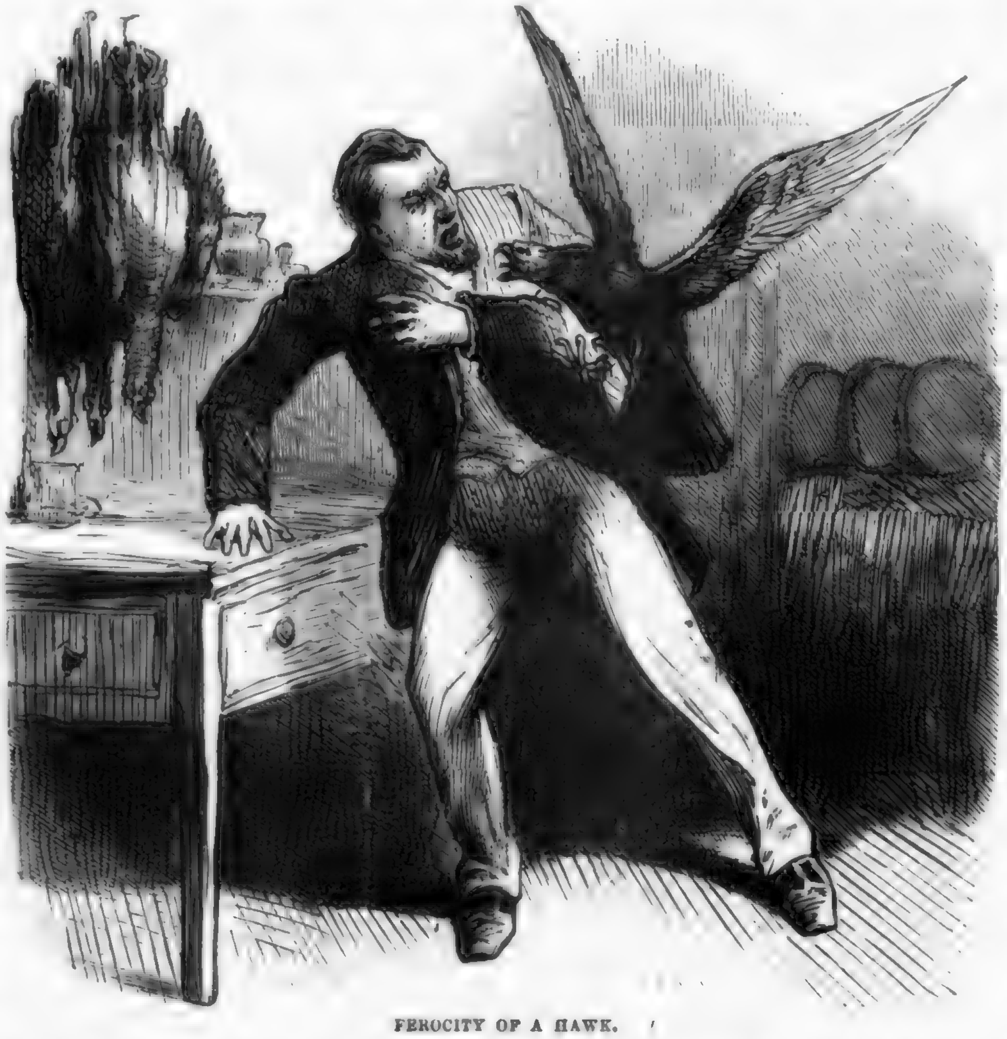
She secured her husband's fortune, which, after all, was not so large, and disappeared. Violet Fane has never married, but still lives at Trevorleigh, and is the Lady Bountiful of that quiet village.

FEROCITY OF A MICHIGAN HAWK.

We have often heard of hawks pouncing upon stray chickens and carrying them off, thus evincing their propensities as birds of prey; but, recently, an example of unusual ferocity toward the human species has come to light.

In North Star, Michigan, one of the birds flew into the pantry of a gentleman's house and began an attack upon the owner.

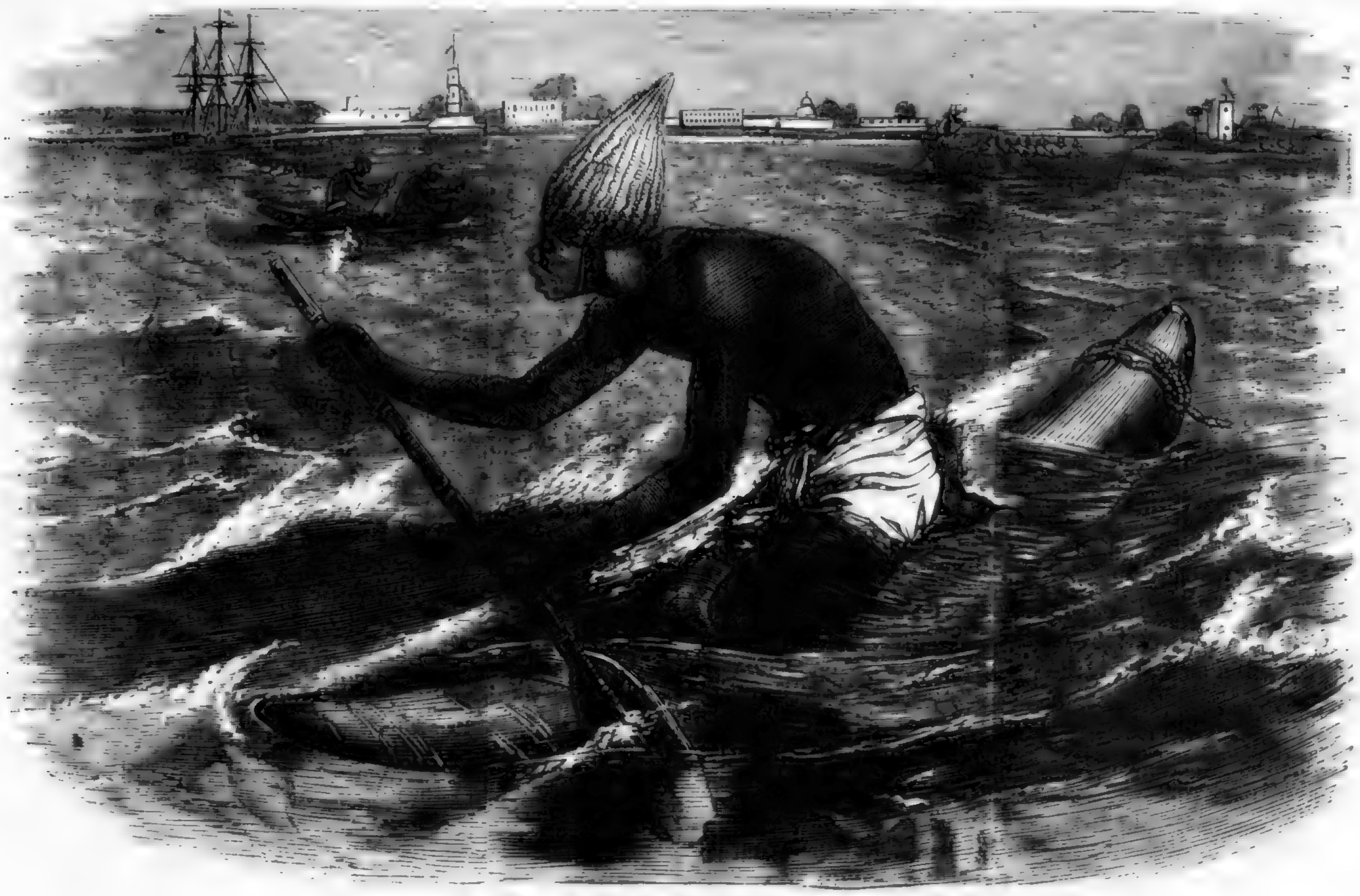
The sharp bill pierced the poor man's flesh in many places. As fast as he drove the bird off from one side it began attacking another. The fight lasted quite a while, until the man, weak from the loss of blood, yielded and cried for help. When the hawk had been driven off, a physician had to be summoned to prevent the suffering man from bleeding to death.



FEROCITY OF A HAWK.

SNAKES TRACKING THEIR PREY.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Field* says that a snake can follow its prey by scent. He saw a mouse running for dear life down the railroad track, over the ties, under the rails, dodging here and there, and finally disappearing under a log; and immediately after a blue racer glided along on its trail. It kept its head flat to the ground while in motion, occasionally stopped, raised its head a foot or more from the ground, looked about, and then glided along the trail again. It followed every crook and turn the mouse had made, and followed it under the log out of sight. The snake was about five feet long, and traveled as fast as one could walk.



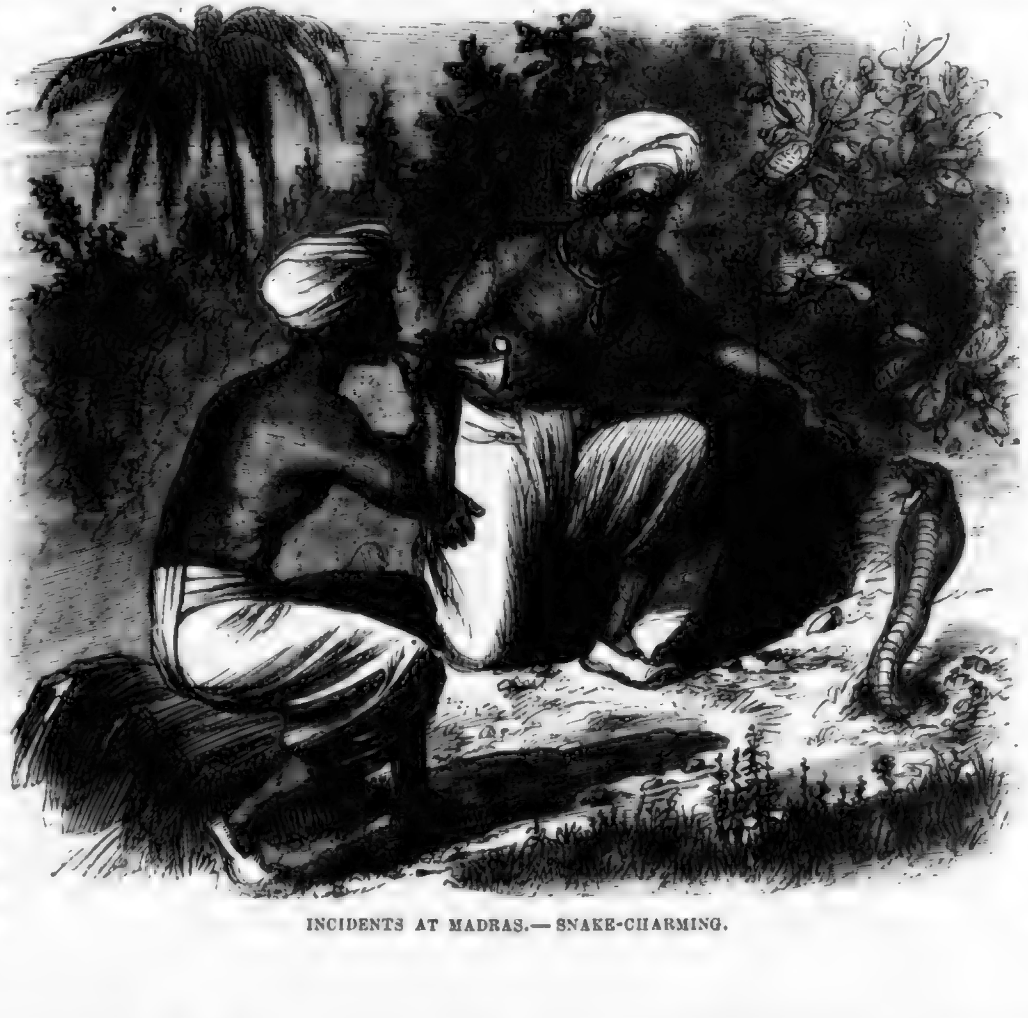
INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.— A CATAMARAN.

INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.

By Lieut. J. A. Challice.

July, 1864. Her Majesty's ship *Summer*, of which I was Lieutenant, anchored at Madras, where we were gratified to meet with a cordial reception from the Europeans there residing.

That which amused us principally was a sight of the "Commodore of the Catamaran Fleet," and the performance of a party of native jugglers on board our vessel. A catamaran is a craft formed of three, sometimes of four, rough logs, simply lashed together. The native occupant sits therein quite naked, and paddles himself through a surf in which no boat could live, emerging therefrom none the worse for a ducking enough to drown an unseasoned European. A story is extant that some years back the present "Commodore" saved the life of the naval commander-in-chief, and that that officer, in token of his gratitude, gave him a commission as "Commodore of the Catamaran Fleet." It is certain that this fellow possesses two or three faded commissions, but they have very much the appearance of lieutenants' commissions, with the names scratched out, and the dates altered to suit the occasion.



INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.— SNAKE-CHARMING.

A large catamaran, paddled by two men; and steered by a third, rapidly approaches the ship. At one end are seated a dark, sensual-looking individual, and a boy, naked to his waist, and carrying a large tin box; the man, however, wears a cocked hat, and a fanciful resemblance can be traced in his coat to that of a post-captain in the navy, while at his side dangles a side-arm, the use of which appears rather ambiguous. Strutting proudly across our quarter-deck, he takes his stand by the wheel, evidently gratified by the attentions we have humored him with—piping the side, touching our caps, etc., as if to a *bona fide* post-captain.

He accepts our invitation to go down below with eagerness, and, followed by his "secretary," enters the wardroom, where he soon covers the table with his numerous certificates, a great many of which are from the Mercantile Marine. Here is a specimen:

[*Such a date.*]

"This day we have been highly honored by a visit from His Highness, the Chief of the Catamarans, who drank a glass or two of wine, and departed, taking with him the following small donations, to aid to keep up his fleet: Master, 5r; mate, 2r.; ch. carpenter, 2r.; crew, 4½r. Total, 13½r."

We made up a subscription, to which I contributed a trifle, though I really believe, since he is Commander-in-Chief and Treasurer at the same time, that a great portion goes toward maintaining the rotundity of person which he possesses.

Among the various donations he has received from the crews of many vessels of war and mercantile marine, not a few have been owing to his secretary's nakedness. Our doctor gave him an old frock coat, but I would lay my head on it that the very next ship he enters will find his secretary's back as bare as when he entered ours.

Shortly after receiving our contributions, amounting in all to 21s., he took his departure, evidently in a high state of enjoyment from the enormous amount of beer he had placed under his seedy uniform.

Some Hindoo jugglers now came aft, and requested permission from the captain to exhibit some of their really wonderful feats. Having obtained it, they sat down, four in number, and commenced by causing a black boy on board to sit down on the deck. One of their number then taking a piece of chalk, drew a white line right down his forehead, all the time reciting a chant, in which the other three joined, the burden of it being chick-war, ar-ar-chick-chick, etc., repeated very quickly; he then, without removing his hand, drew a purple, then a blue, then a red, and, lastly, a black line, and finally showed us the original piece of white chalk in his hand, reduced in size, certainly, but uncontaminated by the numerous colors that adorned the boy's face.

They next did the ball trick. Four little balls are produced, and three bell-shaped cups of metal, the size of a small coffee-cup. These three cups they deposit on the deck, mouth downward, and then lift them all up, showing there is nothing underneath. Tapping the tops of the cups with his wand, the performer tosses the four balls about from hand to hand, then suddenly exposes his palms; lo, the balls are gone! He again lifts the cups. Two are empty, one has all four balls underneath. Replacing the cups, the four balls still remaining under the same cup, he twists his wand about, touches their tops, lifts them, and two of them have one ball each under them, and the remaining one has two. It is impossible to detect the secret of this trick, which is varied in innumerable ways.

The jugglers then did the sword trick. A sword, about two feet long in the blade, was thrust down the open throat of one of them, and must have reached to his navel. He stood for some minutes with the blade down his stomach, and the thick hilt sticking out from his mouth: he then slowly withdrew it, and, having wiped the blade, performed several sleight-of-hand tricks with the weapon. The same man then took an iron rod, bent like an S, with one end fashioned into the likeness of a snake's head. Opening his mouth, he put this up one of his nostrils, so that we saw the iron head at the back of his throat; it was twisted about several times before it was withdrawn.

The fire-eater then started up. He put a piece of light-colored stone between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon smoke and flames presently darted from his mouth and nostrils. This also lasted upward of a minute, after which he took a piece of wadding and set it afire with the flame coming out of his mouth.

After this, one of their number procured a bit of thread, and allowed us to cut it up into small pieces. He then swallowed it in a minute, and drew it out again perfect as before it was cut. The same man drew out after the thread an immense long worm about six feet in length.

Another of their number amused us with playing with six balls, spinning at the same time a top, and balancing it perfectly with its apex revolving round the extremity of a long rod resting on his forehead.

The heavy weight trick was next performed. It is scarcely fair to call this a trick, since the dull thud an iron ball of twenty pounds makes on the back of the performer is not to be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm and on the small of his back.

The two tricks of the day were yet to come. Neither of them, I think, has been satisfactorily explained. The first performed was the snake trick. The man shows you an empty basket, and then the dried skins of two cobra capellas stuck together, and lets you examine closely both them and the basket. Placing the skins in the basket, he plays plaintively for about five minutes on a sort of flute called the Charmer. The lid is then lifted, and the two skins are seen filled out, the heads darting hither and thither, and the bodies still writhing in each other's embrace. The circle around the basket is immediately enlarged. The snake-charmer squeezes some of the poison out of the mouth of one on to his arm, and shows it to us. The flute is again played, and the snakes, obedient to his voice, returned into the basket. When the lid is once more taken off, nothing is to be seen but the two dried skins. The snakes could not, however well educated, have disappeared without our seeing them depart, and none of us can explain the trick without attributing supernatural powers to the Hindoos.

The last trick, which was just as wonderful, was now performed. Asking us for some water and sand, the performer, when he has received them, arranges the latter into a mold, and places in it the common bulb of a mangrove. This he covers with a cloth, and continues to sprinkle water over the covering. At last he asks one of our officers how high he would like the plant to grow. He says about two feet six inches. One of the jugglers then plays the flute, and we see the plant visibly raising the cloth. Five minutes elapse; the cloth is removed, and lo! there is a vigorous young mangrove, with bright green leaves, that still retain some of the water so liberally sprinkled over it! Comment is scarcely necessary. They could not have carried this bulky plant aft without its being noticed, much less have introduced it under the cloth. Moreover, the cloth was slightly raised to let us have a view of it at different stages of its growth, so that to explain the phenomena by common rule of thumb, the jugglers must have brought on board several plants of all sizes. I suppose I must not believe the assertion of a blue-jacket who had been standing behind the performer, and who swore that he actually saw the mangrove growing.

After making up a contribution for these truly clever jugglers, or "snake-charmers," we parted with them, mutually gratified. They are all in league with each other, and such is their *esprit de corps* that I believe they would not sell their tricks, especially the last two, for 1000 rupees ($500).

MARGARET ARNOLD'S CHRISTMAS.

By Mary D. Brine.

MARGARET ARNOLD laid a letter on the table in the hall, where were other letters awaiting the hour of mailing, and tripped up-stairs cheerily, with a smile on her lips and in her dark eyes.

She even hummed a little song softly, as she passed through the nursery and entered the schoolroom; and the children ceased their noisy play to run after their governess and climb into her lap.

"What makes you sing, Miss Arnold?" questioned the little Elsie. "You haven't sung for so long, and you look so tired always. You don't look sorry to-night, though. What is making you glad?"

The child laid her head against Margaret's shoulder caressingly as she spoke, and patted her governess's cheek with a soft, tiny hand.

"Why do I sing?" replied Margaret. "Oh, Elsie, don't you know Christmas is coming, and we ought to be glad—oughtn't we, dear?"

"Our house is jolly at Christmas time, I tell you!" interrupted Harry, a boy of seven Winters, who had himself been a Christmas gift to his mother, and who, as a consequence, enjoyed an unusual share of presents at each return of his birthday. "It's awfully jolly, and we have lots of company. Do you have nice times at your house, Miss Arnold?"

"We used to, when I was a little girl, Harry, but there are only two of us now—mother and I—and our Christmas days are quiet, although very happy, when we are together."

"Won't you be glad to get home again, Miss Arnold? *I'd* be awfully homesick away from mamma so long!"

And Margaret replied, gently:

"Glad to get home? Oh, Harry, if you only knew how glad!"

The opening of the schoolroom door interrupted the conversation, and Mrs. Granger entered.

"Oh, here you are, children! Papa was asking for you. Run down-stairs."

Then, as the little feet were pattering merrily through the hall, the lady turned to her governess.

"I came to say, Miss Arnold, that it will be impossible for you to go home this year for Christmas. My daughter Isabel expects company to remain with us during the holidays, and you can understand how troublesome the children will be without your care. I am sorry; but, after all, it can't make much difference to you, I presume, and really, your presence will be absolutely necessary to *me*."

She withdrew herself and her trailing robes from the schoolroom, as Margaret bowed a silent reply to the command which had instantly driven the gladness of only a few moments previous from her heart.

What did *she* know of the glad plans and hopes which the children's governess had ventured to form in honor of the coming season of joy and peace? Or, if she had known, this woman of fashion and ease, would she have cared?

But the twilight shadows came on and filled the schoolroom with gloom as dark as the gloom which crowded the sunshine from out Margaret's heart, and presently the girl went wearily out of the room and down the stairs.

Thomas, the footman, was just gathering the letters from the table for the purpose of mailing them; but Margaret's voice arrested him.

"Thomas, there is a letter to my mother amongst those; will you kindly hand it to me?"

"An' doan't ye want it sint, miss?" he asked, wonderingly.

He noticed that the governess's face was white and drawn, as she stood in the full glare of the hall-light; but her voice was steady and quiet, and she smiled a "Thank you" as the man returned the letter which had been written so gladly but an hour previous.

This time she went slowly up the stairs, and, in place of the glad light which before had filled her eyes, there were tears; and, instead of the song so softly hummed, there was only a low, half-restrained sob, as back into the schoolroom, lighted only by the dull grate-fire, Margaret Arnold walked, with flushed cheeks and aching heart.

The letter, with all its words of loving cheer and glad anticipations for the lonely, widowed mother far away, was laid quietly upon the coals and burned before Margaret's eyes ere she lighted the gas and penned, with trembling hand, another which must go in its place.

The tears were dry, and the patient heart had grown yet more patient, after the following lines were written and addressed to "Mrs. M. Arnold, ———, Conn.":

"My Darling Mother: I had thought to spend this Christmas with you, but Mrs. Granger has decided that my services are needed here. I am paid for those services—what right have we to grumble? In fact, what rights have the poor at any time, mother? Does this read bitterly? Well, my heart has ventured to rebel against fate a little to-night, for, one hour ago, I was so happy I fairly sang, and my heart was so full of plans for you and myself that I even regretted the few days intervening between now and the time of my expected homeward start. Oh, mamma, dear, help me to be patient, and, above all, help me to look on the bright side, if there be such a side, to our lives.

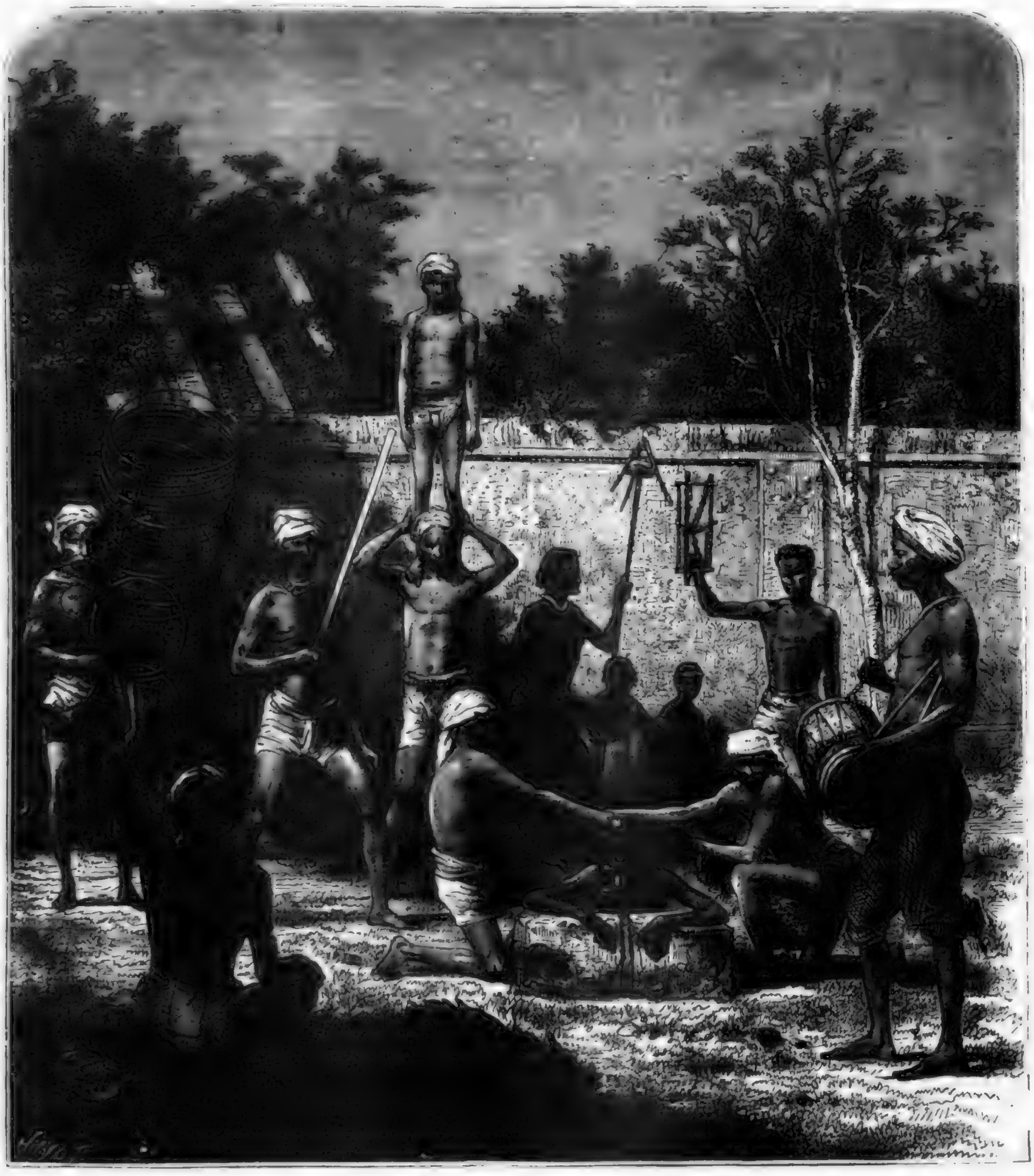
"Yours, Margaret."

This letter was sent at last, and Margaret now awaited Christmas as though it were only the usual Sunday, which would give her one day's rest from study. She turned the light down low, replenished the fire, and drew her chair close beside the glowing coals. Down-stairs the children were romping with their father, Isabel was singing at the piano, and Mrs. Granger, in her boudoir, was reading the last novel. Dinner would not be ready for an hour longer, and Margaret could have that hour all to herself, if she chose.

So her thoughts went back to the past, and though, in doing so, they opened a wound which time had not quite healed—a wound which caused her to shiver and moan—yet there were threads of joy and happiness which she could gather up and weave backward and forward, until the old days, when she lived in sunshine and clover, were made whole again; and she lived them over in her memory till she grew calm and quiet, and the old pain deadened somewhat.

There had been such happy Christmas-times for her long ago, when she was the idolized daughter of her wealthy parents! And there had been true and noble hearts laid at her feet ere she had seen her twenty-first birthday; but her woman's heart had chosen only to yield itself and its love to Howard Winthrop, a young bookkeeper in her father's firm. Without means sufficient to marry, he yet dared to fall in love with his employer's daughter, and, despite the amazement of friends and relatives, Mr. Arnold had chosen to sanction the engagement, and ask only that Howard would wait a few years ere he claimed Margaret as his bride.

"A fine young fellow," he said privately to his wife; "and if the child chooses to marry him, when she might have her choice of a dozen rich fellows, why, *I* shan't hinder, so long as he is a *good* fellow and honorable."



INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.—HINDOO JUGGLERS.—SEE PAGE 37.

So they were engaged, and everything was going on well, until one morning a letter addressed to Margaret in the well-known handwriting of Winthrop was found to contain the following lines, evidently inclosed by mistake in the wrong envelope:

> "Wait a while, Jack, my boy; the money will be mine in good time, and then you will see how much *love* counts for in *my* opinion. A fellow can't live without money, and if a pretty girl must be thrown in to boot, why, so much the better, *maybe!* I can steer my boat as well as the next one, you know. Keep dark about this. Don't keep this letter a minute; *burn* it, and wait patiently. I'll pay all I owe in good time.
>
> "Yours, WINTHROP."

Margaret had loved well and truly; but, high-spirited as she was by nature, and scorning deceit and unworthiness from the bottom of her soul, her pride could not brook the insult of this letter. She well understood how easily the mistake had happened. Doubtless the letter which had been intended for *her* had been inclosed in an envelope to this "Jack," whoever he might be; and in the hurry of sending the letters, Howard Winthrop had not discovered his error.

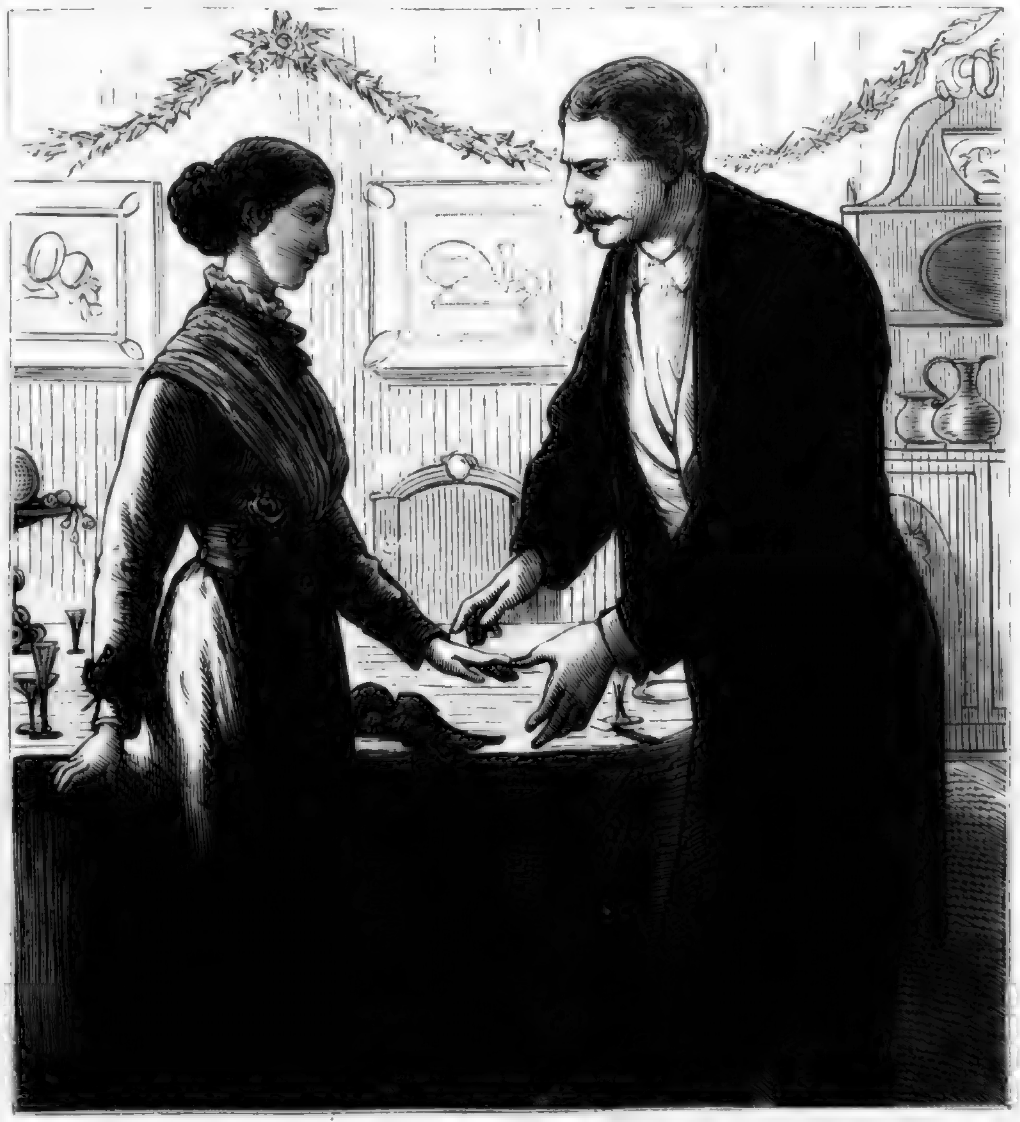
For one moment the girl stood like stone, with dry eyes and pale, set face; then straight to her father she went, and laid the letter before him.

In less than an hour Howard Winthrop received a letter from Mr. Arnold, inclosing one from Margaret, in which he received his dismissal, both from his situation in the firm and from Margaret's presence.

There were no words of explanation sought by Margaret and her family. Impulse had ruled things with a high hand, and pride kept the girl from a broken heart, although she quivered and moaned with pain and grief for months after.

Several letters from young Winthrop, received at the time of the affair, were promptly returned unopened, and soon he left the city, and was seen no more by his former friends.

Since then, Mr. Arnold's failure and death had left his wife and daughter in circumstances so different from former days, that they withdrew from society. Mrs. Arnold settled herself in one of Connecticut's small villages, and Margaret had drifted, after many weary days, into Mrs. Granger's family as governess. With the children she was peacefully happy; with Mr. and Mrs. Granger on terms of simple good-feeling. With Isabel she was a stranger, save for the formal morning and evening salutation.



MARGARET ARNOLD'S CHRISTMAS.—"'OUR PATHS LIE FAR APART NOW, AND I CAN SINCERELY WISH YOU A HAPPY FUTURE.' SHE HELD OUT HER HAND AS SHE SPOKE."—SEE PAGE 39.

The young lady, who possessed only the riches which her father's daily toil for years had accumulated for her, as her sole attraction, could not well conceal her envy of her little brother and sister's governess, since the latter was beautiful in face and figure, and attractive, even in her poverty and dependence, for the refinement and delicacy of her nature.

Whatever Margaret Arnold wore—whether a simple flower in her hair, brought her from the conservatory by the loving hands of her little pupils, or the plain white collar round her perfect throat, or though she threw carelessly about her shoulders the worsted shawl which Isabel had cast aside as unfit for wear and unfashionable—still the contrast between the governess and the young lady of the house was by heavy odds in favor of the former, and Isabel grew sick at heart with envy. Nothing that young damsel might don, whether jewelry rich and rare, or robes of silk and velvet, could cause or help her outshine the perfect loveliness of quiet, gentle Margaret, who daily clothed herself in black, and wore no jewels save the pearl pin which inclosed her father's hair.

If it had not been for fear of annoyance from the children, Isabel would gladly have sent Margaret home at the time when she expected so much company, lest by chance some admiring eye should discover her.

"Miss Arnold, can you put the children to bed to-night? I have sent nurse on an errand, and she is detained; and I thought you wouldn't mind taking charge of them to-night, you know. And afterward, would you mind coming down to help Isabel and her friend dress for the party at Miss Howe's? Your taste is so good, you see, and really I'll be very much obliged. It isn't in the line of your duties here, I know, but maybe——"

"I'll oblige you, certainly, madame, if you think me competent to suggest in the matter of dress," replied Margaret.

And she put the little ones to bed, rewarded for her care by hearing Harry's loud whisper to Elsie, that "he thought Miss Arnold the prettiest lady in the world, and he wished she was his own sister, 'stead of Isabel," and went down to the dressing-rooms to help Isabel and her friend.

There she learned more of their private affairs than interested her; but they talked to each other of this and that, quite ignoring Margaret's presence, and she knew ere long that "Mr. Harold Weston was dead in love with Miss Berkly"—Isabel's friend and guest—"and would no doubt propose soon." Also, that "he was to call for them that evening to attend the party; that he was handsome and rich and splendid," etc.

"When we're married, I mean to travel all over Europe," said Miss Berkly, while Margaret knelt beside her and looped her rich overskirt of lace a trifle higher.

"But," interrupted Isabel, "you aren't engaged yet, and *I* may win him away from you, you know."

"There, Miss Arnold, you may go now. Thank you. You have very good taste."

And Margaret gladly returned to her schoolroom and books.

"Well, Isabel Granger!" exclaimed her guest, jestingly, "you may just thank your stars that your governess will not be on exhibition to-morrow when Harold Weston comes to dine. I tell you, neither you nor I would contrast favorably with her. I never saw such a perfect face; and those eyes!"

"That girl puts on airs enough to make one sick of her," was Isabel's amiable reply. "One would think her a born duchess, to see her manners at times! I do wish that mamma would send her away!"

The door-bell put a stop to further discussion of poor Margaret, and Mr. Weston was presently announced.

It was late that night ere the party-goers returned, and Margaret was dreaming of her mother, and the old days of happiness before she learned that a man may *seem* to be all that is noble, and yet be a villain.

She was dreaming of Howard Winthrop, and that his arms were about her, when the sound of voices in the lower hall aroused her. She heard Mr. Weston's "Good-night!" as Isabel and her friend parted from him at the door; and something in his voice mingled with the dream she had awakened from, and thrilled her long after the wheels of the carriage had died away.

"I hope Miss Berkly's experience with love and trust may differ from mine, heaven knows!" she thought, and turned to her slumber again.

But this time she dreamed only of the cruel letter, and when morning dawned she awoke with tears in her eyes.

* * * * * * *

The grand Christmas dinner was over at last. Isabel had enjoyed it because Margaret, shy of meeting so many strangers, had declined to dine down-stairs, and she, with Harry and Elsie, had eaten their own good dinner in the nursery; all the pleasanter because minus the wearisome etiquette of the large table. Harold Weston had enjoyed it, because the two young ladies made the fuss over him which it is perfectly natural any man should like.

But, truth to tell, his *heart* was in no danger, neither of the ladies, notwithstanding Miss Berkly's confidential confession to Isabel, reaching his private standard as to true womanhood, and because long ago he had decided *all* women unworthy a man's trust and love. But he talked and laughed and played the agreeable, and at the proper time the ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars.

And presently little Harry ran from the conservatory, with a beautiful white rose in his hand.

"It is for Miss Arnold," he explained, when Harold playfully caught the little hand and asked for the rose.

"And who is Miss Arnold?" asked Harold, more seriously.

"Oh, she's a beautiful lady who teaches us lessons, and is awfully sweet!"

"Only the children's governess," explained Mr. Granger, and the conversation turned on other subjects.

But a little later, as Margaret, who had gone down to the dining-room for something, paused a moment before the fire and listened to the sound of music from the parlors, Harold Weston entered, and, without seeing Margaret, advanced to the seat he had occupied at dinner, and looked for something beneath the table.

"Are you in search of something, sir?" asked Margaret, who had not seen the gentleman's face.

At the sound of her voice he started and turned around.

"I dropped a small seal from my chain at dinner-time, I think, and have just missed it. I didn't wish to disturb the family, thinking I could easily find it here."

Then, as Margaret raised the light, he stood transfixed, and she, with sudden weakness, sat down in the nearest chair.

"Pardon me, I did not know you were——"

"Oh, Margaret, is it really you whom I see at last—at last!" Harold interrupted.

"I do not understand," she replied, confusedly, passing her hand across her eyes, and then looking up at him timidly. "Are you not Mr. Weston? I thought at first, so wonderful is the resemblance, that you were an—an—old friend of mine, whom I had not seen for—for—many long months and years."

"For three years, Margaret Arnold," he replied. "It is three years since you—since—oh, Margaret!—since you sent me a cruel and unjust note, and now I find you *here*—*here* a dependent in a stranger's house!"

"Sir, *what* is your name? May I ask if *this*, or the one by which I used to know you, is the fictitious one, and is it your habit to change your name when making new acquaintances?"

Her calmness had quite returned; her cold *hauteur* cut him deeply, and his pride helped him to speak steadily.

"This is no time or place to explain matters. I will only say that you have done me grievous wrong all these years, and that I never wrote the note you returned to me. Moreover, the name I now bear is settled upon me by my uncle's will, and with its adoption I was made his heir. This is all, Miss Arnold. I will not detain you longer. The seal I am in search of can be found to-morrow. I value it highly, and would not lose it. If possible, I shall keep it by me my life through. If you will honor me with an interview to-morrow, I will be grateful, and hope to appear a little less sinful in your eyes ere long."

"I scarcely think an interview necessary, sir," answered Margaret. "Our paths lie far apart now, and I can sincerely wish you a happy future, either married or unmarried."

She held out her hand as she spoke, with a sad smile; and his own shook visibly as he took, after long years, once more the little palm within his strong clasp.

"I shall never marry, Miss Arnold. A man can love as I have loved but once in his lifetime. God bless you! Good-by."

Then he went out of the room, and, pleading some excuse, left the house at an early hour.

And yet, before the door had been five minutes closed upon him, Margaret found the missing seal, and wept there on her knees as she recognized a little gift she herself had long ago given him and forgotten. He had carefully preserved it in a rich setting after the form of a seal, and all these years had carried it about him.

The old love, long banished, was not slow to well up in Margaret's heart again, and chance favored an explanation between the two ere many days—an explanation which made the two hearts happy beyond measure.

They never knew, but we can point out the rejected lover of that "long ago" who concocted, out of his foolish envy and jealousy, the note which so cleverly imitated Howard's penmanship as to bring misery upon the two who were all in all to each other.

But Margaret had faith to believe her lover's word, and the glad Christmas-time was true to the motto of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," and the first day of New Year saw an engagement-ring upon our Margaret's finger, which drove Isabel nearly wild with envy.

Miss Berkly's visit was suddenly ended. Nobody dared hint why, but Isabel knew it was pique that ailed her friend, and the contagion did not escape herself. Margaret and her husband went to Europe on a wedding-tour, and Mrs. Granger is looking for a governess.

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.

(From the Swedish.)

SPRING, my swift reindeer, over field, over hill;
At my maiden's tent you can have your fill
Of the rich young moss, so tender and sweet,
That will start to the touch of your eager feet.

The day is short and the way is long;
The wilder dart thou, the brisker my song.
We cannot rest here, let us bravely go;
The dread home is that of the wolf, our foe.

See that eagle fly! How happy are they!
Who have wings to sweep away, far away!
Behold that cloud! Oh, would it were mine,
To bear me in haste to the maiden divine!

Thou hast my heart, oh maiden, ensnared!
As a wild reindeer with a tame one is paired.
So am I bound, oh maiden, to thee;
With a cataract's strength thou conquerest me.

Since thee first I saw, by day and by night,
A thousand thoughts are my pang, my delight.
And yet but one thought is my rapture, my moan,
The thought, deep and warm, to call thee my own.

Thou mayest hide in the huge rock's shade,
Or where the pines are grand arrayed;
From my love so true thou canst not fly;
My love is my soul, and it cannot die.

AT FLENSBERG.

CHAPTER I.

SUDDENLY I started when Cora's hand fell upon my shoulder, for there she was, standing beside me, and I had not even heard her enter the room.

"Good Heaven!" I cried, inexpressibly shocked at her appearance, "what is the matter?"

For my sister's beautiful face was frightfully pale, her blue eyes were heavy, and her hair, that glorious yellow hair, looked more than ever like a golden crown upon the sculptured image of a queen.

"What is the matter, Cora?" I demanded again.

"Nothing," she answered, tranquilly: "I have merely come to tell you that the count and I are friends—and—no more!"

"Cora!"

"There, be quiet, please."

"But I cannot be quiet. Have you quarreled?"

"No—yes—that is, he is jealous."

"And of whom?"

"Of Prince Carl."

"But it is nothing serious."

"You err. It is very serious to be doubted and insulted!"

"Insulted!" I exclaimed, my face aflame.

"Yes, doubts insult, do they not? Ah, child! child!" catching me in her arms, and kissing me almost fiercely. "See, now, you love me far more than he does; you would not pain or wound me, but he——"

"Cora, tell me!"

"He has done both!" she continued, her arms dropping wearily away from me—"he has done both, and all is at an end between us."

"Ah, Cora, is that right?"

"Right!" echoed my sister, bitterly. "Indeed I do not know; but I am sure that it was wise. Now, not another word about it, Lucie—not another word. What were you doing? Preparing for our trip to Flensberg? Ah, that is it; I will help you."

"And we will need Bertha."

But she drew me back.

"We will not need Bertha—at least, not yet. Wait, I have something to tell you; it is this: the count returns to Flensberg."

"Then we will not go," I promptly decided.

"But we will go, dear—nay more, we will meet him pleasantly, as though nothing had happened, in fact."

"But, how dare he go to our guardian's after this?"

"After our quarrel, do you mean? Why should he not? Our guardian is his uncle; besides, you forget that Flensberg was once his home. Do not be silly, Lucie. Come now, will you promise to obey me?"

"Yes, of course. After all, you are right. We will go, and all will be right again. Is not that so, darling?"

"It is probable, at all events. Ring for Bertha now. Not that there will be much for her to do," she continued, laughingly. "Why, you careful little fairy, your task is almost finished!"

"Of course; it behooves me to be industrious, you see, for I have chosen a lowly lot in life."

"Don't that frighten you sometimes, Lucie?"

"What?"

"Why, the idea of marrying a poor man."

"Not at all, for I happen to love that poor man; besides, he is not so very poverty-stricken, after all."

"Oh, yes, he is, indeed. Why, he has not enough to keep the most reasonable woman in trifles. Beyond his good name and his talent, he has nothing, absolutely nothing! And you have so little! I tremble for your future welfare."

"Let no thought of my future welfare trouble you," I answered, somewhat indignantly. "Adolf Arndt and I love each other; we marry for each other; we will live for each other; and, be sure that if there is perfect happiness on earth, it shall be ours, for hand-in-hand will we seek it."

"And God grant that you may find it!" said my sister.

Thoroughly ashamed of my momentary vexation, I went to her and kissed her, as I loved her most tenderly. No word did we speak, but just sat there quietly, her dear head upon my breast, and my arms about her. Presently she whispered, sighing softly:

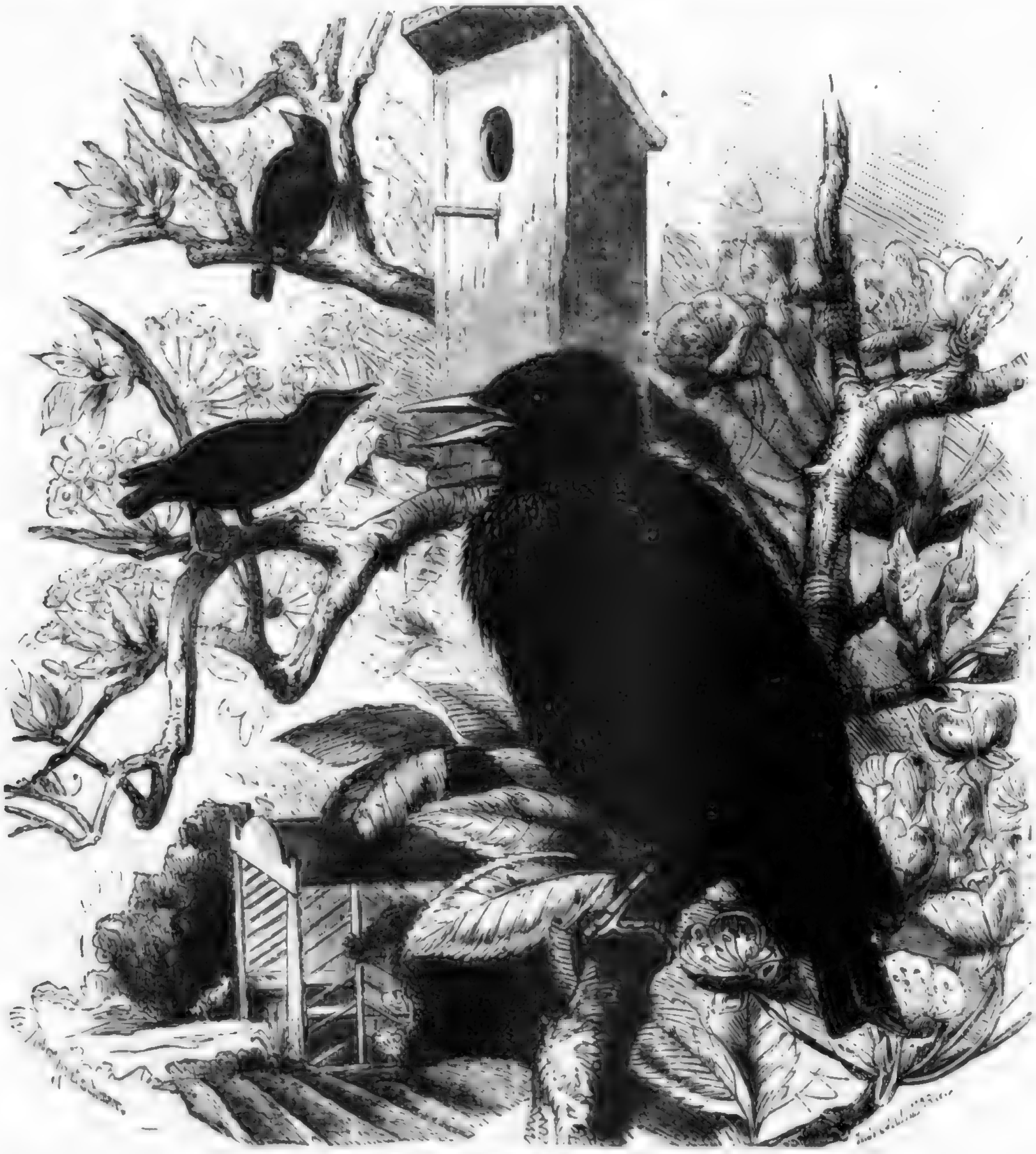
"It is the old, happy time come again, Lucie. Sitting so, we are children once more—poor, sad little orphans once more!"

"Nay," I answered, "we are women, my sister; women, but loving each other with the pure love of little children, and letting no one come between us."

She was silent, and so we sat, locked in that fond embrace, until Bertha came to us, unbidden.

CHAPTER II.

TWO DAYS later we were at Flensberg. Now, as all the world knows, Flensberg is full fifty miles north of Vienna. A quaint old castle, built centuries ago, and half hidden



THE STARLING.—SEE PAGE 50.

among the mountains—the home, in fact, of our guardian, the old State Councilor, Baron Nicholas von Achen.

And a heavenly home it seemed to me, for, unlike Cora, I could not love a city life. Heavenly, indeed! the balmy air teeming with sweet scents and sounds, for the tender leaves were glistening yet with the heavy drops of a Summer shower, the twittering swallows were circling around and above us, and in the ravines sober little quails were skimming across newly turned furrows, whilst over all fell a calmness so solemn, so penetrating, that I could no more have prevented the tears springing to my eyes than I could have prevented my heart from beating.

But as for my sister, the eyes of her soul were closed to all these beauties. During the entire journey she had been leaning back in the carriage, reading a French novel, and smiling good-naturedly at my rapturous outbursts. Such composure, after all that had just transpired, troubled me greatly; it troubled me still more when I found that even our meeting with the councilor and his wife could not disturb it. And we might have been daughters of the house, such a joyous welcome did we receive.

The good councilor! He was one of the few who are wise in their day and generation; he could enjoy life as it came to him. A tall man, with blue eyes, a big nose, a round chin, a large, well-formed mouth, and a general air of good-humored content, he could yet, when occasion arose, he grave and dignified and stern. As for his wife, she was as fresh and bright-colored as a rose; the sound of her cheery voice would send a new life coursing through your veins were you faint unto death, whilst the mere touch of her soft, white hands was a comfort and a blessing.

"Are you here, my little ones?" cried our guardian. "Heaven bless you, Cora, but you grow more beautiful with every hour of your life! And you too, Lucie! Little witch, Adolf will have no need to blush for you. Lord save us! what a woman you are, to be sure! Too much of one to give me a kiss, I suppose."

A kiss! I gave him a dozen; and then, as soon as I had removed my traveling wraps, I was obliged to take his arm and be conducted to the garden, to see the wonderful improvements which had been effected under the supervision of the new gardener.

"Ah, let the child rest!" called the baroness after us, as we started across the lawn.

"Not at all," retorted her husband, merrily; "she deserves no rest, nor shall she have it."

But if you fancy that this merriment lasted when we were out of hearing of the others, you are mistaken; for we had no sooner quitted the house than my companion's face grew very sober, and his voice was almost stern as he said: "Child, tell me of this trouble between Cora and the count."

"The trouble?" I commenced, falteringly.

"Do not hesitate," he continued. "Tell me."

"But how did you know anything about it?"

"I heard something of it from Von Fallersleben himself. He is here now: he came two days ago. But even if he had heard nothing, I would have suspected a great deal after his behavior to-day."

"What did he do?"

"He started out hunting when he learned who was expected."

"Indeed! Well, my dear Baron, I can tell you nothing, for I know no more than you do. Cora merely said to me that they had quarreled, and bade me never mention his name to her again."

"Humph! Cora is a simpleton!"

"And so is he!" I retorted.

"Ay, and so much the worse; neither will see the folly of the whole affair until too late."

"But they cannot remain long at enmity; they will soon be friends again."

The councilor smiled, and shook his head.

"You are thinking of Adolf now," he said, "and so, from the depths of your great wisdom in the ways of lovers, you speak. But yours is a false prophecy, little one; for your Adolf and the count are two, just as Cora and you are two. Ah, Heaven help us! the haughtiest are not always the happiest! My poor little Cora!"

"See!" I cried. "Who is that?"

"Where?"

"There—down by the arbor. That girl in a gray dress?"

"Oh, that is Theckla, old Wilhelm's niece. Surely you remember her."

"That Wilhelm's niece! That Theckla, my old playmate?"

"Ay, even so; and a dear, good creature is she. Her uncle died two years ago, you remember, and as the poor child has not another relation in the world, we keep her with us. We are very fond of her, I assure you. As for the baroness, she swears by her."

"Oh, what a shame!"

"Theckla! Theckla Dahl!" he cried.

"I come!" blithely answered a fresh, sweet voice.

Then a little, gray-robed form came swiftly down the walk, and Theckla Dahl stood before us, smiling, blushing, half eager, half afraid.

I could not repress an exclamation of wonder, which my guardian understood, for he nodded and said:

"Time has changed her, eh?"

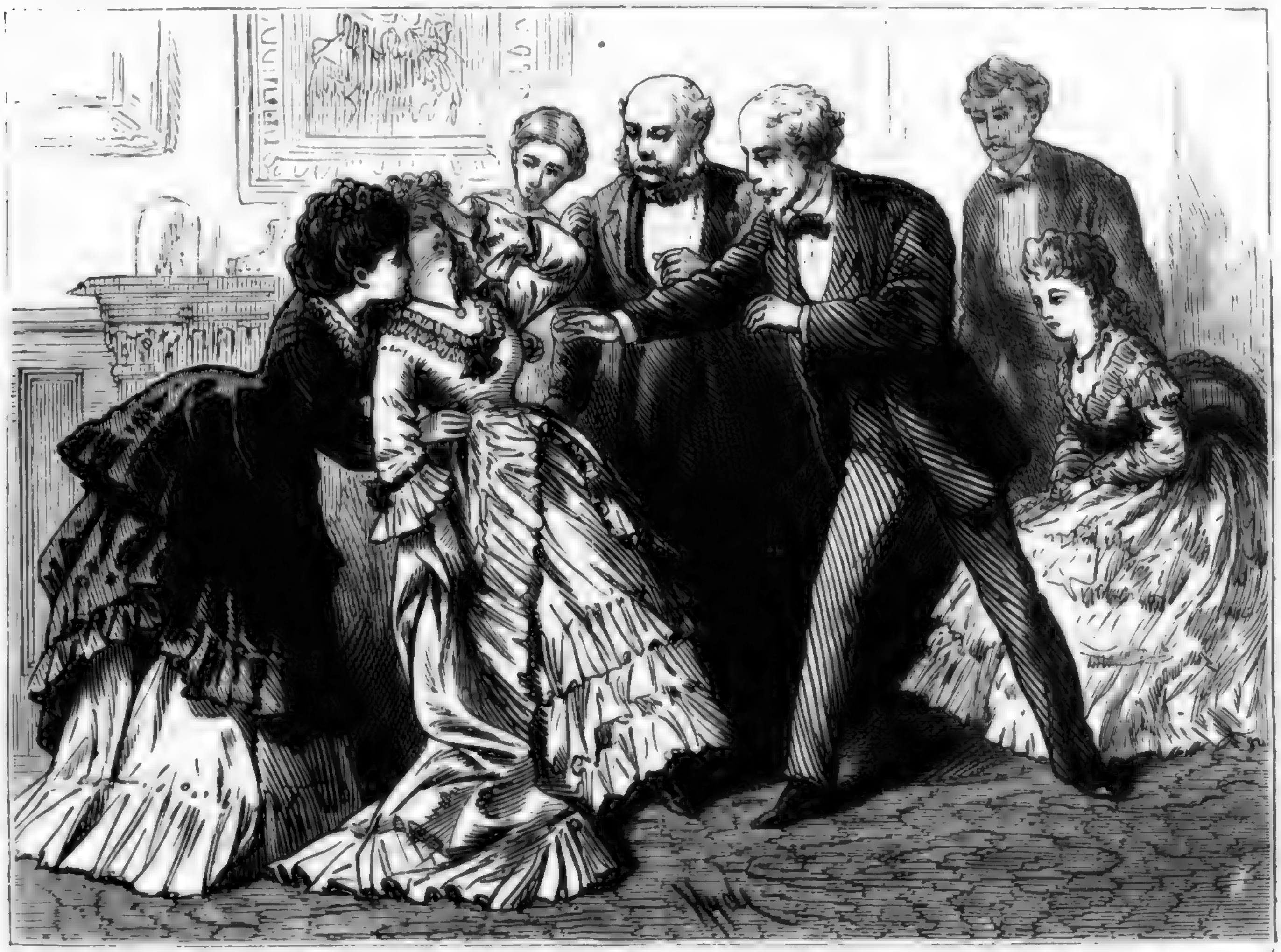
"It has not changed her," I answered, quite seriously; "it has only made her more beautiful."

And thereupon I took Theckla's hand, and looking straight into her eyes, read there such purity and truth that I kissed her, and we were friends for ever.

So for a little while we three sauntered through the garden paths, my admiration for Theckla increasing with each moment—not merely an admiration for her exquisite loveliness, but for the manifold graces of her sweet nature, for her modesty, her simple pride, and, above all, for the reverential affection she evinced for my guardian and his wife. When, at last, she quitted us, my enthusiastic praise burst forth:

"My dear baron, that girl is a lovely creature! Why, her eyes are like pansies, her hair is like sunlight, her——"

I paused abruptly, for my guardian was regarding me



AT FLENSBERG.—"'ALL THINGS ARE CRUEL,' AND SHE SIGHED, AND THEN HER HEAD FELL HEAVILY UPON MY SHOULDER, AND BUT FOR MY EMBRACE SHE WOULD HAVE SANK UPON THE FLOOR."—SEE PAGE 43.

with a twinkle of a smile curling the corners of his pleasant mouth.

"Continue," said he, dryly—"do continue. Upon my word, Lucie, to hear you is like reading a novel. Come now, what next ?"

"Nothing," I answered, laughing, and clasping my hands about his arm. "Tell me, has she a lover ?"

"I do not know—I do not think so. Why do you ask ?"

"Through a pardonable curiosity, merely. But, really, it would not be strange if she had a dozen."

"That is so," assented the good man, reflectively. "As you say, she is pretty. She certainly has very nice hair, and I know that she is clever, for she makes excellent cake !"

I confess that at this concise enumeration of Theckla's qualifications I laughed outright ; but my companion continued, quite earnestly :

"Yes, my wife and I have no doubt that the little one can do well, and that we will certainly find a good husband for her in time. Just now, however, we must only think of your sister. We must save her. Talk to her, Lucie—reason with her——"

"Reason with her !" I interrupted. "Surely you must know that Cora is not one to listen to advice, even from me. Advice, indeed ! Why, she never confides in any one. She quarreled with the count more than three months ago, and yet I knew nothing of it until they parted for ever. Nay, it was not until last night that I learned the cause of all this trouble."

"And what was that cause ?"

"The count's senseless jealousy of Prince Carl."

"Prince Carl von Lichtenstein ?"

"Yes ; he has been devoted to Cora."

"Humph ! Well, does she appear to care for him ?"

"Not the least in the world. She is barely civil to him. I wonder at his perseverance."

"I am glad that she does not encourage him. But, Lucie, you must talk to her about the count."

"She will not permit me to speak of him."

"Ask no permission ; do it boldly. Tell her that she should be less obstinate. Nay, more, say this—say that if she really loves my nephew—and I believe on my soul that she does—such behavior may be suicidal to both. Lucie, child, do you not know that he has been here very often lately ?"

"Well, what of that ? This has been his home."

"Ach, Gott ! never mind ; tell that to Cora, and hear what she says about it."

I told it to Cora as soon as we were alone together ; but she said nothing, absolutely nothing ; vouchsafing no answer either by word or look or gesture.

CHAPTER III.

THAT afternoon we were in the drawing-room, the baroness, Cora and I. Madame von Achen was sitting near the window, knitting, whilst my sister, standing beside her, worked patiently at a tangled skein of silk. As for me, I was doing nothing but lounging in an easy-chair, and indolently watching my busy companions. They were speaking of Vienna, and Cora was giving a glowing account of our life at the capital.

"We live, we dine, we chat, we dance ; indeed, my dear madame, it would be impossible to live happier than Lucie and I do."

"Yet you used to be contented with our quiet life here," said the baroness, half reproachfully.

"That was because we loved you," came the prompt answer.

"And you seemed happy."

"Yes, but one needs a change," quoth Cora, gravely ; "and the change comes."

"Is Madame von Vesin a companionable person, my dear ?"

"Quite so. My Aunt von Vesin, as you have doubtless understood, is not one to interfere with us in any way ; at least, not while we give her no trouble. As it is, we cost her nothing, and we keep her house filled with guests ; and as all that pleases her, she is amiability itself. She vows that she can never be brought to part with us."

"I wish that you had never seen her !" sighed the baroness.

"Why ?"

"I cannot tell ; I wish it, that is all. It could not have been avoided, though. It was only right that you should see something of the world—that world of which I know so little—and there was no one so well qualified to protect you as your aunt."

"Oh, as to that, certainly I am quite——"

My sister started, paused suddenly, then bent lower over the tangled skein. I divined the cause of this agitation even before I had turned my head—the Count George von Fallersleben had entered the room.

Ay, even so ; there he was in the doorway—dark, frowning, scornful ; and the baroness saw him as soon as I did, and called to him :

"Ah, truant ! Come, we are waiting for you."

"I have been detained," he answered, carelessly ; "besides, it is a long ride to Dürsel and back."

"To Dürsel ! Why, I thought you had gone hunting !"

"So I did ; but a business matter called me further than the forest. Fraulein von Ehrenberg," he continued, advancing to my sister, and taking her hand, which he raised respectfully to his lips, "may I venture to hope that you will forgive my tardiness ?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Cora, with charming unconcern. "That is, if there be aught to forgive."

He bowed low ; then turned to me, and greeted me, as he always did, very kindly ; and with Madame von Achen he was cheerful and witty, and Cora and the baroness were amiable and gracious ; but, somehow, to me at least, the sense of constraint was painfully embarrassing. In fact, I felt that we were all only heavy-hearted comedians acting parts in a horrible farce, and that, laugh as we might, our voices were faint with the tremor of tears, and our hearts were sick with sorrow.

In a few moments the baroness quitted the room ; I followed her, and we went together to the conservatory ; but no sooner had we reached that bower of bloom than she sent me back with a message to Cora.

I ran across the garden and up the walk, intending to enter the drawing-room by one of the low windows that gave upon the terrace ; but when I reached it, I paused abruptly. There stood my sister by the marble table in the centre of the apartment, and before her was the count, and he was speaking low and eagerly.

Cora's rapid glance must have betrayed my presence, for her companion turned and called to me :

"Come here, Lucie."

I obeyed.

"Your sister consents to marry me to-morrow," he continued, laughing nervously.

"Is it true, Cora ?"

Cora smiled, coldly.

"It is not true," she answered. "I shall never marry the Count von Fallersleben."

"Ah, Lucie, speak to her, plead with her, convince her that upon her answer hangs the making or marring of my life! My God, Cora! I know that I was cruelly unkind and unjust, but tell me that you forgive me!"

"I forgive you."

"And you will marry me?"

"No!"

I threw my arms about my sister.

"Ah, hear him!" I pleaded. "You love him, Cora; surely you cannot be cruel to him!"

"What! Do you befriend him?"

"Indeed, yes, for I like him. See now, darling, why can you not try to forget and forgive? It would be wiser and kinder and better."

"You are a foolish child!" she answered, calmly, unloosing my clasped hands. "Go; this is no place for you!"

"Stay!" commanded Von Fallersleben, harshly—"stay and hear her final decision. Now, Fraulein, do you really mean what you say?"

"Before Heaven, I mean it!"

"That is all, then. It is I who will go. Lucie, little friend, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you would have done. Fraulein, I wish you all happiness!" And, turning sharply upon his heel, the count quitted us.

As the door closed upon him, my sister uttered a faint moan, and tottered back.

I sprang to her.

"Cora!"

"It is nothing," she murmured, a wan smile parting her bloodless lips—"it is nothing. My head aches, and—go away now, dear, and let me be here alone for a few moments. Don't speak to me, please; not yet. I want to be alone, Lucie."

"But what shall I say to the baroness?"

"Tell her that I will be with her presently. Go, dear."

She kept her word; she came to us presently, her own sweet self again.

THAT afternoon I was made supremely happy by a letter from Adolf. It was this happiness, perhaps, which made me so hopeful for my beautiful sister. As for the count, I confess that his manner astonished me. Never had he appeared more affable and courteous. He chatted with our hosts, laughed with me, and was pleasantly attentive to Cora—so attentive, in fact, that the councilor more than once gave me a covert nod and smile, as much as to say:

"I told you so; only a lovers' quarrel, you see; but the sky is clearing off now."

Soon, however, something transpired that served to recall all our former discomfort. Madame von Achen had sent Theckla for another ball of that inexhaustible white worsted, and the girl had just brought it in, and was turning away, when there came a crash, followed by a scream. A rusted helmet had become loosed from its fastenings on the wall, and fallen at the count's feet, and Theckla had uttered the cry.

"Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed the councilor, "are you hurt?"

"No; but that ugly spike might have done serious mischief," answered the other, nonchalantly.

"*Might* have? You are mad! Why, it *has* wounded you!"

"A scratch," said Von Fallersleben, wiping the blood from his face; "it is nothing."

"Are you sure, count?" asked the baroness, anxiously.

"Very sure, madame; I——"

"Come with me," interrupted the councilor. "I am quite a physician. No, stay where you are, my dear"—this to his wife, who was following them—"stay where you are; I can do all that is necessary."

So they went, and we women were left alone. For a few moments there was a sullen silence, Madame von Achen's knitting-needles clicking very nervously, and with ominous rapidity. The good soul always worked fastest when most excited. Presently she spoke:

"Go to your room, Theckla!"

The tone could not be mistaken. It was one of stern reproof, and the little maid's cheeks grew crimson; her eyes filled with tears. But her obedience was not prompt enough to please my sister, who turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Do you not hear, girl? Your mistress orders you to leave us!"

"Cora!" I exclaimed, unutterably shocked at this most singular exhibition of temper.

"Go!" still more imperatively.

"Leave us, Theckla," said the baroness again, and this time her mandate was unresistingly obeyed.

Then the sullen silence fell once more, for, without a single word regarding the strange scene which had just been enacted, Madame von Achen resumed her knitting, Cora her reading, and I my dreaming by the window.

AT dinner that day, the councilor announced the expected arrival of another guest, even Prince Carl von Lichtenstein. The good old man's manner at the time was singularly embarrassed, although he evidently intended it to be utterly unconcerned.

"Ah, I had almost forgotten," said he, suddenly. "The Prince Carl will be with us to-night."

But two persons appeared to hear this for the first time. One was the count; I was the other, and I detected the count's surprise by the vivid flush in his swarthy cheeks. He said nothing, however; neither did I. As for the baroness and Cora, it was easy to see that they were fully prepared for this announcement.

So, very little indeed was said about Prince Carl, and a few hours later he arrived. A man of forty-eight, fair, tall, vigorous, tolerably good-looking, of easy, agreeable manners, yet somewhat deficient in dignity, an excellent companion, benevolent and gay in disposition, always satisfied with everybody and everything—such was Prince Carl von Lichtenstein. He was very wealthy too; yet, although by no means a genius, he had had practical wisdom enough to elude the plans of ambitious mothers and cunning daughters, preferring to use the little wit that Heaven had given him, and choose a wife for himself.

The councilor and the baroness received him with open arms; for, let me say here, that he was a universal favorite. I almost embraced him through sheer gratitude at his coming, while Cora—well, Cora gave him her hand to kiss, and said many gracious, flattering things.

And Von Fallersleben witnessed it all, yet there seemed to be no heart-burnings, no constraint, no jealousy. Only once during the whole evening was there anything like a scene. That was when the prince asked for some music. Complying with this request, my sister and I went together to the parlor, leaving the others on the balcony. But we had barely entered the room when the count followed.

"Cora," he called, softly and entreatingly.

She did not speak; she did not look at him, even, but turned resolutely and went to the piano.

"Cora!"—still in the same low tone—"for the last time I entreat you, in God's name, bid me come to you!"

"Go!" she answered, coldly.

"It is for *his* sake, then—for that man's sake?"

"It is for his sake."

He heard her even tones, but he did not read the utter hopelessness in her poor eyes; he did not see the deep lines about her rigid mouth; no, he was blind and cruel; this quiet resistance maddened him, and I, who knew him so well, trembled for what might be.

"There, he is gone," I whispered. "Oh, Cora, you are wrong—you are very wrong!"

"Find the music," said my sister, sweetly—"do, my dear child, find the music of that tiresome duet, and let us be done with it as quickly as possible."

When Cora came to my room to kiss me good-night, she said:

"Lucie, why were you so glad to see the prince?"

And I answered, boldly:

"Because I hope that he may ask you to marry him."

"But, unfortunately, the prince is not a marrying man!"

"No matter; one can never tell what may happen. I want you to be brought to reason, and to feel how cruelly you are treating the count, than whom—except Adolf, of course—there is no better person in the world. I want you to see these two men together and compare them; then, if you dare, persist in your sinful obstinacy. The prince! The idea of mentioning him in the same breath with Von Fallersleben! It is ridiculous!"

"You little schemer!" laughed Cora. "Good-night, darling. Go, now, and dream of Adolf."

Chapter IV.

The following day passed off drearily enough. Cora had one of her bad headaches, and remained in her chamber. The councilor and the prince strolled away together at an early hour with fowling-pieces and game-bags. The count rode over to Dürsel soon after breakfast, and was absent until afternoon; and even Theckla had obtained permission to visit a young friend upon an adjoining estate. So I was with our hostess during the greater part of the day; but in the evening we were all together in the dining-room.

Ah, how can I write of that evening—that time of pain and horror and piteous despair! It came to us bearing the prophecy of an impending woe—dark and strong and heavy with dire disaster.

As soon as he possibly could, the councilor drew me aside and asked, in a hurried whisper:

"Have you spoken to Cora to-day about the count? Will they become reconciled?"

"She will not hear his name mentioned," I answered, in the same tone.

"Ach, Gott! how will it all end? I wish from my soul that Von Lichtenstein would go. He is a fine fellow; but then, my nephew is——"

"Hush!" I interrupted; "the count is speaking to you!"

"Well?" cried the councilor, turning to his nephew, who had quitted his chair beside the baroness, and was now standing opposite my sister and the prince.

"I wish you to come here. Come, Fraulein Lucie, I have a surprise for you."

We drew nigh.

"A surprise! Let it be an agreeable one, I entreat," laughed the good man.

Yet, despite this little outburst of merriment, his round face seemed woefully troubled, and his manner nervously abrupt.

"I so intend it," was the answer.

Then opening the door behind him, he called to some one without:

"Come!"

And a woman crossed the threshold and laid her hand in his—a woman in a gray gown, fair as an angel, blushing, and altogether lovely. A woman? Nay, a girl—even Theckla, the little maid!

"My wife," said the count, curtly. "We were married to-day at Dürsel!"

A death-like silence followed this announcement. My first thought was for Cora; but she sat apparently quite unmoved, her great blue eyes fixed steadfastly upon the man who had been her lover.

I have seen women suffer since then—I have read of their bitter agonies, but, God help us all! imagination cannot picture nor pen paint the utterly hopeless anguish told in that yearning gaze. I stole to her side; I took her hand; it was like ice.

"Darling!" I whispered, softly.

She glanced at me and smiled; just so the dying might smile; then she turned slowly to the councilor, who had aroused himself from his speechless surprise, and was now crying angrily:

"I do not believe it! It is false! I do not believe it!"

"It is true," answered the count, very calmly.

"Then it is infamous! How dared you offer us this shameful insult? You—one of my blood, to take to wife this servant! Gett in Himmel! but I could find it in my heart to kill you both!"

"Theckla, is it so?" asked the baroness.

"It is so, madame."

"Then you are a cunning jade!" roared my guardian. "And as for you, Herr Count, be off with your minion as

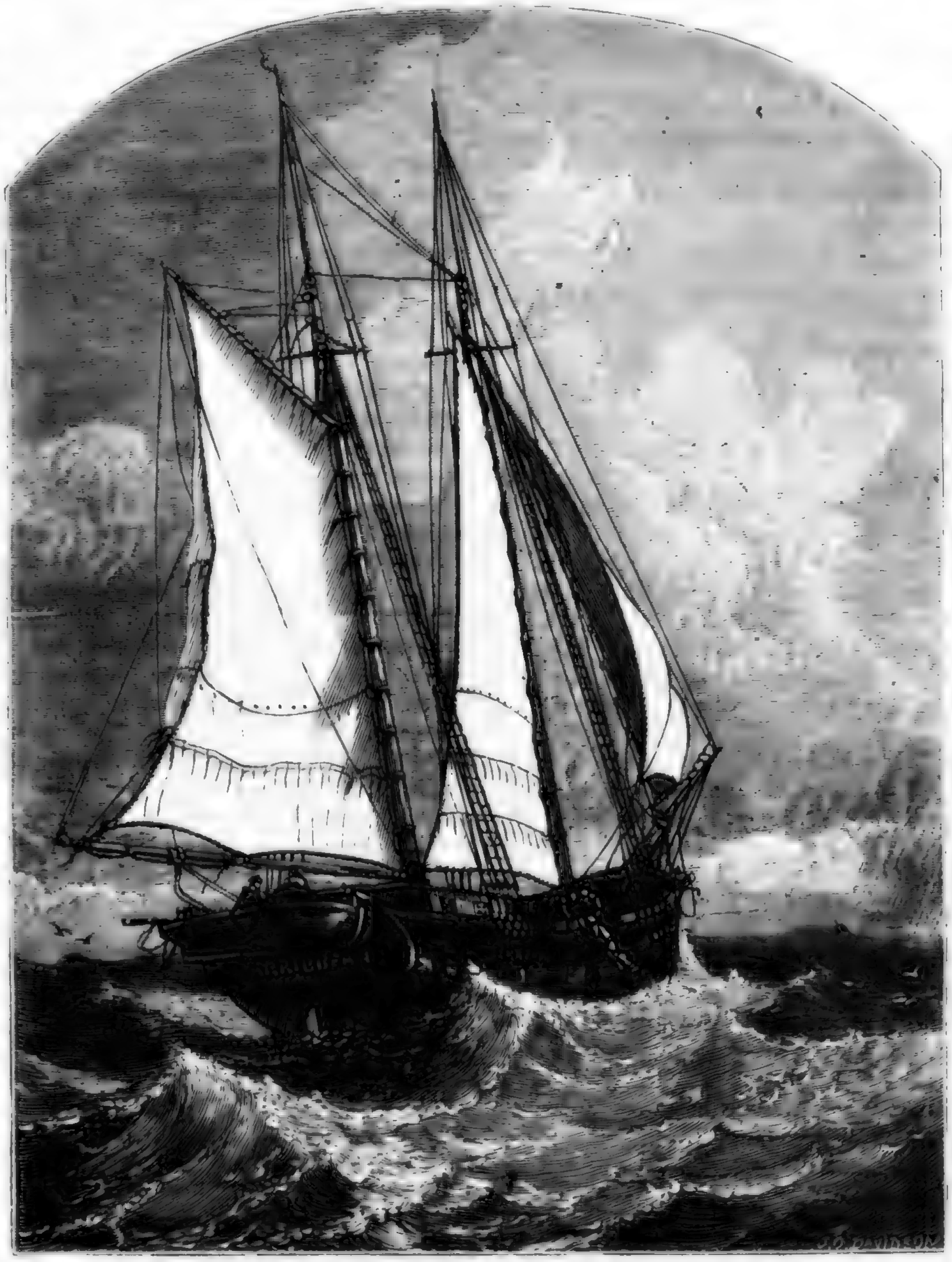
THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 45.

quickly as you can! Never, while Heaven gives me life, do I wish to see or hear of you again—never!"

"Nor shall you, my worthy uncle; be sure of that. Come, dear countess."

"Dear countess, indeed!" continued the infuriated man. "Let me tell you, Theckla Dahl, that, cunning as you are, you have never deceived me; I suspected something like this; I knew there was treachery afloat; I——"

"Cease!" cried Cora, rising slowly, and speaking with strange calmness—"cease, I pray you, dear friend. They must not say that they were driven hence without one word of cheer and comfort. There are, at least, two persons here who will congratulate you, Herr Count, and you, Madame von Fallersleben."



WAS HE DEAD?—"THE BODY OF ABRAHAM SHERRIE, WITH FIFTY POUNDS OF CORRAL ROCK ATTACHED TO EACH ANKLE, WAS LAUNCHED OVERBOARD FROM THE GANGWAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Prince Carl had approached her as she spoke, and now he took her extended hand.

"There are two who will congratulate you," said he; "my wife and I. My friends, permit me to present to you the Princess von Lichtenstein. *We* were married the day before madame and her sister left Vienna for this place!"

What did we say? What could we say? Looking back at that time, it appears to me now that we moved and spoke like people in a dream. The very world seemed not the same world then as before; it was only a horrible void of suffering and despair and delirious sobbing.

"I suppose that it is all as it should be," came the councilor's voice, at last, but it sounded husky and constrained—"all as it should be; still, I cannot understand it."

"I can," laughed Von Fallersleben. "There is nothing in it so difficult to understand. Madame was selfish with her great happiness, that is all. We receive her congratulations, however, and offer ours in return. Come, my dear wife, we really must break from this charmed circle. Adieu, my friends—again adieu."

"In Madame von Lichtenstein's name, I thank you, count."

The prince said this, but I did not hear the answer; for Cora, slipping her hand from her husband's arm, came toward me.

"How could you have deceived me?" I whispered, holding her to my heart and raining kisses upon her. "How could you? Oh, it was cruel!"

"All things are cruel," she sighed, and then her head fell heavily upon my shoulder, and, but for my embrace, she would have sunk upon the floor.

"Help!" I shrieked—"help! She has fainted!"

Some one sprang forward and caught her from me. It was the prince; he bore her to a lounge.

"Cora!" he called, excitedly. "Cora! wife!"

"Cora! Cora! Cora!"

I heard the voices; I knew that all were crowding around us; but I did not call—I did not call. I knelt beside her; I held her dear hand in mine; I kissed her poor, cold lips, and even with that surge of bitter agony sweeping my soul, I thought, "Ah, God is kinder than man! He has sent death and peace together to my darling!"

For my sister was dead!

Long years have lapsed since that weary time at Flensberg. The good councilor and his wife are living yet. I am Adolf's wife, and we are happy; for we love and believe, and he forgets the scorn with which my darling once regarded him, and is very tender with me when I weep for her. The prince lives the life of a recluse. That man s love was a tragedy; his suffering is something horrible.

XUM

"I knew all that had passed between her and Von Fallersleben," he said to me when we stood alone beside her coffin. "I knew all, and from her, for she was the purest and most honorable of women, and I loved her with all my soul. Ah, little one!" and his hand slipped down caressingly upon the waxen cheek—"ah, precious one, those clever doctors may tell us of that treacherous heart-disease, but we know better, thou and I! Thine was a broken heart—a poor, suffering, broken heart. God pity and pardon us all, dear wife!"

As for Von Fallersleben, he is a man of the world—proud, violent and reckless; not a bad husband, perhaps, but not a devoted one, surely. And yet he loves Theckla as much as he is capable of loving any woman now.

And she? Ah, with the story of her daily life, its wants, its hopes, its bitter, bitter disappointments, we have nothing to do. She is a good woman; even the old councilor and the baroness have been brought to acknowledge that, and to receive her again. Certainly her life is as pure as holy charity can make it; but, is she happy? Nay, that only can God know.

THE STARLING.

The common starling is a handsome bird, with bright, purple-green plumage, tipped with buff, and reddish-brown quill feathers. It has great vivacity in its movements, and elegant form.

They assemble in vast flocks, choosing in preference some fenny district, where they perch at night on the osiers and other plants that grow in moist grounds. In their flight they show a strange organization; each flock, no matter how large, seeming to be under the command of a single bird, and to obey his voice instantly. A whole flock is sometimes seen darkening the air, when, at a single call, they disappear, each bird turning so that only the blade of his wing is visible.

They migrate in July, flocks after flocks being seen on their southerly flight. Its nest is very rude and careless, not only in its make, but in its position, little attempt being made at concealment; and it is so talkative that it is sure to tell bird-nesting boys where to look. It feeds on insects, eating great quantities; in fact, the number devoured by flocks of starlings must be utterly beyond human calculation.

The starling is easily tamed, and is a most amusing, as well as graceful, pet. It is an admirable talker, and can be taught to repeat words and phrases nearly as well as a parrot.

We have no starlings in this country; the meadow-larks and grakles being the nearest approach.

WAS HE DEAD?

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF ABRAHAM SHERRIE.

On the afternooon of March 20th, 1876, as Captain Wroughton, of the schooner *Caribbean*, a San Blas trader, homeward bound to New York, was passing from the Howard House, in Aspinwall, to the office of the British consul at the railroad depot, he was accosted by a man, evidently a sailor, who begged for a chance to work his passage to Jamaica, where the schooner was advertised to stop on her voyage northward. Being a likely fellow, and telling a reasonably plausible story, his request was granted, and he was taken before the British consul—for the *Caribbean* sailed under the flag of that nation—and shipped.

He signed the articles as Abraham Sherrie, inditing his name in a bold but very peculiar hand, and with the initial letter of both given and surname in printed capitals. He wrote with his left hand, having lost the thumb and first two fingers of his right, as he stated, from frost.

The man had evidently been for some time on one of the debauches with which the average sailor signalizes his terms ashore, and Captain Wroughton judged it expedient to send him on board the schooner at once. There, during the remaining couple of days that preceded her departure, he became a decided favorite with the crew, and proved himself an able seaman.

In person, he was a man of less than the medium height, stoutly built, and with arms of disproportionate length and remarkable muscular development. His head was large, and endowed with a shaggy growth of black hair, which thatched a beardless face, strongly pitted by smallpox, and scarred from a knife-wound which had laid open the left cheek from the outer line of the eye to the upper lip. This wound, in cicatrizing, had so contracted the muscles of the face that the corner of the mouth was drawn up, and the position of the nose slightly shifted, lending to the entire visage the resemblance of a constant and most unnatural grin. A remarkable physical peculiarity was that his chest was covered with a dense mat of hair, while the limbs, like the face, were absolutely and naturally as free from any capillary growth as a child's.

Circumstantial as this description already is, it will, with the reader's permission, be even slightly added to. The physical peculiarities of Abraham Sherrie were balanced by more than one mental attribute worthy of note. He claimed to be a native of Newfoundland, but his English was strongly marked by the broad accent peculiar to Somersetshire. His education had evidently been above the common standard of his class, and he spoke French, Spanish and German with remarkable, though not absolute, correctness and fluency, even for a seaman, whose profession usually renders him more or less familiar with strange tongues. A notable personal characteristic was that, although habitually profane in speech, he never swore in English.

On March 24th, the *Caribbean* sailed for Kingston. In making the casting necessary for the dead beat to windward from the Colombian and lower Central American ports to Jamaica, she was caught in a furious norther and blown so far inshore as to sight the palm-trees on Fuerte Islands, off the harbor of Cartagena. The gale, which had continued for over twenty-four hours, fortunately moderated, and allowed her to crawl off shore again, and on the 27th she resumed her interrupted course. During this gale, which was accompanied by constant and heavy squalls of rain, the crew were compelled to remain on deck, and suffered severely from exposure. The only one seriously affected, however, was Abraham Sherrie, who, still unrecovered from the effects of his debauch in Aspinwall, was additionally weakened by the extreme strain, and fell into a low fever, which, in the course of a day, totally incapacitated him for duty.

On the morning of April 1st, while weathering the dangerous Baxo Nuevo reef, one of the seamen who was tending the jib-sheet looked down the forecastle hatch and saw Sherrie on the floor at the foot of the ladder. He was lying on his face, with one arm doubled beneath his chest, and the other wound about the bottom of the ladder. Supposing that he had attempted to get up and had fallen, the sailor, as soon as the schooner went in stays and released him from duty, went below to his assistance, and found him dead.

Death, or—to use a phrase more appropriate, perhaps, in view of the character of the subject—suspension of animation, must have occurred some hours before. The limbs were rigid and the flesh quite cold. The skin, naturally, and even during illness, florid, was faded to the dry texture of parchment; and the eyes existed merely as yellow balls, the pupils having been rolled up under the eyelids until quite hidden. The most terrible feature of the entire figure, however, was the face, on which the hand of death had fastened an awful exaggeration of the remarkable sardonic expression peculiar to it in life, and which in every distorted line seemed to grin into space with a frightful, sightless leer.

At four bells (two o'clock) in the afternoon the *Caribbean* was laid to, and the body of Abraham Sherrie, attired in the scanty suit it had worn in life, and with fifty pounds of coral rock from the schooner's ballast attached to each ankle, was launched overboard from the lee gangway. The body had been laid out on a common light pine plank, and, through the clumsiness of the seamen intrusted with the duty of committing it to the deep, this plank was sent over the side along with its ghastly burden, and they sank together.

As the schooner gathered headway and resumed her course, one of the seamen, who had been watching the descent of the corpse through the clear water, declared that it had slipped its ballast and was rising again. Before this assertion could be verified, the *Caribbean* had gained way before a ten-knot quarter-breeze, and left the scene of the burial a mile behind. All that remained to the San Blas trader of Abraham Sherrie was an appropriate entry of his death and burial in the log-book, and the recollection of it in the minds of his late messmates.

The matter had quite faded from Captain Wroughton's memory, when, in September last, business called him to the British Consulate at St. Thomas. The consul was momentarily absent, and the captain sat down to wait his appearance. On the table at his elbow was a heap of newspapers and documents. One of the former he picked up, when the current of air created by the movement fluttered a couple of the lighter memoranda to the floor. As he stooped to pick them up, his eye caught the signature of one, and some suggestion of familiarity in the calligraphy caused him to examine it more closely. It was affixed to the printed form of a consular instrument noting the committal to the public hospital of a passenger by the bark *Souiene*, from Belize, and was signed by the subject of it himself, Abraham Sherrie. The signature was written firmly and in very curious angular characters, with the inclination backward in the letters common to the writing of left-handed people. The initial letters of given and surnames were in printed capitals.

Again and again the captain studied the document. There, beyond the possibility of a doubt, affixed to an instrument bearing date July 11th, 1876, was the signature of the man whom he had buried, within sight of the white water of the Baxo Nuevo, at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 1st, and after he had been dead at least ten hours.

There was something so unaccountable about the thing that the captain felt a chill creeping through his veins, and the characters on the paper in his hand faded into a picture of the funeral and its attendant circumstances. The man had certainly been dead. The burial was no hasty affair, undertaken without proper examination. He had inspected every circumstance attendant on Sherrie's demise himself, and could have sworn to the fact of his death at the Judgment-seat itself. Besides, if his own powers of discernment needed confirmation, it existed in the fact that decomposition, always rapid in the tropics, had certainly set in before the final ceremony at the gangway.

And yet, here was the name. He might, perhaps, be mistaken in the minor details; but the substitution of printed capitals for the ordinary written characters was a peculiarity scarcely likely to be repeated by two distinct men.

As he turned this over in his mind, he recollected suddenly the remark made by the sailor after the burial—that the corpse had slipped its ballast and was coming to the surface again; and the blood rushed to his head in a fierce flood that set it whirling at an idea—an idea that the entrance of the consul, in company with another gentleman, for a moment put to flight.

After the first greetings, the representative of Her Britannic Majesty presented his companion.

"Colonel Abraham Sherrie!"

"You will excuse my left hand, captain," said the colonel, extending that member; and, with a stare of stupid amazement, the worthy skipper saw that the speaker's right sleeve was empty. "An overdose of your Yankee lead at Fredericksburg ended the usefulness of the other. Why, what's the matter—are you ill?"

* * * * * * *

When the captain had regained sufficient of his normal composure to speak, he extended the mysterious paper which he still retained in his trembling hand.

"Is that your signature, colonel?" he asked, huskily.

"Yes, of course. I landed here with such a bad fever that I preferred the regular attendance of a hospital to the chance treatment of a hotel. I only weathered the sickness finally two weeks ago."

"Do you know any one who writes like that?"

"No—yes, by Jove! I knew one man who wrote by £5,000 too much like that, and practiced at the bottom of my checks. He was superintendent of my logwood cuttings in Honduras. A queer, ugly fellow, smart as a steel-trap, who had been a little of everything in his time, and whose acquaintance I made while in the Confederate army. He cleaned out my bank-account in Belize while I was in England last year, and cleared out on a coaster for somewhere. I came on his track in Aspinwall last Spring, but haven't heard of him since."

The riddle was solved. Casting about for any name but his own, the mysterious seaman had taken one which he knew, and in writing it had, probably involuntarily, imitated the signature from the consequences of a previous imitation of which he fled.

"It's a queer story, as you say," the speaker went on, after the slight pause which succeeded the conclusion of his yarn, "but a true one—at least, as true as sailors' yarns usually are; for Captain Wroughton spun it to me himself, three months ago, in this very galley."

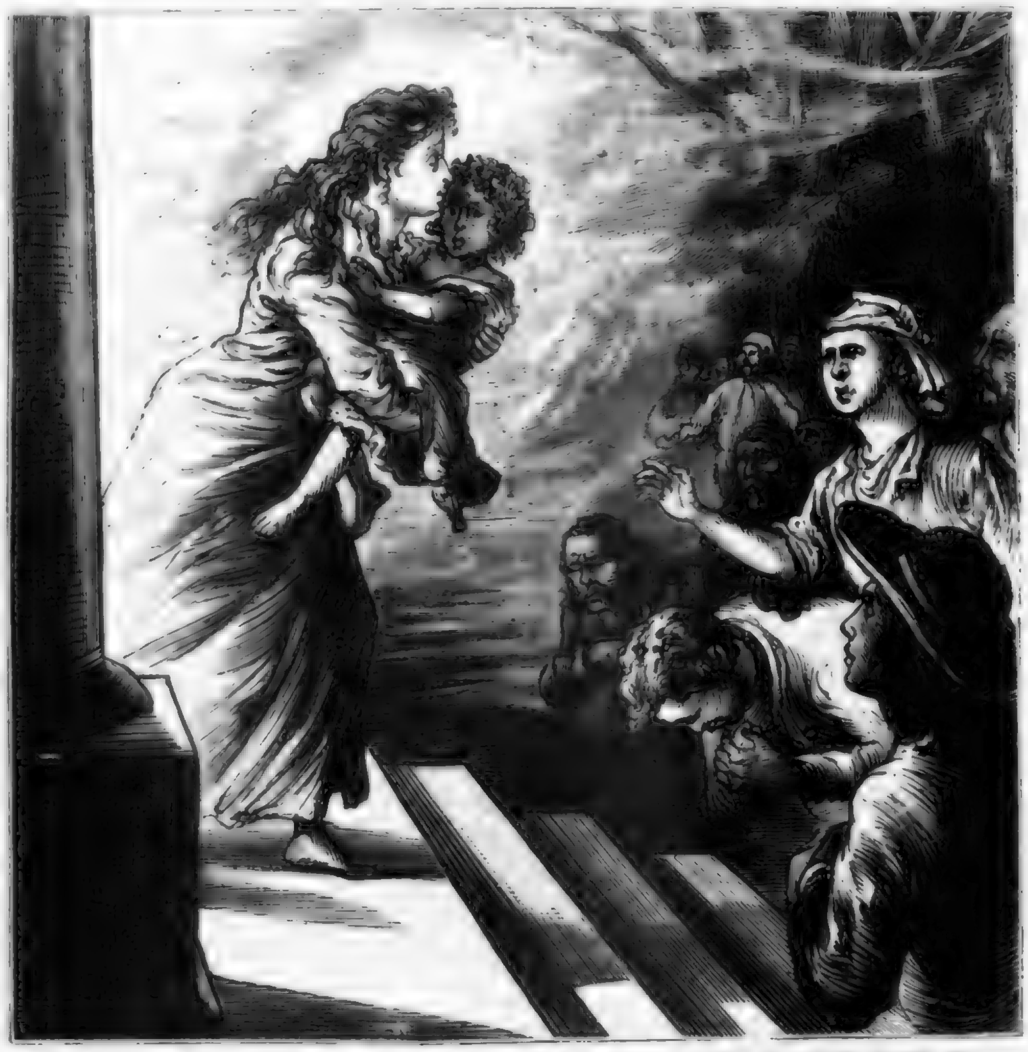
GAMES.—Dice were known to the Lydians 1500 years B.C. Perseus is credited with the invention of quoits, and the Hindoo Tessa with that of chess. Ardschio, King of Persia, invented backgammon; Palamedes draughts; Pyrrhus tennis, and the Greeks the noble game of goose. Loto is a comparatively recent discovery, due to an Italian, Celestino Galiani, in 1753. Dominoes owe their name to the piety of a monk who originated them, and who was happy to pronounce a holy word while taking his amusement; and it is a nun who is believed to have invented both the game of battledore and shuttlecock and the catgut racket used in playing tennis. Excavations at Hissarlik, the presumed site of Troy, have brought earthenware "marbles" to light; and those at Pompeii have yielded a number of jointed dolls in ivory, which prove that the custom of giving costly toys to children is not one of modern development.

THE COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF MADAME MACMAHON.

The world never grows tired of singing the praises of heroic women; but it, perhaps unwittingly, does much injustice to many stirling representatives of the sex. Stories of deeds that have been characterized by extraordinary bravery, although so ancient that intervening time has absorbed the outlines that gave authenticity to them, and required of the imagination an entirely new setting, more or less improbable, are narrated and heard as if they were messages from wonderland. And the good, brave, hardy and virtuous, looking upon the seething of elements destructive to harmonious society of the present time, fold their arms, and join an innumerable host in sighing for the grand old days.

Such narratives, like fair wine, undoubtedly increase in attractiveness with age; but when they seize and hold the thought to the exclusion of later revelations of equal courage, they may do considerable violence to our sense of gratitude and honor.

True merit is generally modest; therefore many circumstances, in which woman has proved her self a heroine as grand as any in the centuries that have passed, must remain unsung during the life of the actor.



THE COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF MADAME MACMAHON.—"THE DELIRIOUS CROWD FELL UPON THEIR KNEES IN THE ILLUMINED SNOW AS HELOISE DE MORIN EMERGED SWIFTLY FROM THE BUILDING, BEARING THE TERRIFIED CHILD IN HER ARMS."

It has been said that no one is competent to judge a busy life under a hundred years from its close. Certain it is that, to impartially criticise a fully rounded career—to study both the influences it derived from, and those it exerted upon, contemporary matters, the reviewer must await the lapse of many years to enable systems and principles to become either established as practical and true, or dissolved as erroneous and unwise.

But there are heroines living in our own times—women who have created practical and sadly needed reforms; women whose souls have been sorely tried by circumstances surrounding them; women who, had they lived in the "good old days," would have been voted the laurel wreath, the triumphal entry, the towering and eulogistic monument. They embody moral as well as physical courage. The story of their lives proves fully as attractive now as those of the olden time, because their hands may still be grasped and their encouraging voices still be heard.

The career of Madame le Marechal de MacMahon, wife of the President of the French Republic, besides being illuminated by an act of the most remarkable courage, is full of instances of the conduct of a brave and determined woman.

In the year 1838, she was a student in the famous female seminary at Limoges, France, one of a large number of edifices there devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church. At about midnight on the 1st of December, the building was discovered to be in flames. A vast quantity of light and wooden materials contributed to the greed of the fiery tongues, and the destruction was, accordingly, so rapid, that the priests and nuns, aided by the villagers, had scarcely sufficient time to take from the building the sleeping inmates.

The firemen police, and many officers and men attached to the garrison, hastened to the spot, and found the rescued inmates, attired only in their nightdresses, grouped in the snow in front of the burning building. While the children were bewailing the loss of their little trinkets, the priests and sisters endeavoring to pacify the frightened ones, and the crowd of men working to save neighboring structures, the cry was suddenly raised: "Save her! Save her! Oh, save her!"

"Who? Where? They're all out, ain't they?" were excitedly asked.

"No! No! Oh, Holy Mother! Little Louise de Bailly is still in the house. Save her! Save her!"

For a moment all the spectators appeared paralyzed. Then the men drew nearer, as if about to attempt a rescue, when the heat of the fire drove them back.

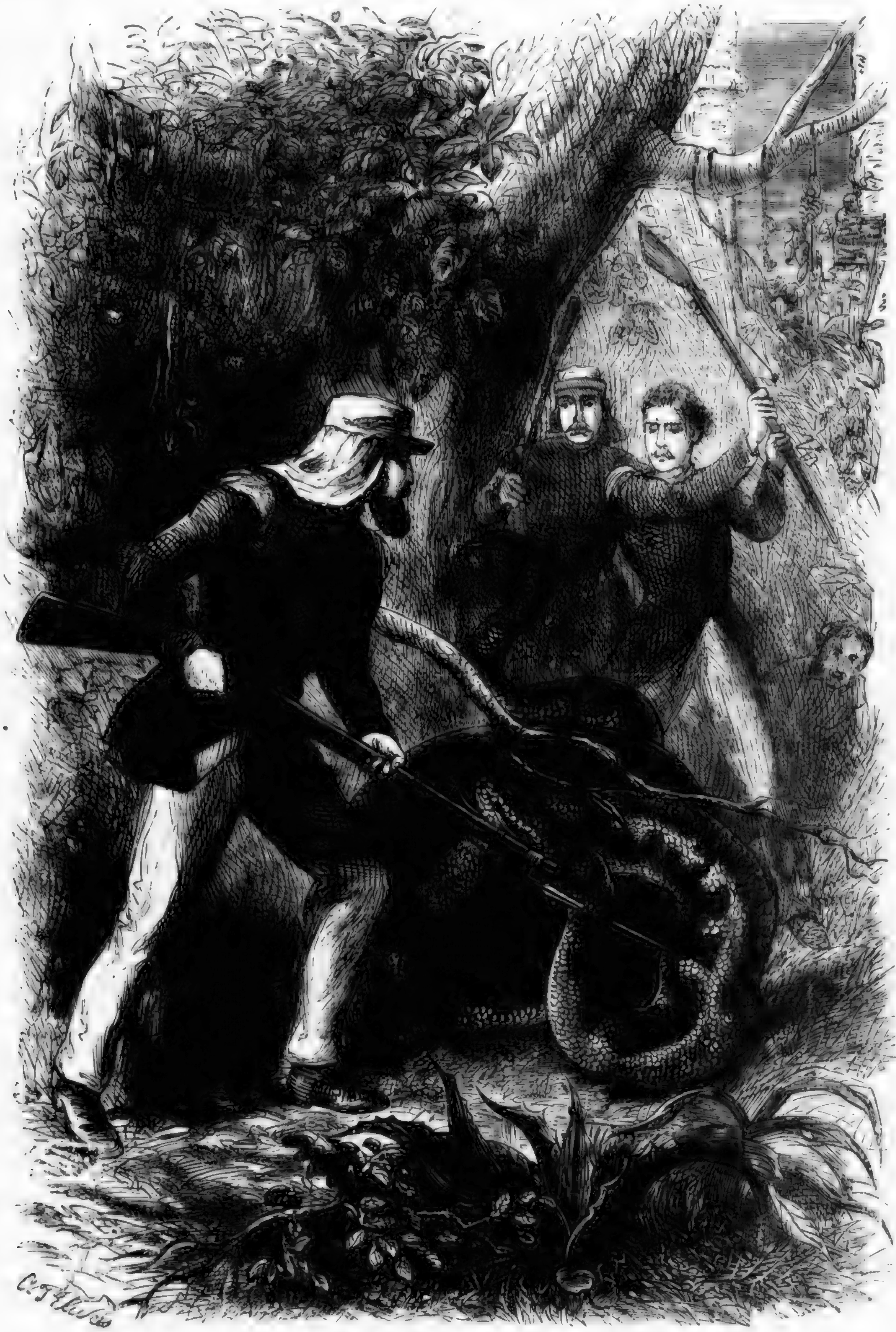
A second cry arose:

"Will no one even try?"

And as a frail girl, with flowing blonde hair and fluttering nightdress, pushed her way through the frenzied crowd toward the broad steps of the seminary, an hundred voices shouted:

"Don't risk your life! It is sheer foolishness! You can't get in!"

"But I'll try," she replied; and, making the sign of the cross as she flew from the group of children, dashed through the doorway.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—SEE PAGE 54.

Many moments of excruciating suspense ensued. The spectators knelt, and, with closed eyes, lest they should witness the fall of the devoted girl into the chasm of fire, prayed with thrilling earnestness for two souls. Several soldiers essayed to ascend the steps, but their courage failed before that roaring furnace.

As suddenly as the first cry of alarm had been sounded, a loud hurrah that was prolonged to the echo, only to be repeated again and again, rose loud and strong above the crackling of the flames. "See—she comes! She has saved her! Glory, glory! Make way there! Stand back! Off with your hats! Down on your knees!"

And, heeding the last injunction, the delirious crowd fell upon their knees in the illumined snow as Heloise de Morin, bearing the terrified child in her arms, emerged swiftly from the building.

Shout after shout rent the air. Every one, from priest to peasant, was anxious to at least touch the scorched garment of the heroic girl.

In vain did she endeavor to escape the plaudits and homage. It was only with great difficulty that she succeeded in gaining the home of a poor woman she had frequently befriended.

A temporary structure was immediately prepared for the inmates of the burned seminary, and matters soon settled down to their usual routine.

About two months after the fire, an officer reached Limoges from the King, Louis Philippe, bearing a gold medal, which the monarch desired to have hung about the neck of the heroic girl as a reward for having saved a human life.

One of the most absorbed witnesses of the simple ceremony performed by M. Sarreguin, in the presence of the royal messenger, was Captain Maurice MacMahon, who had recently received the Cross of Honor for bravery at the taking of Algiers. He begged an introduction, and then made a formal request to Heloise's father to pay her the attentions of a lover.

M. de Morin was one of the wealthiest and proudest noblemen of the country. Directly his daughter added her supplications to the request of her lover, then thirty years old, her father haughtily informed her that he had already chosen a husband for her. This roused the girl's independent spirit. She declared she would marry no one but the captain.

Her father then made inquiries about the habits and family of the officer, and it cannot be true, as some narratives assert, that his continued opposition was due to the comparative poverty of the suitor.

MacMahon, as early as 1832, was in possession of a fortune yielding him from 30,000 to 50,000 francs per year. He was living in a degree of luxury that excited the jealousy of his comrades, especially when he used to display his splendid thoroughbred horses on the parade-ground while his general rode a very ordinary steed.

Perceiving the envy and discontent of his brother officers, the captain determined, through an act of munificence, to put an end to the misunderstanding. Accordingly, on New Year's Day, 1832, his twelve English horses stood in the stables of twelve captains of the Twenty-third Regiment of Infantry, then at Dijon, and in the saddle Captain MacMahon's request for the acceptance of the horse. This gift cost him 50,000 francs.

His intentions, however, were misinterpreted; jealousies increased, and the Minister of War ordered a report upon the affair, particularly bearing upon the source of the captain's wealth. The matter was allowed to rest three years, when MacMahon was suddenly ordered to Africa. For his courage in the storming of Constantine he was created an officer of the Legion of Honor, a grade that had never before been granted to so young a soldier.

Through the influence of M. de Morin, MacMahon was, shortly after the fire, again ordered into Africa. The lovers were secretly betrothed, and, in spite of the efforts of Heloise's father to intercept letters, they corresponded quite regularly during the three years' separation.

In 1842, MacMahon, who had, as usual, greatly distinguished himself in the campaign, fell heir to another handsome fortune, upon receiving intelligence of which, Monsieur de Morin's heart underwent the softening process, and he gave his consent to the execution of the betrothal.

In 1844, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Maurice MacMahon was married to Heloise de Morin, and with his bride returned to his African service. He was rapidly promoted in the army by the late Emperor Napoleon, and was created a Senator of France and Duke of Magenta.

On the 24th of May, 1873, he was elected President of the French Republic, succeeding Monsieur Adolph Thiers, and, through the efforts of Madame MacMahon, over $20,000,000 were collected in various countries for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous floods of the Gironde.

THE SABBATH BELL.

By Eliza Cook.

Peal on, peal on—I love to hear
The old church ding-dong, soft and clear!
The welcome sounds are doubly blest
With future hope and earthly rest.
Yet, were no calling changes found
To spread their cheering echoes round,
There's not a place where man may dwell
But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when Winter's song
Howls like a famish'd wolf along;
Or when the south winds scarcely turn
The light leaves of the trembling fern—
Although no cloister chimes ring there,
The heart is called to faith and prayer;
For all Creation's voices tell
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour
In gentle, calm or headlong roar
Let the vast ocean be thy home,
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam;
In rippling swell or stormy roll,
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul;
And thou shalt feel the hallow'd spell
Of the wide water's Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedge-row spray,
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom,
The owl amid the cypress gloom—
All sing in every varied tone
A vesper to the Great Unknown;
Above—below—one chorus swells
Of God's unnumber'd Sabbath bells

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR

"Ay, ay, sir; I've had a taste o' things in my time, too, and they ain't none so pleasant, neither, not till you gets used to 'em—are they, now? But the queerest scrape o that sort as ever I got into was just after we fust went out, and this was the way it happened:

"D'rectly we got into Bombay we was packed off up country, part by rail and part on foot, till we got to our new quarters—a little bit of an outlyin' station on the upper Ganges, with a crackjaw name as I can't recollect, and couldn't pronounce if I did. And a sweet place it was, by jingo!—all mud barrin' the trees, all trees barrin' the mud; and all musquitoes together. Then, by way of makin' things nice and comf'able, we got there just in the height of the hot season; and, as if that warn't enough, we'd just had new shoes sarved out to us, and mine was so jolly tight that I felt just like standin' on tiptoes in a teacup.

"Oh, didn't I just wish myself back in old England agin, nineteen times a day! But, d'ye see, if a man wants to have everything cut out soft and smooth for him, he's no call to give the sarvice at all; and if he does, his best game's just to grin and bear it—and so did we.

"But there was one man among us didn't seem to mind it a bit, and that was our commanding officer, Major the Honorable Edward M——, as maybe you've heered on. He got his step in time o' the Sikh war, at Sabraon, where all the senior officers o' the regiment was bowled over all at once; but he didn't get nothin' more nor what he deserved—no, nor half as much, neither. He was a man, if ever there was one, and as good an officer, and as kind-hearted a one, too, as ever stepped in shoe-leather. Why, bless you, it 'ud ha' done your heart good to see him, in the middle of a thunderin' hard day's work, when everything was a-goin' wrong, and we was all gruntin' and growlin' under our breath, turn round to us with as jolly a face as if he'd been a-eatin' of his dinner, and say: 'My lads,' he'd say, 'this'll be somethin' to laugh over by-and-by, when it's all done!' And when we'd see him so jolly over it, and pickin' out the very worst o' the work for hisself, 'stead o' shovin' it all upon us, like some as I've seen—him as had been reared, so to speak, on the fat o' the land, and fed with a silver spoon, like—we couldn't, for very shame, hang back and make faces over it. My chum, Tom Jackson, used to say as the major freshened us up more than a double ration o' liquor all round—and he did, too, and no mistake. For, mark ye, we privates ain't such precious fools as some folks make us out. We can tell what sort o' man we're under, as well as any 'oss with his rider; and when we feels as there's a man over us as can remember that we're flesh and blood like hisself, and treat us like men, and not like dogs, we'll go anywhere and do anything for him—blowed if we won't!

"Now I should tell you, sir, as one o' the major's ways was gettin' up as early as early could be, and goin' all over the place afore sun-up; and no matter how late he might ha' been the night afore—when there was a jollification at mess, or anything o' that sort—as sure as mornin' came, there he was, as fresh as a cricket, and never missin' a bit of his round. For, d'ye see, he was that sort o' a chap that he'd never be satisfied without he'd seen, with his very own two eyes, as how everything was a-goin' as it should be; and I wish there was more of his sort about, I do.

"Well, one mornin', when the sun was just a-peepin' over the tree-tops, and everything still cool and pleasant, I sees the major a-comin' back from his walk; but, 'stead o' goin' at a good, steady pace, like he gen'lly did, he was a-spankin' along like any postman. And in he comes among us, hot foot, and sings out:

"'My lads, I've got a job for you. Six of you take your arms and come with me.'

"We all on us came for'ard at once, for we knowed as he wouldn't send us nowhere where he didn't mean to go himself; and when men once know that, you can lead 'em anywhere.

"He picks out me and Tom Jackson, and four more, and away we goes with sloped arms, like on parade, and him a-leadin' on us.

"As he hadn't said nothin' 'bout what work he wanted us for, I warn't quite sure if it 'ud be right to ax him; but he'd spoken to me several times already, off and on, and I knowed him for one as 'ud always give a civil answer to a civil question; so, when we'd tramped a spell without a word spoken anywhere, I says:

"'Axin' your honor's pardon,' says I to him, 'what is this here job as we're bound on, if I may make so bold?' says I.

"'Well, my man,' says he, 'it's nothing very glorious,' he says, 'but there'll be some fighting in it, for all that. The fact is, I've spotted a big snake close by here, and I don't choose to have him loafing about the place, and perhaps snapping some of you up when you're not thinking of it; so I just mean to settle him at once. He was asleep when I saw him, so if we can finish him before he gets his nap out, so much the better.'

"At that we all grinned like anything, thinking it no end of a spree; for you see, after stickin' in this out-o'-the-way hole so long without a bit of fun, anything in the way of a lark was reg'lar nuts to us.

"So for'ard we went, briskly enough, all round the cantonments, because the scrub had been cleared away, and we had plain ground to walk on. But when we got to the edge of the jungle, where there was a path cut, as it might be, 'bout the breadth o' that 'ere little table by the window yonder, the major pulls up for a minute, and says to us, says he:

"'Now, my men, you must be as quiet as you can; for if we can pin this beggar before he wakes up, we shall have an easier bargain of him.'

"Well, of course, when the major give the word we all closed our talking-traps, and began to force our way through the bush. If you've ever been out there, you don't need me to tell you what an Indian jungle is. We were all pretty well used to the work, and made our way through with no more noise than we could help.

"The major, as he always did when there was any danger afoot, went on first. We had advanced several yards, and was beginning to think there wasn't any snake there, when all of a sudden we heard a sharp hiss, and the next moment an immense boa-constrictor made a spring for the major. The major was too quick for him, however, and jumped aside, giving the serpent a blow with the butt-end of his rifle. I've seen some pretty large specimens of the serpent tribe in the course of my travels, but I can tell you that one beat them all. He must have been over fourteen or fifteen feet long, and his shining, speckled body was thicker than a man's thigh.

"We were all pretty well scared, I must say; but of course we weren't going to go back on the major.

"After the serpent got that blow on his head, his eyes seemed to light up as if they'd borrowed some of Old Nick's fire. Coiling himself up like a wheel, and hissing in a way that showed he meant business, Mr. Boa-constrictor made ready for another spring.

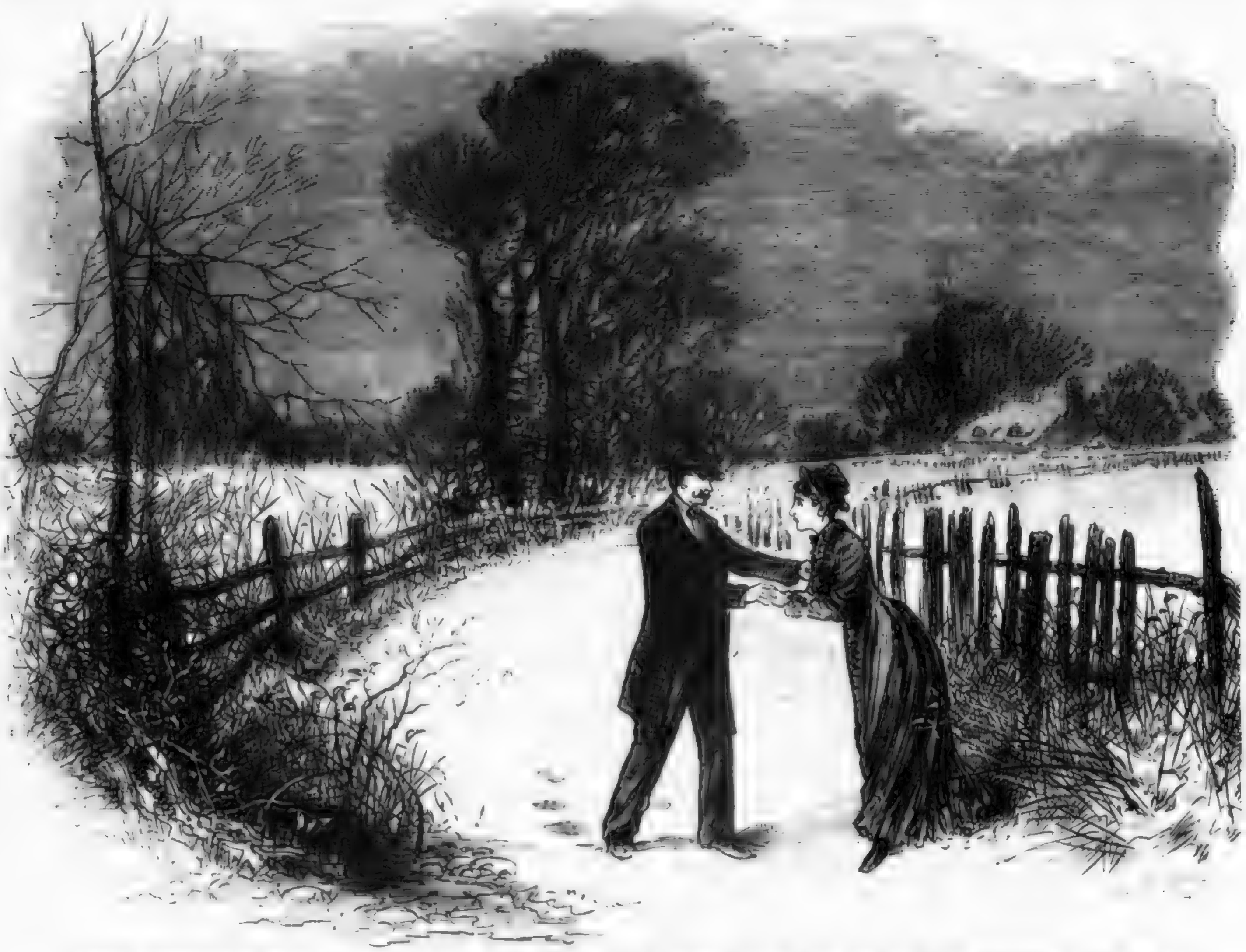
"The major knew his tactics too well to wait for the second attack. Grasping his rifle, with nerves as strong as the steel of a bayonet, he made one jump forward, run his bayonet through the serpent's neck, and pinned him to the ground.

"Perhaps there wasn't any hissing and squirming—oh, no! But it wasn't any use, for the major held him there, and before he could squirm himself loose we were atop of him, clubbing him right and left. We had a pretty hard job of it, but we fixed him at last, and you may be sure we weren't sorry when we saw him give his last squirm.

"After we had got through the morning's work, we carried the body to the camp, and you ought to have seen the men open their eyes when they saw it! The doctor took his hide off and stuffed it, and the major hung him up in his quarters, where he didn't make such a very bad ornament, especially to them as had anything to do with the killing."

Love awakens love; and a cold and heartless education usually produces a pupil of the same character.

XUM



THREE CHRISTMAS EVES IN ETHEL CLINTON'S LIFE.—"'ETHEL!' HE CRIED, PUTTING OUT HIS HAND AND STOPPING HER IN HER WALK, 'WHAT IS THIS I HEAR? ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY MR. LIVINGSTONE?'"

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES IN ETHEL CLINTON'S LIFE.

By Lillie Devereux Blake.

Christmas Eve and yet how bitterly cold; a clear sun shining redly in the west, the ground hard and black, with no snow to be seen. The bare trees outlining their shadowy forms against the ruddy sky.

In a quiet lane strolled a young couple, youth and maiden, walking slowly and lingeringly, almost as if it had been a Summer evening. The young man—a tall, dark-haired fellow, with a pleasant, good-natured face—looked down at his companion, jealously.

"Ethel," he said, "I don't half like the idea of this Mr. Livingston coming to board with you."

"Why not?" she asked, quickly

She was a pretty girl—a very pretty girl indeed—despite her shabby dress.

"Why not, Jack?" she repeated, as he hesitated.

"Because I'm afraid he'll fall in love with you."

"With me!" Ethel said, with a laugh. "You are borrowing trouble, Jack; he won't be here for two months; besides, the idea is absurd. I look like it, don't I?" pointing contemptuously to her plain dress. "Why, he is a rich and fashionable gentleman, and I am only a poor, shabby girl; he will see me only as a miserable drudge which I am at home, you know."

"I don't care for that," Jack replied. "You are ever so much the prettiest girl in the village, and he will be with you all the time."

"Be with me!" Ethel repeated, with a sharp laugh. "Why, he will probably take no more notice of me than if I were a bootblack, and for that matter I dare say I shall have to black his boots; ma makes me do all the dirty work."

"Oh, Ethel!" cried the young man, passionately, "if I only had my situation, how quickly I would take you away from all this, and you would come, darling, would you not?"

He seized her hands, and compelled her to look at him. For one moment their eyes met, and hers softened and fell under his ardent glance, then she drew her hands away.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack," she said, but her voice trembled a little. "No use of thinking of the improbable, and I must go home; I am sure it must be five o'clock, and I've supper to get, and ever so much to do for to-morrow."

He tried to detain her, but she hurried away from him, only looking back over her shoulder to cry:

"Don't come any further, Jack. Ma must not see you. Good-by."

He watched, till it disappeared, the slight, graceful figure, then turned away with a long sigh.

Meantime Ethel had hurried to her home, a substantial house just outside the village, where she knew that the weary routine of work awaited her.

Far back in her childhood she remembered her fair young mother, who had died when she was but a tiny girl; but for many years past the place of that gentle creature had been taken by a stepmother, whose rule over poor Ethel had been a hard one from the first.

So long as her father lived, Ethel had some comfort in her life. He was a gentle and scholarly man, the principal of the village school, and had instructed her in branches of learning beyond what the school routine gave, and in his study she could always find rest and refreshment, comfort and sympathy.

Three years ago he, too, had died, and as with him the chief means of support had vanished, Mrs. Clinton had been forced to take boarders as a means of subsistence for the family, and Ethel had found herself just as she was entering womanhood condemned to a life of perpetual drudgery.

Of course there was Jack Browning. Ethel knew that he loved her; but then he was only a student himself, and now that he had acquired his education as a civil engineer, had been waiting weary months for a situation.

As she drew near the house now, she was confronted by the tall and angular form of her stepmother, who angrily ordered her to her work.

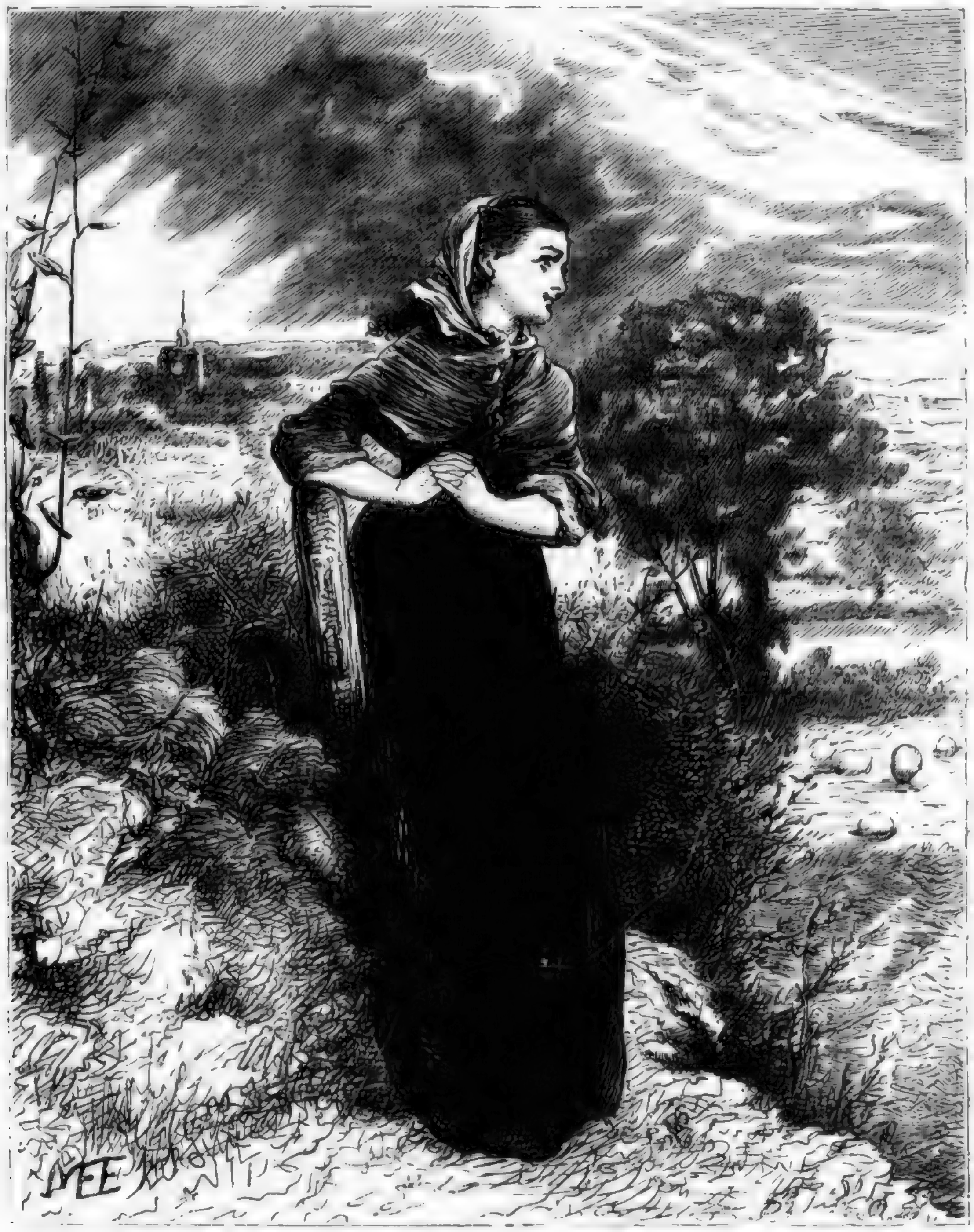
A year passed away, and all this was changed. For, during this year the fairy prince had come—the fairy prince that could take Ethel from all this drudgery to a life of ease and luxury.

It had all turned out as poor Jack had foretold. Mr. Livingston had come to the cottage to board, and had spent months there in the elaborate preparation of some laborious book he was about to publish, and in these months, Ethel, whose appointed duty it was to wait upon the wealthy boarder, had been thrown into such daily intercourse with him as had strangely fascinated this cold and somewhat reserved man.

He had soon discovered that Ethel had a bright and well-cultivated intellect, and in her companionship he had found a charm unknown to this moment.

His attention had speedily become the theme of village gossip, and matters stood thus between them when one mild Autumn evening, as she was walking out with Mr. Livingston, they met Jack Browning.

As he saw the two approaching, a sudden pallor over-



THE SABBATH BELL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 54.

spread the young man's face, and Ethel, too, grew white as she returned his formal salutation. The conversation she had been maintaining so glibly died on her lips, and she was glad with a great sense of relief when they reached her home.

A terrible restlessness pervaded her; she would not linger on the piazza with Mr. Livingston, but turning away from the house again, strolled down the road. Only a few steps and then Jack was beside her, coming upon her swiftly out of the twilight, with a pale, troubled face.

"Ethel!" he cried, putting out his hand, and stopping her in her walk, "what is this I hear? Are you going to marry Mr. Livingston?"

"What right have you to ask?" Ethel demanded, drawing back a pace, but trembling as she faced him.

"The right of my love!" he cried, passionately; "the right of my own long hope that you would be my wife! Ethel, answer me. Are you going to marry this man?"

"If he asks me, yes," she replied, with a sudden effort.

"Oh, Ethel!" Jack groaned, "and do you love him?"

She shrank away again, and then burst out impetuously:

"Jack, you torture me with such questions! No, I do not love him, but I think he will ask me to be his wife, and I shall marry him. I know you think me a heartless wretch, and I am; but, Jack, I have been so horribly poor! And I hate poverty so! Then despise me if you will?"

"Despise you?" Jack repeated, mournfully. "Ah, Ethel, I love you too much for that."

"And now go," she said, almost fiercely. "I must not see you any more. I—I—cannot bear it!"

A few days after this Jack had gone away to seek for work, his mother said; and the days had gone on and on, until Mr. Livingston, at last, had offered his hand and his fortune to the village girl.

Ethel had accepted them, as she had said she would, and her life from that moment had been changed.

Her lover had lavished upon her beautiful gifts, had insisted that a stout Irish girl should be hired to do the work that had been so hard for her; and Mrs. Clinton, foreseeing the double advantage of being rid of her stepdaughter's support and of winning a wealthy son-in-law, had acquiesced in everything.

And then, as the Winter days came, Mr. Livingston had gone away to New York to prepare a home for his bride, the wedding being fixed to take place on Christmas Day.

Weeks of leisure had followed—long, dull weeks—which, it seemed to Ethel, were the dreariest she had ever known, and now Christmas Eve had come again, and her lover was to arrive that evening.

A terrible restlessness had possessed her all day; she had wandered about the house until her stepmother had cried out in vexation:

"You are as troublesome as a ghost, Ethel, and you look as white as one. What is the matter with you?"

She turned away at this and went up to her own room, and sat down in a big chair before the fire, trying to think.

On her finger glittered the splendid engagement-ring; on the table lay the books and the jewels the man she was to marry had given to her; on the bed lay the soft silk that was to be her wedding-dress.

She took up the sparkling trinkets, and tossed them in a shining heap into her lap, holding them so as to catch the ruddy glow of the firelight.

"Do they make me happy?" she asked herself. "Will ever so many more of them make me happy?"

And then, as if the question tortured her, she flung them down passionately, and, seizing her shawl and hood, wrapped herself in them and went out of the house.

A light snow was falling, and the country all about was wrapped in a great, peaceful stillness.

The gray sky arched down, and the earth seemed hushed to sleep.

Ethel hurried on, walking rapidly; she heard the whistle of the train which was to bring Mr. Livingston, but she would not turn back.

It seemed to her as if she could not meet him, and for one wild moment there crossed her mind a plan of getting on the up-train that would pass soon, and going away somewhere—anywhere—to escape her fate.

Tired out, she turned at last to retrace her steps, and was drawing near her home, walking slowly, as a prisoner might who was going to his doom, when she saw a figure coming toward her through the sand, and stopped short with a sudden catching of the breath.

It was Jack Browning.

He hurried swiftly toward her, his face looking strangely pale and troubled.

"Ethel," he said, very gently, "are you going home?"

"Yes," she replied, looking at him with wide, unhappy eyes.

"I have been sent to look for you," he explained.

"You?" in sharp surprise.

"Yes; I came up on the train just now, and—and there has been an accident!"

"You were not hurt?" she cried, with a sudden anguish in her tone. "You are not hurt, are you, Jack?"

"No, no," he said, soothingly. "But there was some one on the train who was coming here."

"Mr. Livingston!"

She uttered the name in a gasp, stopping short.

"Yes, Ethel," said Jack, putting his arm around the now trembling girl. "As your old friend, Ethel, let me help you, if I can, in this trouble. Try to be brave, dear. It will be hard to bear, I am afraid."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with dry lips that scarcely framed the words.

Jack bowed his head.

"He tried to cross from one car to another, and he fell. As I knew him, they asked me to see about it, and to carry the sad news to you. Ethel, try to be brave, my poor girl."

She was sobbing convulsively now, and yet clinging to him as if her one hope in life was to be sustained by his strength.

He held her and soothed her tenderly for a few moments and then, with a great effort, she drew away from him, and controlled herself sufficiently to speak.

"Don't pity me!" she said. "Jack, Jack, don't pity me! I am not mourning, as you think, for the wealth I have lost. I am glad, oh, so glad, to be free! I would far rather slave and drudge as I used than marry this poor gentleman whom I have never loved! It was, possibly, wicked of me even to have said I would be his wife. I have repented my sin again and again, for I saw no way by which I might escape. Now—now he has gone, and I am saved from the worse crime of marrying him! Yet I feel as if I were his murderess. Poor gentleman!—so kind and tender as he was! Oh, I am very miserable!" and she burst into another passion of weeping.

Jack was very gentle with her as he led her toward the house. Over there he must leave her, of course. And so, in sorrow and mourning, and in despair, Ethel passed this Christmas Eve.

Another twelve months went by, and the great church festival had come again. Ethel had recovered her health

XUM

and somewhat of her spirits, though her manners were more subdued in tone than they had once been, and the old defiant air had disappeared entirely.

For some months past she had held the position of teacher in the village school, earning her own living and helping somewhat to the family support.

She was coming toward her home, and attended by a little group of school-children, all laden with evergreens with which they were going to dress the teacher's house. Ethel led the way into the cheerful parlor, and they were soon all busily employed in decorating the room.

There was much noisy laughter as the task proceeded that converted the pretty apartment into a bower of greenness.

"Now, we must put some sprays about this picture," said Ethel, mounting into a chair to dress the portrait of her father that hung over the mantel.

With loving hands she arranged the branches on the sides, but when she strove to reach the top, her utmost efforts failed.

"Oh dear! If some of you boys were only bigger!" she said, looking down at the little group below.

"Won't I do, Miss Ethel?" asked a manly voice, and Jack Browning's tall figure stood beside her.

Ethel jumped down with a bright blush, as she shook hands with the newcomer, and accepted his services.

The task was soon completed, with his active aid; and the children, after a satisfied survey of the work, bade the teacher good-night and merry Christmas.

"And have you no merry Christmas for me, Ethel?" asked Jack, as the two were left alone together.

"I am very glad to see you," stammered the young teacher.

"But I want something more than that, Ethel. I want a Christmas present. Can you guess what it is?"

He was holding her hands now, and looking down eagerly into her blushing face. "My darling, my darling, I want you!"

ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

For some time past this famous peal of bells, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the City of London, has been undergoing examination in the public interest, and before long the familiar chimes which captivated or consoled a Whittington, and have since charmed many more from time immemorial, will ring out as before.

The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, which, if not originally a Roman temple, as generally believed, was one of the earliest churches built by the Norman conquerors, has been destroyed more than once by storm and fire. It was at one time garrisoned and besieged, and was afterward the scene of an assassination. It was first mentioned as a Christian church in the reign of William the Conqueror. Stow says it was the first in the city built on arches of stone, and that it was, therefore, called St. Mary de Arcubus, or the Bow; although he elsewhere says, but with less apparent probability, that it took its name from certain stone arches supporting a lantern on the top of the tower. By-the-way, the Court of Arches was formerly held in this church, and derived its name from that circumstance.

During the reign of William Rufus the roof of the church was blown off by the wind, and four of the rafters were driven into the ground with such violence that, although they were each twenty-six feet long, little more than four feet of their length was visible—the ground in the neighborhood being then a mere fen. About one hundred years after this event a tumult of a serious nature occurred in the city, which led to the assault upon the church before alluded to. The ringleader was William Fitz Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, who was almost worshiped by the lower orders on account of his exertions as a professed advocate of the poor against the oppressions of the rich. An attempt being made to seize him, he took refuge in Bow steeple, together with various followers; and, being well provided with ammunition and provisions, was able for a long time to defy the authorities. In order to drive him out, the steeple was fired. This had the desired effect; the rioters were made prisoners, and, after a hasty trial, were hanged at the Elms in Smithfield, at that time the usual place of execution. It appeared that Fitz Osbert did not lose his reputation among the people with his life; for it is said that after his death vast numbers of persons resorted to Smithfield, expecting that miracles would be performed, and that they carried away as holy relics pieces of the earth on which his blood had fallen.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The gas shareholders have anticipated mischief for years from the electric light, but hitherto they have always been reassured, partly by the known cost of producing the light, and partly by quasi-scientific statements that it was impossible to divide the electric fluid sufficiently, and that the light, even if produced, would be "disagreeable." They bore, therefore, with serenity tidings of the Jablochkoff "candle," and the Gaiety illuminator, and the Rapieff light, and continued buying gas shares; but recently their confidence has received a very rough shake. The attempts of Russian and French inventors have not moved them much, even though they allowed to their inventions some merit for the illumination of great squares or streets, in which cost did not particularly signify; but a different kind of inventor has stepped into the field, with a quiet announcement of complete success.

Any American who announces a discovery, attracts attention in England, where Yankee babies are believed to pass their time mainly in inventing new rockers; and this was not only an American, but *the* American inventor. The British public is not interested in Mr. Edison as the American public is, does not demand accounts of his pedigree, or histories of his school performances, or details of his habits of life, or sketches of his workroom, but it has about him, nevertheless, one definite and enduring impression: He did invent the phonograph, the little instrument in which human speech, so to speak, may be bottled up for years, and then let loose, although the speaker has been buried and forgotten; and that is, to the British mind, the nearest thing to a miracle any man of science has ever yet accomplished. No invention, we believe, not even Montgolfier's, ever stirred so deeply the popular imagination, or so enlarged the popular faith in the marvels which science might yet perform, and no inventor ever excited a sensation so nearly akin to awe.

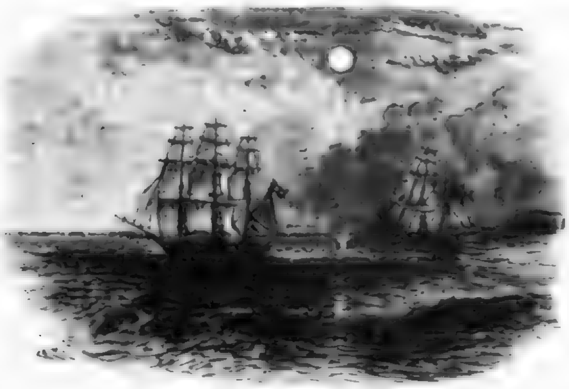
When, therefore, Mr. Edison announced in a letter to his agent that he had solved the problem of the electric light, and could divide it indefinitely, the public believed him, and believed also, which is more curious, a statement attributed to him, but not, so far as we see, authenticated by his signature, that he could produce his light at 15 cents per $3 of gas—that is to say, at one-twentieth the cost of the light now used. Naturally the gas shares in many companies fell from £3 to £17 a share; the only wonder being, considering what Mr. Edison has done, that they did not fall fifty per cent.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you are at home.

XUM

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Of all the many pleasant resorts familiar to the individual in search of that necessary boon of life, health, Madeira is undoubtedly one of the most pleasant, and at the same time the most beneficial.



THE HARBOR OF FUNCHAL.

This beautiful island is situated on the west coast of Africa, and, owing to its agreeable climate, it has long been a favorite resort for invalids. The coast line is remarkably regular, there being not a single indentation that can be called a bay. The mountain slopes rise directly from the sea, and are furrowed by deep and fertile valleys. These valleys are watered by limpid streams, and covered with vineyards and gardens, the former being formed on the rocky declivities to the height of more than 2,000 feet.

The water around the island is very deep, soundings being difficult to find, close in shore, under fifty fathoms; but in the roadstead of Funchal the depth varies from thirty to forty fathoms.

A road encircles the island, leading now between tall cliffs, now along bold precipices overhanging the sea.

The expenditure of the visitors forms the only means of subsistence of many of the inhabitants of Funchal.

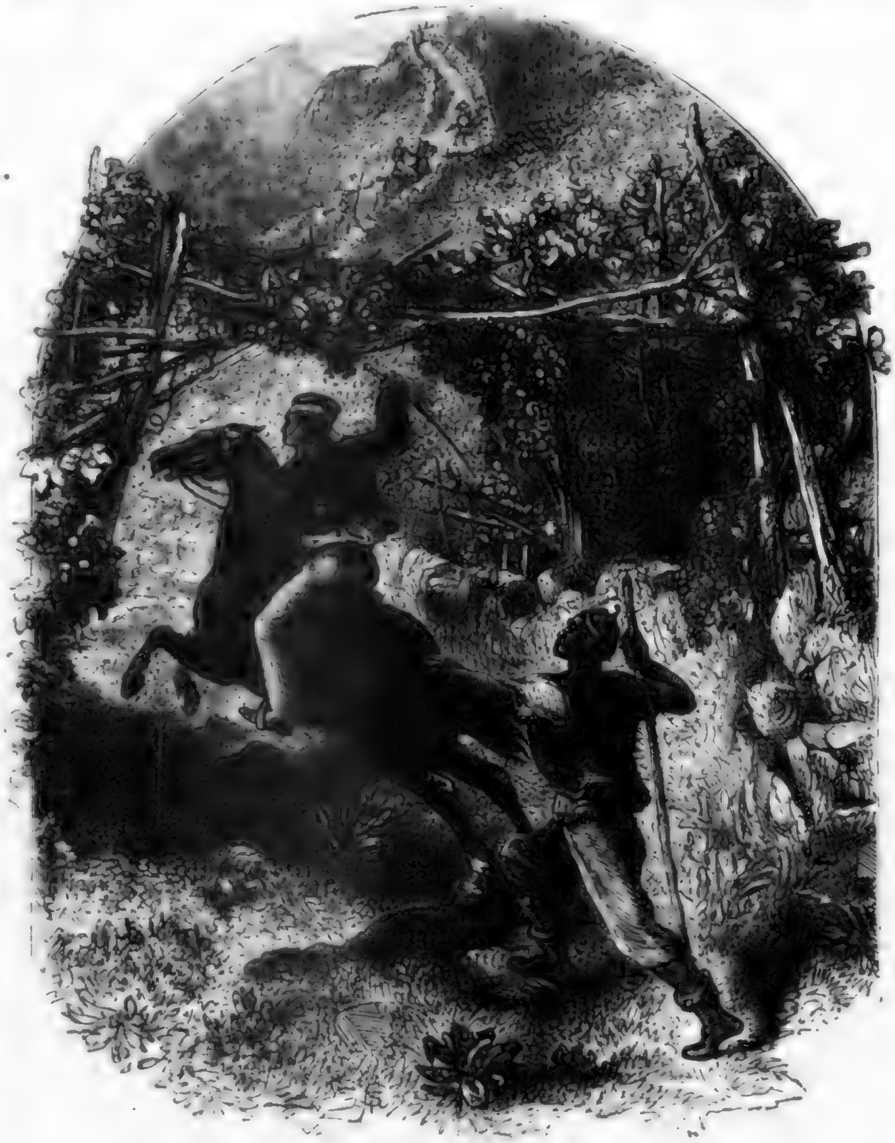
The agriculture is conducted in the primitive Portuguese manner, and with the rudest implements. Vines were first introduced into the island in 1421, and wine was, until the middle of the present century, the staple production of the island. Most of the wine-growers are English, and the chief commerce is with England, whose products are received into the island at one-half of the usual duties.

The people of Madeira are of mixed Portuguese, Moorish and negro descent. The men are well-formed and strong, and the women are not bad-looking.

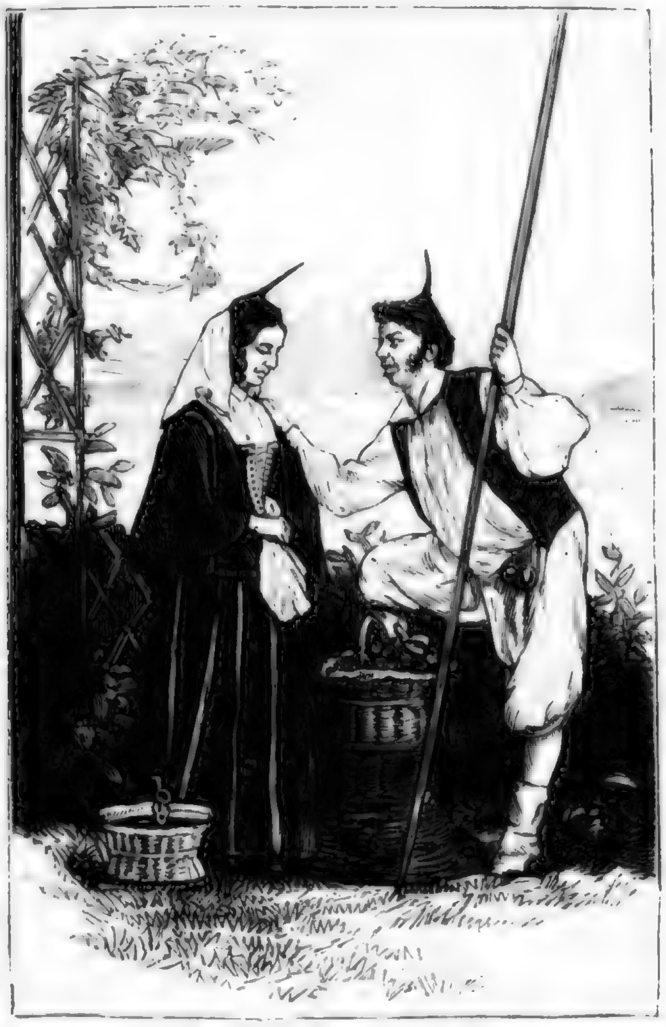
The seaport town of Funchal—indeed, the only real town on the island—is defended by four forts; and the curious contrast of its beautifully white houses against the never-failing green foliage of the trees gives Funchal such a quiet, beautiful look that the visitor is immediately captivated with it. The streets are narrow, and paved with small stones; and, curious to remark, there is not a single vehicle on wheels in the island. The transport of merchandise or passengers is accomplished by means of sleds drawn by oxen; but invalid ladies and gentlemen are always carried in palanquins carried by two stalwart islanders.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may here state that these last-named conveyances are simply covered hammocks slung on a long pole and carried by two men. One end of the pole rests on one man's right shoulder, while the other end is supported by his companion's left shoulder. The make and decoration of the hammocks vary in the extreme, ladies vieing with each other as to who shall have the prettiest and most fanciful hammock. Some are decorated with lace, others with silk ribbons of divers colors, others still with colored cord. Some have pretty lace curtains, charmingly held back with a piece of blue silk, and others are gracefully adorned with heavy silken curtains; but, as a rule, the bearers have all the same dress—spotless white shirt and pantaloons, straw hats, and no shoes. Of course they have to keep step as they walk, and the movement occasioned by this peculiar mode of conveyance is at once soothing and refreshing.

There are no buildings of great importance on the island, though a large cathedral faces the principal square, and a curious old convent adorns the hills. Of this same convent two words must be said. Ten months out of the year it is surrounded by clouds, for it is so high on the hills that the clouds generally encircle it; indeed, it is known by the name of the Convent of the Clouds. The nuns pass their spare moments in making the most beautiful artificial flowers that it is possible to describe. They are made entirely



GOING UP THE CORRAL.



COSTUMES OF MADEIRA—THE VINE-DRESSERS.

of sea-gulls' feathers, but so beautifully are they dyed and arranged that they vie in beauty with the most delicate productions of an aristocratic hothouse. Beautifully inlaid boxes, paper-knives, etc., are also made out of camphor-wood, and are highly prized by visitors as souvenirs of their sojourn on this delightful island.

Among the pleasures of Madeira are the long rides; and very few officers from the many vessels that call at the island refrain from indulging in a sharp climb up to the convent.

Another remarkable feature of Funchal is the town jail, or "criminal's paradise," as the American and English visitors term it. At a distance it has the appearance of a large hotel—and so it is, but not in the sense that I mean. It stands at the entrance of the Piazza, and is honored by a small guard of soldiers. It has four floors. The first, situated on the ground, is devoted to refractory guests and workshops, and is in a pretty dirty state, but still tolerably comfortable. On the second are located the murderers, and other high criminals; the punishment of death being unknown except for political offenses. On the third floor are the boarders who are in for the term of several years; while on the fourth, in the haven of bliss, or light-term prison, are those happy mortals who have only a year, or less, to serve. This prison, if it may be termed a prison at all, is as comfortable as a hotel. The roof is frescoed, and decorated with united arms of Brazil and Portugal. The room is ventilated by eight large windows, and an iron balcony surrounds the whole length of the room, beautifully freshened by the presence of climbing plants. About forty camp-beds, decorated with snow-white sheets, are ranged in order on one side of the room. Tables spread with eatables and drinkables adorn the opposite wall.

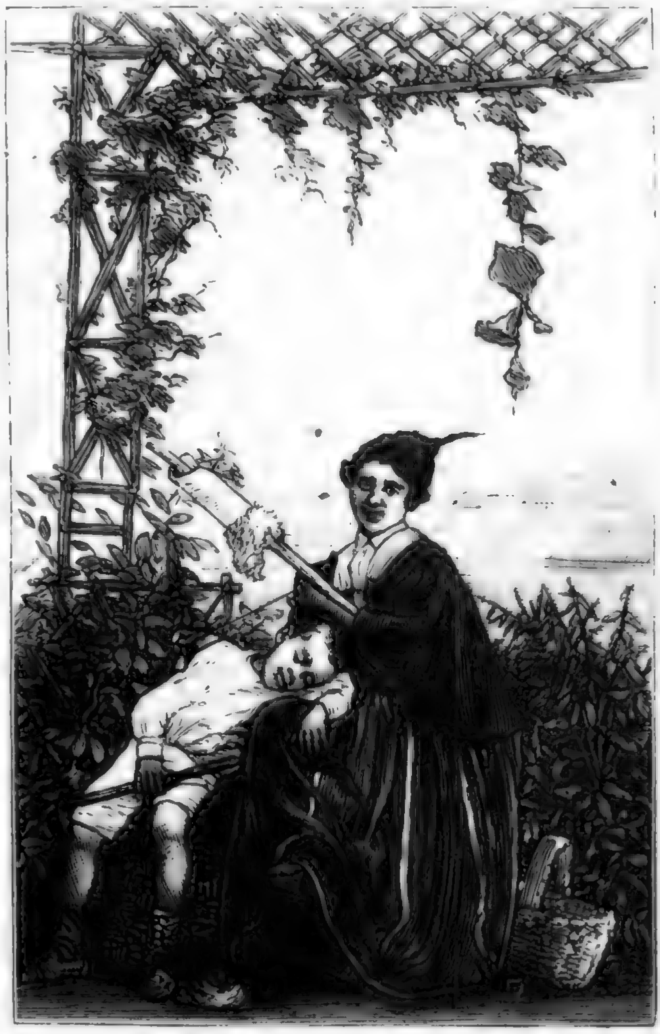
Curious, but true, any prisoner entering this establishment is forced to pay an entrance fee of seven English shillings, and pay for his own board and food during his sojourn in this abode of bliss; if not, his friends have to supply him with food, but then he is allowed to receive anything he likes—wine, books, tobacco, etc., etc. If he is sentenced to hard labor, early in the morning he is marched down to the workshop, and passes the day in smoking, drinking, playing cards and begging.

Yes, begging; for the windows of the workshop open on the street, and during the whole day, one of the gang is employed in soliciting alms for the inhabitants of this model prison. If a man has any money and is imprisoned in this abode, he can have a separate room and enjoy the society of his wife and children, and be as happy as the day is long. The hard labor consists in making baskets, which they are allowed to sell as they like. One old man is the solitary jailer, and he gives the entire charge to his son, a boy twelve years old, who opens all the cells, and has control of the prisoners.

The band plays in the large piazza every Sunday, and the beauty and fashion of the island is to be found promenading under the trees, and enjoying the cool breezes up to a late hour.

The hotels are reasonable in their charges, and without exception the people are hospitable and polite. Taking Madeira altogether, there is no place in the world more inviting to a lover of quiet and enjoyment. Nice, Pau, Baden-Baden, Paris, etc., have all their several advantages, but the rush and tear of the too numerous visitors rob these resorts of the pleasure of a foreign sojourn.

Our illustration represents one of the usual amusements of new arrivals. While waiting to land, they are



COSTUMES OF MADEIRA—A WOMAN AND CHILD.

assailed by a crowd of peddlers of all descriptions, who have put off from the shore in boats, and who board her like a swarm of pirates the moment the anchor is let go. Among these interesting individuals a crowd of small boys make themselves remarkably conspicuous by their clamoring. These young urchins are not to be pacified unless you continue to shower "pennies" into the roadstead. Immediately the coin touches the water, they spring overboard, and simultaneously dive for the coveted coin. Needless to say that an endless fund of amusement is to be found in the never-ceasing quarrels of the aspirants for aquatic gain.

"FRED."

A Tale from Japan.

Fred was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveler. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed everywhere.

This master, Mr. Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was bound. The captain of the *Georgina* had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young—or Sandy, as he was commonly called—spoke very little, but drank a good deal.

The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or so. In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy blue eyes there was a tender expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening. "Why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered:

"Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but, as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided.

From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr. Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered, authoritatively:

"Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa."

Fred was a thoroughbred bull-terrier, snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's. His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head—Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though a dangerous, was not a savage beast.

Fred could smile in his own grim way if his master showed him a bone and said, "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to consume in private an incredible amount of spirits; but in public, his behavior was unexceptionable, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated.

A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of the rough, ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy, half-closed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs.

Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the *bund*—the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbor.

On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it.

If Young staid too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the Japan *Times* to the effect that he had set up in business as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants.

In his way he became acquainted with Mr. James Webster, the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant bookkeeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks.

"I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not like to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visitor. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm, and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a cheroot."

"No, thank you. I leave early to-morrow morning, and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued Webster, who felt a curious interest in the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said, gently:

"No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small—always the same blue sea, the same white Fusy-yama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. You must admit, Mr. Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones:

"I think there must be a typhoon in the air—I feel so weary. I do not think, Mr. Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. Well, good-night. I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-by, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with his eye.

"I thank you again, Mr. Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a *very* good-night." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama; but it came too late to revive poor, weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words, written in a bold hand: "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855 and 1856, and merely signed "Louisa." They were examined carefully, in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-letters—mere love-letters—and contained nothing that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had not been favorable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November and December, 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr. Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr. Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M." and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Meachan Park in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital riding-lessons as from him. He understood horses better than anybody, and that ill-tempered "Blackbird," that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports got up by the officers of the 19th, Fred had thrown the hammer further than anybody, and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well;—Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor, daring Fred" had fallen with "Blackbird" at the last steeplechase, and had broken his collar-bone. Yet he did not give up the race, and came in third! "Mother has insisted on his remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able."

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British Consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr. Alexander Young and a Mr. Frederick Millner had been known there in 1855 and 1856. In due course of time the reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man called Frederick Millner had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honored family, he had left the town in secret, and had never been heard of since.

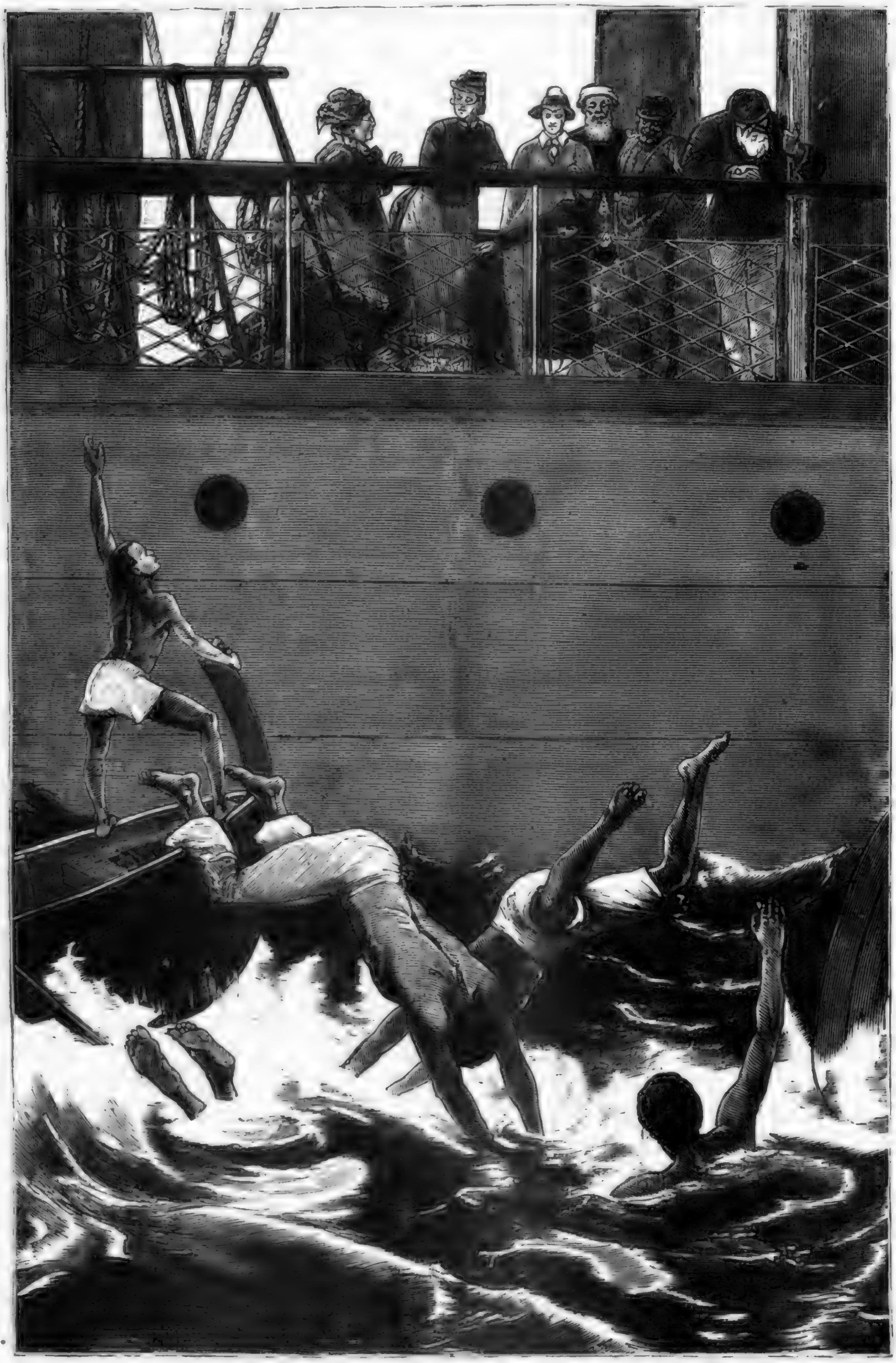
As Alexander Young left no property of any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English Consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings, and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavors, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama."

Sandy's last wish, "Please take care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was *his* dog. His favorite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends.

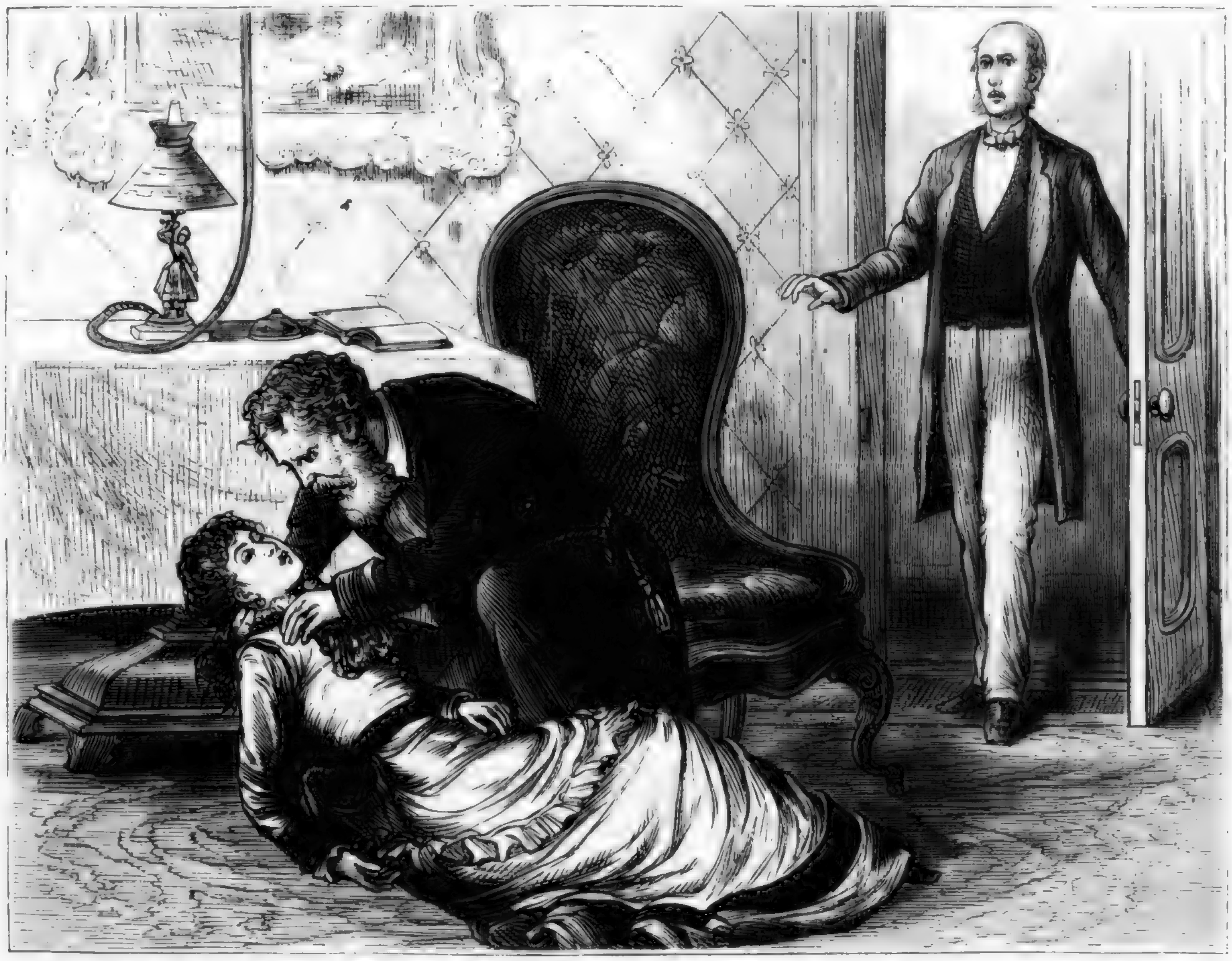
A year had thus gone by, when the *Georgina* once more arrived in Yokohama harbor. The captain, walking on the *bund* one day, recognized his former passenger, Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared for a few moments to meditate profoundly; but suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain, and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher; he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively.

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunken Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants, and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound, and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama, where a stone with the inscription "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies.



THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.—DIVERS OFF FUNCHAL.—SEE PAGE 60.

XUM



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"WHEN WATERS ENTERED THE ROOM, HIS MASTER WAS STOOPING OVER THE INSENSIBLE GIRL, TRYING TO LIFT HER HEAD UPON HIS ARM."

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Gilbert Harrington was seated in his library in the twilight of the evening succeeding that which had witnessed Mabel Jordan's departure from her home—her flight would seem the more appropriate expression, so hurried and secret had been her going.

Worn and feeble as Mr. Harrington looked, the face was full of firmness and determination still. Perhaps so miserable an old man did not live, but even in his dying moments he would not admit to his soul that he had erred in asserting that the crime and loss of his adopted son left no void in his life—they should leave none! The criminal should be as dead; nay, more, his very memory blotted out so entirely that no trace of his existence remained.

Suspicious as he was, nothing but proofs as positive as those which he had received could have convinced Mr. Harrington of Ralph Desborough's guilt; yet once forced to admit these, it was natural, with a character like his, that he should believe even his affection for the youth killed at a single blow.

Gilbert Harrington's past had been, in certain respects, singularly unfortunate. As a boy, he grew up under the darkest cloud which can shut a young heart out from the sunshine—the consciousness that in his own father's house he was an unwelcome inmate, an alien from his own father's heart. It ought to sound an impossible thing to assert that a man can hate his own flesh and blood—the child of his own loins; but unfortunately the experiences of life afford us too many examples of such enmity for any person to doubt that it is frequently harbored in human breasts.

There had been bitter trouble and feud between the father and mother, almost from their wedding-day. Their marriage, an affair of interest on both sides, arranged between their respective families, and consented to by the pair because they were too wild against destiny to care what became of them or their future. The girl had loved a man from whom her relatives separated her; Harrington had quarreled with the woman he worshiped, and she had married another out of pique—so in the profundity of their worldly wisdom, their relations devised a match which should unite the fortunes of the young couple, counting wounded, bleeding hearts of too little consequence to suppose that they could interfere to prevent happiness in a union which, so far as worldly advantages were concerned, was most desirable.

The consequences were what might have been expected. The husband and wife, girded against the yoke which bound them, the wife's old lover came back from his Indian exile and brought an element of jealousy into the already wretched home; and that no cause for misery might be wanting, Mr. Harrington learned when too late that the girl he had loved had only wedded another because she

XUM

had been made to believe herself scorned and jilted by himself.

In less than two years Gilbert was born, and the young mother died in giving him birth—at least she was allowed to go away from her troubles; but they remained behind to blacken the infancy and boyhood of her son.

When Gilbert was ten years of age, his father married his old love, set free by her husband's death, and a son was born of this union, so welcome, so idolized, that he formed a new bar between the oldest boy and his parent.

It was a wonder Gilbert did not begin by detesting this favored younger brother; but he did not. He loved him devotedly, loved him to the end, though as handsome Danforth grew up, the older suffered in every possible way at his hands.

Danforth lived to be two-and-thirty, then died, eighteen years before the date at which this narrative began. He had managed to crowd a vast amount of wrong and sin into his life, but Gilbert clung to him always, lavished money and affection upon him, to receive careless ingratitude in return. Before Danforth came to the close of his misspent existence, Gilbert had been jilted by the girl he loved, deceived by his dearest friend, Norman Desborough; in almost every other instance where he had given confidence, had been repaid by treachery, or forced to perceive that he was fawned upon for his wealth.

Positively, as he looked back across the years, he could scarcely count more than two persons who had come intimately into his life without proving themselves either mercenary or false; those two were his cousin Charles Reeves and his servant Waters.

It was slight wonder that, if not an actual misanthrope, he should have long since become suspicious and hard. And now, in his old age, this last blow had fallen—Norman's son, whose childhood he had rescued from penury, whose boyhood he had made bright and beautiful, whose early youth he had filled with benefits and affection—Norman's son had betrayed the viper's blood that filled his veins—had turned and stung the hand which nurtured him.

I have given these brief details of Gilbert Harrington's past as a reason, if not an excuse, for the stern unrelentingness with which he had cast Ralph Desborough off and left him to suffer the consequences of his crime.

When, months before, he had had cause to think that Ralph had deceived him in regard to his debts, he then solemnly warned the young man what would ensue if he was ever found guilty of deliberate, treacherous meanness. That cloud cleared up; he became convinced that Ralph had been animated by a spirit of manliness in keeping silence as to his pecuniary troubles; and perhaps the season which followed, up to the time when Ralph started on his trip to the Adirondacks, might have counted as among the happiest portions of Gilbert Harrington's existence, in spite of the physical malady which had stricken him.

When Norman Desborough forged his name, Harrington had vowed that never again would he pardon a similar crime, no matter who the offender might be; yet I think that had he learned Ralph's fault at the time when the misunderstanding in regard to the young man's debts arose, he would have forgotten his pledge and overlooked the wrong—at least have given him another trial before banishing the offender from his heart and home. But Ralph had had his trial. When Harrington allowed himself to be convinced, and paid the debts, he had said:

"Now, Ralph, I believe you when you say that you did not intend to do wrong in keeping silence; but you did wrong. Perfect sincerity is what I must have. I warn you, if you have kept back anything, if you have not given me every detail of your embarrassments, do it now. See, no matter what you had to reveal, I would forgive it; but if you deceive me in the least thing in this matter, and I ever learn that you have, from that hour I will see your face no more."

And Ralph, usually so impetuous, so imperious, had shown a humility strangely at variance with his ordinary character—had voluntarily taken an oath that he had told the whole truth.

And all the while the first crime lay on his soul, and he had followed it up by a second of precisely the same nature, months afterward—months during which Harrington had been even more tender and expansive than ever before with the boy, because he wished to atone for having doubted him.

In fact, it was the discovery of the alteration of the second check which ruined Ralph. Had there been only one, Reeves would have kept the matter a secret from his cousin; he told the simple truth when he assured Harrington that he should have done so. During all these past months Reeves had felt guilty where Ralph was concerned—had reproached himself with having always been ready to think evil of Norman's son, and had determined never again to be culpable in the same direction. Even when this dishonesty in regard to the first check came to his knowledge, he would have tried to hope that the culprit might reform, he was so young. He would have essayed to render him penitent, and would have accepted his promises for amendment.

But he dared not keep silence when a further investigation brought the second misdeed to light; it became a proof that the youth was utterly hardened and without principle. Emboldened by the success of his earliest essay in crime, he rushed into another; and there was no chance that he would stop there.

Reeves learned through Robert Sloane that Ralph gambled—another vice inherited from his worthless father. Yet, so determined was Reeves not to leave a point personally uninvestigated before making any revelation to his cousin, that he told Sloane he did not consider the fact of his having seen Ralph come out of a gambling-house a proof that he was in the habit of frequenting such places. But Nesbitt had also seen him there; had followed on two occasions and expostulated with him.

Now George Nesbitt's word was equal in the eyes of all who knew him to the oath of most men; but he did not content himself with simple assertion.

"Come with me," he said to Reeves, and together they sought an interview with a person who was the head of the establishment—an establishment perfectly well known to the police, but protected by influence so powerful that the wise city fathers winked at its existence.

The interview was brief, but the elegant faro table keeper fully corroborated George Nesbitt's words.

"You know me," he said to the man.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Nesbitt; I know you very well, by sight. Mr. Reeves, too."

"Your acquaintance with me goes beyond that," said Nesbitt. "I have been twice at your house within the last six months—both times in search of the same unfortunate. On the last occasion I warned you that if you ever allowed him to enter your doors again, I would at least expose you. I might not be able to secure your punishment, protected as you are; but I would expose you at any risk to myself from the influential people who abet you. Is this the exact truth?"

"Yes, it is," the man answered. "I have kept my word—he's never been since."

"You promised me then that if it ever became necessary for me to reveal these facts to the friends of the wretched young fellow, you would not attempt to deny them," continued Mr. Nesbitt.

"I did."

"Then tell his name now. The time has come when such action is necessary," Nesbitt said, sternly.

"Ralph Desborough," was the reply.

So the links in the chain of evidence were all complete, and Charles Reeves went to his cousin. Nesbitt had offered many counsels; had sent messages by him to Harrington, recommending leniency; but Reeves had not considered it necessary to irritate Gilbert by repeating any of George Nesbitt's pious speeches.

Still, Nesbitt did not content himself with this: he wrote a long, eloquent letter to Harrington, beseeching him to be lenient; warning him solemnly that all men were equal sinners in the sight of Heaven, and that in order to receive mercy one must show mercy; "That whatsoever measure ye mete shall be meted unto you again," and the like.

The letter had arrived this very day. Gilbert Harrington had torn it up without taking the trouble to do more than glance at its contents.

"George Nesbitt assures me I shall have the benefit of his prayers," he said, bitterly, to old Waters, who was standing near him as he read. "One would suppose George thought he had special telegraphic wires established between his office and Heaven. Pottering old philandering philanthropist! let him attend to his charities and his societies, and let me alone! I don't want his prayers; I'll not see him either—and if he comes to the house within the next six months, you may tell him I said so."

Waters could not trust himself to speak: he was too furious toward everybody who had any part in the exposure which had overtaken Ralph. Indisputable as the proofs of his guilt were, Waters would not let himself be convinced.

"I suppose it is true, but I won't believe it," he said, over and over again in his thoughts. "Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Poor Waters suffered more than his master. He had neither stubbornness nor the sense of ill-usage to uphold him; his whole heart had been centred on the youth, and he only wished that he could have died before the awful revelations came. He went about doing his duty; his lips closed upon any reference to what had happened, knowing his master too well to infringe now or later upon his command of silence; but he looked already so aged and worn, that as Harrington watched him he thought:

"It will not be long before he will be taken from me too—not long! Ah well, better to see them go by death than to go as most have gone—rotten limbs that had to be hewed off—eating my heart out with their gangrene!"

Not long after the reception of Mr. Nesbitt's letter, Waters appeared with a telegram from Charles Reeves, to inform his cousin that he should arrive early that evening, accompanied by the young lady and her housekeeper.

Mr. Harrington read the sentence, and handed the page to Waters without a word. The old servant fumbled for his spectacles, scarcely able, even with their assistance, to decipher the message, so blind were his dim eyes from two nights of weeping and pain.

When he had finished reading, he laid the paper on the table by Mr. Harrington's side, took off his glasses, and stood absently polishing them with the sleeve of his coat, with a sort of dreary expectation in his face—a wonder as to what his master would say—how to bear the thought of this meeting.

Mr. Harrington sat quiet; his hands resting on the arms of his chair, his head drooped a little forward, in an attitude very usual with him. Presently he spoke. Waters quite started as he saw the firm lips open; but this was all he said:

"Of course there are plenty of rooms in readiness? Choose those in the left wing; they are the most cheerful."

Waters had known him all his life, but, familiar as he was with Mr. Harrington's marvelous self-control, he could not help regarding him with a certain surprise.

"He might be made of granite," thought the old man; "and because he shows nothing they think he don't feel—he tries to believe he don't; but I know—I know!"

"The rooms in the left wing, Waters," continued his master, glancing toward him, as if thinking his first words had escaped the servant's ear.

"They are all ready, sir," he answered; "I thought they would be the brightest. I've had them airing and fires kindled, for fear they should be chill-like from not being used."

"Of course you have thought of everything," Mr. Harrington said, extending one hand and just touching Waters's sleeve for a second. "Later, M—— later, the young lady can make her own choice, if she finds other apartments in this rambling den which suit her better."

"Yes, Master Gilbert," said Waters; then the two old men—for even at sixty, and numbering ten years less than his servant, Gilbert Harrington's appearance gave an effect of age which would have made any stranger regard the pair as contemporaries—the two old men remained silent for a little. Suddenly Waters said:

"It seems strange—strange!"

"You are threescore, and yet anything in the world can seem strange to you," returned Mr. Harrington, looking at him with a faint, half smile on his lips. "I exhausted the faculty of surprise twice a decade since."

"And I," cried Waters, with a sudden excitement in his face and voice apparent for an instant, like an expiring gleam in spent ashes; "I wonder more and more at life each year I live. It seems stranger and more strange!"

"You ought to be a happy man," said Mr. Harrington. "The ability to have sensations is said to be the height of happiness."

Waters let his hand fall heavily on the table. The gleam on his pallid countenance and the light in his sorrowful eyes brightened.

"Don't mock at me to-day, Master Gilbert," he said; "not to-day. I can't stand it—I can't!"

"I'm not mocking you, Waters," returned Mr. Harrington, and a shade of softness was audible in his tone; "I was only wondering at you—God knows, maybe I was envying you! Well, well, old man, before long you and I will both be gone where they tell us we shall find the key to all these mysteries."

"I hope so—Heaven knows I hope so!" Waters exclaimed. "I'm tired enough of staying here, and so are you!"

"Oh, I? I don't mind, Waters; I'm used to it—used to it."

"There are things I never get used to, or reconciled to; and I won't try—I won't try!" cried Waters, with increasing vehemence.

He was usually the very incarnation of quiet; perhaps not three times in his remembrance had Mr. Harrington ever witnessed in him anything so nearly approaching an outbreak.

"But the things happen, and the world goes on—goes on, Waters," he answered. "You gain nothing by not being reconciled. The end comes at last—no good to fret—the end comes. Let us hope the grave brings peace."

"Then it must bring forgetfulness," said Waters; "there could be no peace without that—no, not in Heaven!"

XUM

"It is lucky the long-coated, high-church young curate that the rector has taken to himself does not hear you! What a state of mind the youthful saint would be in!" returned his master, that faint shadow of a smile again flitting across his lips. "He would set you down for a materialist at once."

"Let him wait till he knows what life is, before he tries to judge them old enough to be his grandfathers!" cried Waters. "It is easy to have faith while one is young. Let him wait. When he lives to threescore, he may be ready to say, too, that the greatest good of all would be to fall like the dead tree, and go back to dust, and that the end."

"Sometimes, no doubt, he will feel so; for instance, when he is very tired, as you are to-day, Waters," said Mr. Harrington, with a certain inflection in his voice which was meant as a warning to the old man not to let this unusual ebullition betray him on to forbidden ground.

"I understand," said Waters, with a sort of desperation and defiance in manner and face, replying to his master's tone, not his words. "I understand. I'm not likely to begin crossing you, after these many years, master Gilbert. But after all, after all, if you turned me out, why, it would only be for you to die alone and me to die alone, and we'd both die the quicker for it; that would be all."

"And I at least *should* die the quicker," Gilbert Harrington said; and again he stretched out his hand, took Waters's in his, and then the two old men remained silent anew.

This time Waters spoke first.

"The sun is gone. The room seems chilly," he said. "I mustn't let the fire out. It's easy to catch cold this changeable weather."

He moved on a few steps to the hearth, arranged the fire, dusted the rug, then he said, abruptly:

"To think of her being within reach so long! And we tried so hard to find her, and never could get the least trace!"

"Going back to life's mysteries, eh?" his master replied. "But we soon ceased all inquiries, convinced that mother and child both died. Perhaps it was just as well we thought the daughter dead too—just as well."

"Perhaps it was; I'm not saying it wasn't," said Waters. "Well, she is alive—found! She is coming now; and for the life of me I can't say whether it's a pleasure or a pain—can you, master Gilbert?"

In his turn Gilbert Harrington struck the table with clenched hand, and something of his old energy rang through his tones as he answered:

"It is neither, Waters. It is a duty."

"A duty! a duty!" echoed Waters, in a dull, choked voice; and he straightened himself, leaning against the mantel for support.

"She will come. She will have a home here, if she chooses," continued Mr. Harrington, with restored composure. "Remember, we know nothing yet."

"Ay, she's been all her short life so near us, and we know nothing," murmured Waters, slowly. Then, after an instant's hesitation, he added: "Have you thought, master Gilbert? There's always notice taken of every change. There's always talk—ay, from the servants up to your narrow-shouldered young curate down yonder. They're all alive with curiosity about whatever happens."

"Yes, I have thought," Mr. Harrington replied, sharply. "This young lady, Miss Mabel Jordan, is a connection. She comes to live in my house, to be treated as a member of my family by all who are here; also to serve as my amanuensis——"

"To serve as——" Waters broke down in his interruption.

"Does that seem strange, too?"

Waters hesitated; then burst out, stubbornly.

"Yes, it does! Your—Mabel Jordan's daughter coming to this house to earn her bread! Yes; it does seem strange!"

"Listen," said Mr. Harrington, in a voice of rigidly self-enforced patience. "You will admit that I need such assistance; you have often urged me to employ a secretary. Well, here is one to my hand. Occupation is good for the young, and—and——"

"Yes, yes; you are right—I made a stupid speech," Waters said, as his master paused.

"No—natural. But see here, Waters. The probabilities are she knows nothing. Why let her—why let her even suspect? She is happier as she is—much happier."

"Much!" Waters said, in a tone of such meaning that Gilbert Harrington turned away his head. Presently he looked back.

"That is decision enough to come to for the present," he observed, coldly.

"And you are not vexed with me for asking it, Master Gilbert?"

"Vexed? Am I ever vexed with you, faithfulest of all old simpletons? Except because you will do a great deal more than you ought; feel more than you ought! Haven't you worn your life out in my service—almost the only creature who has kept me from loathing my kind! There—there; what ails us both to behave like two idiots—wasting what little strength we have in useless emotion."

"It was my fault—my fault," said Waters, contritely.

"The fault of your silly heart, you mean, that won't grow ossified as a properly conducted heart would have done forty years ago," retorted his master, with a cynical little laugh.

"I suppose so; I always was a fool!" observed Waters, with an earnest simplicity that was at once amusing and pathetic. "Well, it's not likely I'll begin to change now; anyhow, I don't know that I want to."

"And I am very sure that I don't want you to," said Mr. Harrington.

"Thank you, Master Gilbert!" Waters exclaimed.

"Come!" cried his master. "We have done sentiment enough for once. It is as much out of place at our age as it would be for us to try to play leap-frog. Get along with you, and don't make me as great a simpleton as yourself."

"It is growing dark," said Waters; "I'll tell them to fetch the lights."

He went out and presently returned accompanied by a younger servant bearing two old-fashioned astral-lamps which shed a soft, subdued radiance through the room.

After the footman had retired, Waters stood for a few instants waiting to see if his master would speak, but Mr. Harrington's head had sunk upon his breast, and he appeared unaware of the old man's presence; so Waters stole softly away, and left him to his meditations.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEIR MEETING.

PRESENTLY Gilbert Harrington roused himself from his dreary reverie, in which he was conscious always of his pain, as one is conscious of physical suffering when one has been lulled by narcotics. He took up a book and began to read; he would not yield to the inclination to sit idle and brooding, which, at his age, would so soon grow into a fixed habit too strong to break.

He had always been a great reader, and he had that peculiar cast of mind which makes the student—an ability to concentrate his mind upon his books, even in the midst of care or trouble; at least he had all his life possessed this solace. But he found now, after reading and re-reading a page, it had been done so mechanically that he retained only a vague impression of its meaning.

"This will not do—will not do!" he said, half aloud. "While I live I mean to be master—first of all, most of all, master of myself!"

Then he went on thinking audibly, with a sort of pity for that self, as if it had been another.

"Well, well, I must not be too hard on the old man—a little time—give him a little time! He is behaving very well; he is decrepid and ailing, but his mind has not gone yet."

Between his attempts to read and that effort to keep from aimless, profitless meditation, nearly an hour passed. There came a soft tap at the door, and in obedience to Mr. Harrington's summons, Waters entered, saying, in an agitated voice:

"They have come, sir! Oh, she is so like——"

"Show them in here," interrupted Mr. Harrington, not wishing to risk having his elaborately studied composure disturbed by any show of emotion on Waters's part, though he did not speak sharply, as another person in similar mood would have done—his voice was cold, not irritated.

"Mr. Reeves would like to speak to you first alone," said Waters.

"Then ask Mr. Reeves to come in."

That gentleman had evidently been standing within earshot, for, as Waters turned and went out, he appeared in the doorway.

"We have got here all safe, Gilbert," he said, trying to speak cheerfully as he advanced and took his cousin's hand. "And how are you?—tolerably well, I hope."

"I am just as I have been for nearly eighteen months," Mr. Harrington answered. "There is never any change nowadays in me."

Old Waters waited to catch the reply; then closed the door and passed down the corridor, muttering:

"Will of iron—will of iron! He'd like to have a heart as hard, but he can't—he can't!"

"I am glad to see you, Charles," Mr. Harrington continued, in the same slow, grave voice. "I don't try to express my gratitude for the great favor you have done me."

"There can be no talk of favors between you and me, Gilbert," returned Reeves, anxiously studying his face to see that Waters's hurried report in regard to his appearance had been correct, for during this absence Reeves had suffered constantly from a terrible dread that before his return the sudden and dreadful blow his cousin had suffered might produce some sinister effect; but apparently there was no change whatever.

"He looks the same, behaves the same," Waters had said, and he did.

"It struck me that, before you saw the young lady, I ought to give you a few details and explanations of what has happened," Reeves continued.

"You are always thoughtful, Charles. Only make them brief! She—Miss Jordan must not feel that I am dilatory in offering her a welcome! But it is well that I should understand from the first moment the whole ground—we can make no mistakes then."

Mr. Reeves gave, in a few concise sentences, such general outlines of Mabel's orphanage and life as he had learned from Samantha Dawson.

"Well, well," Mr. Harrington said, as he paused; "these matters will gradually come out as we make acquaintance. What arguments were necessary to bring her away?"

"None—she was eager to come! I arrived at some crisis in her life which must have been very terrible," Reeves replied.

"Connected with the person against whom I wished to protect her?" his cousin asked.

"Yes; she only desired to get away—anywhere! Samantha Dawson told me all I learned; the subject was not mentioned between Miss Jordan and myself. I know she had an interview with that person while I waited—the last she should ever have, she told the woman."

"So? And he?"

"I had no meeting with him; I found none would be necessary when Miss Dawson had told me the state of mind she was in."

"Better—better!" Mr. Harrington murmured.

Reeves finished his account, adding:

"I am sure she is suffering greatly, both mentally and bodily. She has scarcely spoken during the journey, except when one of us addressed her; but, even preoccupied and evidently unlike herself as she has been, there is a singular charm about manner and voice, independent of her extreme loveliness, which is inexpressibly attractive."

A few more questions and answers; then Mr. Harrington said:

"Now will you bring her to me, please."

Reeves went out of the library and passed along the principal corridor toward the drawing-rooms. Waters had ushered Mabel and her companion into an apartment at the front of the house. Double doors showed a suite of *salons* beyond, lights burning in two or three of them, and displaying a richness of furniture and decorations which would have delighted the most cultivated and artistic taste, and whose appearance struck Samantha Dawson dumb, causing her, for the moment, even to forget her anxiety in regard to her charge.

Mabel sank into the first chair which offered, and sat leaning back with closed eyes; now that the journey had ended and no further need of exertion remained, she felt utterly prostrated

When Waters came to ask Mr. Reeves to go to the library, and Samantha found herself alone with Mabel, she suddenly recovered her voice.

"Did a body ever see the like!" she exclaimed, in a subdued tone of solemnity, as if speaking in a church. "I feel as if I was asleep—only I couldn't dream anything so miraculous! I swan to goodness, if I don't think we've got into fairy-land, like the stories you used to be so took up with reading when you was little, Mabel," she added, suddenly developing a nearer approach to a poetical fancy than her very unimaginative nature had ever before reached.

She walked about on tiptoe, as if half afraid to move, touched the velvet coverings of the chairs, examined the ornaments on the mantel, keeping up a running fire of remarks the while, in that unearthly whisper which she usually reserved for a sick-chamber.

"Ef the very carpet ain't like a flower-bed! It seems a sin to step on it. Law me, Mabel! jest see them picters—ef they don't look as smooth as sating! Them tables are all marble, where they ain't gold—I've ben enough in Vermont to know marble, though I never see none like that. Why, there's a yaller one! and there's one all covered with birds! Wal, if this don't beat conjuring! And no end to the rooms! There's a lot ain't lighted—I should think not. Oil must cost something in this house."

She passed on to the folding-doors, and peeped into the second *salon;* then, with a little cry, started back to her friend's side.

"Mabel!" she gasped; "there's a woman standin' in there, half ondressed! Oh, dear me, what'll we do? I'm afeared we've got into some awful place, after all. But don't you feel sceered—Samantha Dawson's here! Ef that female belongs to the family, she'll either put her clothes on or keep out of these rooms when you're in 'em—and I hope she hears what I say, for then she'll know what to depend upon."

Mabel did not hear. Samantha grasped her shoulder, and panted :

"I tell you there's something wrong! I see her—a woman with no clothes, except a black thing that's falling off."

"Hush!" Mabel said, wearily, rousing herself with a great effort to listen and understand. "It is a statue. I have read to you of them—shown you photographs—you must remember."

"What a fool I be!" ejaculated Samantha, sufficiently restored to her senses to feel excessive mortification at her own blunder."

At this instant she heard a step in the corridor. She dropped into a chair, sat erect as a grenadier, holding her umbrella in one hand and her traveling-bag in the other, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the toes of her boots, which stuck straight up in the air; and Samantha's face was as void of admiration or wonder as a red Indian's could have been.

"Miss Dawson may be green," she muttered, "but she ain't meadow grass yet, and none of these folks shall find out that I hain't lived among statoos and gold fixin's ever since I could creep!"

Waters appeared again with a tray, on which set a decanter and glasses.

"I made bold to bring you a glass of wine, Miss," he said to Mabel; "you look so tired. I am sure you need it."

"We're temperance folks, except it's sickness," said Samantha, rather loftily, before Mabel could speak, looking sternly at Waters, beset by an uneasy suspicion that he might have been in sight before she assumed her dignified attitude.

"I am sure the young lady needs it," Waters said, filling a couple of glasses, "and you too, Miss Dawson."

Waters accompanied the words by a bow which quite subdued Samantha.

"You're very polite. I thank you," said she, and added her persuasions to those of the old man; and between them they induced Mabel to swallow a glass of sherry.

Samantha even so far violated her principles as to taste the contents of her own glass, and said, condescendingly :

"Sherry wine like that won't hurt anybody"—adding, in her thoughts : "I'll let that old chap see I know what's what as well as another. But I never drunk nothin' like that, not even in Boston. It slips down your throat like melted butter."

When Mr. Reeves came back to conduct Mabel to the library, Waters said to Samantha :

"Perhaps while Miss Jordan is with master, you would like to see your rooms? They have taken the luggage up-stairs."

Had Samantha heard aright? was it possible that her ears had not deceived her?

"Master?" she repeated.

"Master Gilbert—I always call Mr. Harrington so. I have lived with him since he was a boy," observed Waters. "I'm an Englishman, you see."

"Oh," said Samantha; but the ejaculation spoke volumes. With a presence of mind upon which she felt she could never cease to congratulate herself, she settled her own status at once. She looked at Waters with a very grand air, and said : "Mabel—Miss Jordan—is a connection of mine."

"Oh, yes, Miss Dawson—I know," Waters said. "Mr. Reeves has told me."

Greatly relieved in her feelings, Samantha graciously consented to be conducted up-stairs, speaking no further word, for fear of committing herself, and so injuring the dignity of her position. But once alone in the rooms assigned to Mabel—a pretty suite, all the prettier that the chintz hangings and the furniture were antiquated in pattern—with a bedchamber for Samantha next to Mabel's, the spinster could no longer contain her bewildered delight.

In her efforts to look at all the marvels at the same time, she turned about so rapidly that had any person entered suddenly he might have supposed her performing some eccentric sort of dance—say of a devotional character, like the weird march peculiar to the religious exercises of the Shakers; and all the while she grasped her traveling-bag in one hand and with the other waved the umbrella in the air, as a magician does his wand.

It was fortunate that she found such absorbing occupation, otherwise before many moments it might have occurred that neither the owner of the house nor Mabel were sufficiently mindful of her claims to attention, concerning which Samantha had exalted ideas; but as it was, a long time might have elapsed without her susceptible dignity remembering to take offense.

"Ef this ain't fallin' on a body's feet, I'm a Dutchman!" thought Samantha, as for at least the sixth time she circled about from bedrooms to dressing-room and boudoir, and back again. "I feel as if I was lookin' into a colored eye-scope, or whatever the thing was Mabel bought for the children to shake!"—and it was no wonder she did, considering the way she dodged about. "That blessed dear! And I always did say it was better to be born lucky than rich. Ef all this don't make her forget that young scapegrace, I shall wonder. Wal, we're rid of him, anyway. Don't let him ever come across my tracks, I can tell him that!"

But before she could get further in her meditations, a loud, quick knock sounded on the door of the outer room. A woman looked in, crying in a frightened voice :

"Oh, ma'am, quick—come down—come down! She's fainted dead away, and they can't bring her to!"

Samantha's wits returned. She did not wait to ask a question—it was Mabel the woman meant—she knew that. Even while flying down the stairs at a perilous pace, she found time to reproach herself for having forgotten the fears which had beset her during the journey in regard to the poor girl's fate.

When Mr. Reeves led Mabel into the library, he said :

"I have brought you Miss Jordan, you see, Gilbert. We have had a fatiguing journey, and she is quite worn out."

Gilbert Harrington turned slowly in his chair—slowly raised his eyes, and held out his hand.

"I thank you, Charles," he said, in a low, cold voice, so passionless that one could not even call it stern. "Mabel Jordan, I thank you for coming. You will excuse an old, lame man's not rising. Come and shake hands with me, if you please."

Reeves led the pale, trembling girl forward, and himself placed Mabel's fingers in the invalid's palm.

"Thanks, again, Charles," Mr. Harrington said. "Will you go and tell them we shall be ready for dinner in a few moments? This young lady needs food and then bed. We won't stop to think about the nonsense of dressing."

As the door closed behind Charles Reeves, Mr. Harrington looked up searchingly into the white face bent toward him. His fingers had not closed over the hand laid in his. Mabel withdrew it now and leaned against a chair.

"Sit down," said Mr. Harrington; and she obeyed.

For a few seconds he continued his penetrating study of her countenance; she did not perceive it—was not even looking at him. She felt only an exquisite bodily pain and fatigue; her mind seemed incapable of any sensation whatever.

At length Mr. Harrington spoke again.

"A few words will put us at ease with one another as well as a torrent of talk would," he said; "and I hate explanations, I tell you plainly. Only a few days since, and by accident, I learned that you were living. Was my letter clear?"

"I understood—your letter was perfectly clear," she answered, and her voice sounded emotionless as his own.

"Good!" returned he. "Will you consent to one thing?"

"Whatever you may ask," she replied.

"It is that for the present we should confine our explanations to the matters absolutely necessary to have understood. Anything else, if there be anything that needs to be said, can wait—you consent?"

"Yes," she said; "it is better so."

It was a relief to think of escaping subjects which must be like pressing red hot irons on a wound; she could not realize much—but she did that.

"You are a sensible girl!" Mr. Harrington answered. "Now while you are deciding whether you will consider my house your home, you will be glad, I am sure, to feel yourself perfectly independent and that you are able to be of assistance to me."

"I shall be glad," she said, in the same chill, monotonous way.

He looked a little curiously at her, but her face was turned so that the light did not strike it, and he could not see how each instant it was growing more ashen and contracted.

"I will give you six hundred dollars a year to act as my reader and amanuensis," he went on. "I warn you it is no easy post, but I will try to be as patient as my nature will let me; you will try to bear with me."

"Yes," she said again.

"My housekeeper married a short time ago; I offer the vacant place to your connection, Miss Dawson. Salary, three hundred dollars."

"I accept for her and for myself," replied Mabel.

"Then that is all—except one thing," Mr. Harrington said, after a big pause. "The young man—Ralph Desborough——"

"No!" she interrupted, in a whisper fuller of anguish than the sharpest cry would have been. "I can't listen—I can't! I could not have come except that Mr. Reeves told me I should never see him here!"

"Never!" echoed Gilbert Harrington. "He is dead to me—no matter why! He is dead to you, I think—no matter why."

"Dead!" she whispered.

"So we have finished," pursued he. "We do not make a beginning—we go on as if we had lived our lives together for years. I think you will try to do your duty. I know I shall try to do mine."

"I will try," she answered.

Before Mr. Harrington could speak again, she slipped from her chair, and lay full length upon the floor. An instant of horrified stillness on his part, then he rang the bell on the table by his side—rang a peal so loud that old Waters obeyed its summons in great alarm.

When he entered the room, his master was stooping over the insensible girl, trying to lift her head upon his arm. Waters hurried forward and attempted to take Mabel and place her in a chair; but Mr. Harrington held her fast, saying:

"Is she dead?"

"No, sir—no; only a faint! I must lay her down and call for help."

"Wait!" Mr. Harrington whispered. He raised himself with difficulty, and sat down again. "Turn her face this way, Waters—I want to kiss her; I wanted to when she came in, but I would not."

Waters obeyed; Mr. Harrington pressed his lips to the icy forehead, and gazed pityingly down upon the beautiful countenance—an awe-inspiring beauty now, such as a corpse might wear.

"I think there is death in that face, Waters," he said, after a little. "I need not be afraid to love her! She will not have time to deceive me as all the others have done—she will not have time!"

CHAPTER XV.

AS SHE RECOVERED.

WHEN consciousness and memory returned to Mabel Jordan, she had lain six weeks upon her bed—had been away down so near the gates of death that, in her fever-visions, she used to see the faces of the loved ones gone before into the world beyond this, and hear voices call from across the portals of the grave, bidding her come to them, and leave all care and sorrow behind.

But the force and vitality of youth held the soul fast in the clay fetters from which it strove so wildly and so long to free itself. Reason returned—strength returned; in contradiction to the verdict of skilled physicians, in defiance of the ordinary rules which govern disease, she lived—why?

She asked herself this question. There was no answer save that God willed it, as He wills that so many other wretched lives shall grope on after all which renders life endurable is gone.

Sometimes, even in this world, there comes a response to such despairing inquiries as Mabel Jordan put—a cause is shown; sometimes the burdened soul must wait for a reply until it passes beyond these mists, up into the eternal sunshine which only casts reflections enough upon this earth to make the Cross on Calvary visible through the shadows of eighteen hundred years.

Samantha took her station by the sick girl's bed, and scarcely left it; she was never tired, never unequal to the emergencies of the moment, and would not hear of any hired nurse being summoned; seeming, indeed, actually superior to the ordinary human needs of sleep or rest.

From the first, Samantha conceived a great and wholesome dread of Mr. Harrington, although his solicitude about Mabel completely won her heart, and he became, in her opinion, "a pictur"—the highest praise which Miss Dawson could bestow upon mortal creature; and vague and comparatively unmeaning as the phrase appears, set down in black and white, it possessed a deep, mysterious significance when she uttered it, with an energy peculiarly her own.

No circumstance, however slight, ever escaped Gilbert Harrington's keen eyes. Even in the excitement and fright of those first moments when, on the evening of her arrival, Mabel sank down at his feet in that death-like swoon, Harrington did not fail to notice the presence of mind and common-sense behavior exhibited by Samantha, terrified as she was, and he conceived a corresponding respect for her, a respect which could not fail daily to increase during the long days and nights of anxiety which succeeded.

XUM

There was no one in the house, down to the lowest scullion, who could fail to understand the anxiety Gilbert Harrington felt—a step he took before the opening week of Mabel's illness came to a close was sufficient to make that clear. He had not been able to mount stairs since the slight paralytic attack he had suffered, though, as his private apartments had been on the ground floor for several years, this inability produced no change in his daily habits when he was able to get about again.

During the first two days of Mabel's illness he contented himself with hourly bulletins of her state, having his cousin for companion. Mr. Reeves had not been willing to leave the house until he could be certain that all the excitement Gilbert had undergone would not produce disastrous consequences. He knew, too, that his presence was a pleasure and comfort to Mr. Harrington, though the relatives were not in the habit of indulging in demonstrative speeches.

When they met on the morning after Mabel's seizure, Harrington said:

"Well, Charles, I suppose as usual you are in a great hurry, and want to fly off somewhere."

"Not I," returned Reeves. "It is too early to stop in town, and I am too lazy to think of a journey."

"Humph!" said Mr. Harrington. "That is a new state of mind for you."

"Oh, well, I'm not above having caprices——"

"I never said you were!"

"And a new state of mind makes a new sensation——"

"Now stop, else you'll be getting metaphysical or transcendental, and I really cannot stand it!"

"I thought it was I who had to endure such persecution from you now and then."

"That only shows how incapable you are of seeing things in a correct light!" retorted Harrington.

Then they both began to laugh, trying, as people will and ought, to put by their anxiety.

"At all events," added Gilbert, "you don't intend to spread your wings just yet—that's a bargain?"

"Of course it is," Mr. Reeves answered. "I shall stop with you for a while, unless you turn me out in a sudden access of disgust"

"I've three minds, just to punish your impertinence, to make you promise to stay until I am reduced to such desperate measures," said Gilbert Harrington.

"At all events, I'll halt for a season, and be glad to," replied Reeves. "I always like to have somebody near that I can contradict—it keeps my blood stirring; and you are such a positive fellow that I am seldom at a loss for an opportunity."

Not a word more was added on either side, but the two men understood each other. As they rose from the breakfast-table, Reeves said:

"By-the-way, if I mean to bore you and irritate myself by stopping, I must send a telegram to town. I want my man and a supply of fresh clothing. I've a horrible suspicion that the shirt I put on this morning is the last fresh one I possess."

"Send—send for as many changes of raiment as Joseph presented to his brethren combined," replied Harrington; "perhaps then you will be easy in your mind! You would be a dainty, dandyish, decorative, decorous bachelor, if you had been married sixteen times."

"A pity you omitted to fling the worst d. of all at my head," said Reeves.

"Go off and write your dispatch, and let me read my newspapers in peace," retorted Harrington.

"I'll come and read them to you; if I don't, you'll give me all the news before I have a chance to see the papers, and nothing exasperates me so much," said Reeves.

So Mr. Reeves remained, and, indifferent as he appeared, studied his cousin closely; and he and old Waters exchanged numerous confidences.

"He's determined to think he does not care much, just as long as he can," said Waters; "but if anything should happen to her, on top of all he has gone through, why—why——"

"The young lady will get well—don't be alarmed, old man," replied Reeves. "The doctor says it will be a slow affair, but he has no fears."

"I hope he's right," said Waters. "Yet—I'm a fool to say so—the best thing about this world must be the going out of it."

"Hum!" said Charles Reeves.

But before much time elapsed there came a sudden change in the sick girl, which startled the physician, and shook Gilbert Harrington out of any possibility of deception to himself or others in regard to his actual state of mind.

The fever abated without warning, and Mabel sank rapidly. For a time those who watched believed her dying. Nobody, not even Charles Reeves, could venture to keep the exact truth from Mr. Harrington. He had himself carried up-stairs in his chair; and, as evening came on, he said to Waters:

"I shall stop on this floor for the present. Have my old rooms made ready. I shall be near Mr. Reeves, and he will not be obliged to wear his legs out running up and down to bring me news."

But Reeves and Waters knew what the command implied as to his feelings, and the whole household comprehended that the sick lady—this newly arrived connection of the master's—was a person to be regarded with as much veneration as if a fairy princess had suddenly appeared.

Mabel Jordan recovered, and life went on in the old mansion as quietly and evenly as if neither jar nor break had troubled the course of events. The young girl slipped so easily into her place that it seemed almost strange to master and servants to recollect that there had been a time when she did not occupy it. Everybody had grown very tender and loving. After being for so many weeks the all-absorbing theme of thought and care, it was natural that she should remain the prominent and central figure of the household.

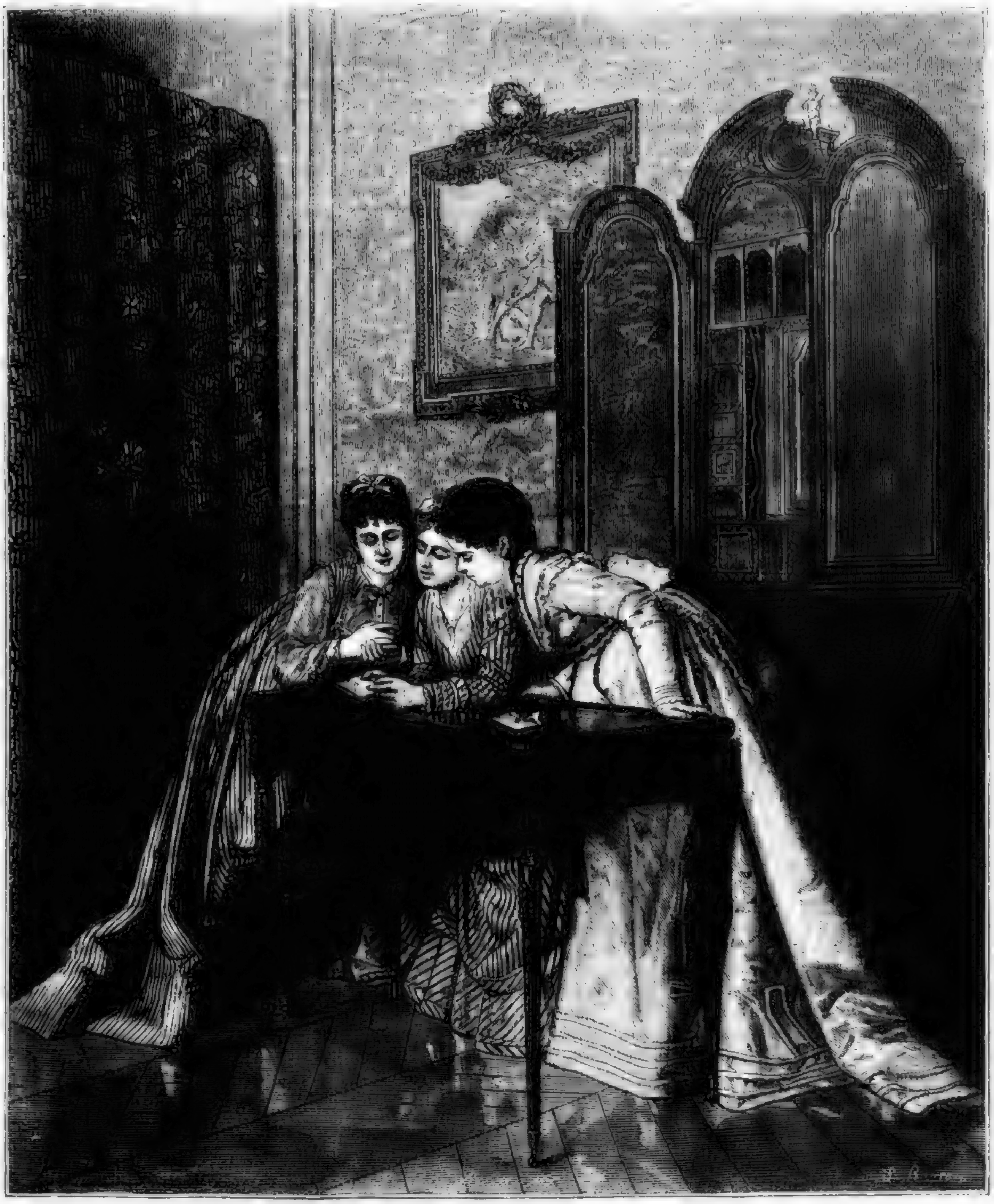
"It's like a new lease of life to Mr. Gilbert to have her with him," Waters used to say, over and over, to Charles Reeves. "What a mercy he found her just when he did! I don't see how he could have borne up if he had had to live here alone after what's happened."

"Fortunately for us poor mortals, some sort of help comes when the burden seems too heavy to carry," Mr. Reeves once answered. "Destiny does so much for us, at least—or Providence, I mean; though one generally speaks as if one were a heathen."

"It couldn't do less!" retorted Waters, rather savagely for the poor old man found it difficult to be satisfied with many matters which a higher power had arranged.

The November days had come before Mabel could get down-stairs—Indian Summer days, thoroughly to appreciate whose loveliness one must have been years away from our native land, and known the dreariness of that season in all lands save in our favored New World.

During her illness Charles Reeves had been almost constantly at the house; but as she grew stronger, able to leave her room, to keep Gilbert Harrington company, he made longer absences, in order to attend to the numerous business appeals which, although he considered himself to have retired from active participation therein, frequently and imperiously demanded his attention. His cares were increased from the fact that, since the death of Gilbert's agent, Reeves had taken the weight of his cousin's affairs upon his shoulders in addition to his own, and as they were both very wealthy men, the united charge was by no means a light one.



THE LOVE-LETTER.

So Mr. Harrington and Mabel drove out through the heavenly sunshine, or sat on the broad terrace during the soft, hazy days, read books, talked, argued (for, unlike most dictatorial people, Harrington could respect the opinions of others), and glided insensibly into close companionship—close and intimate, although in some ways the phrase might appear a misnomer.

Close, because the old man as well as the young girl talked freely of his views of life, ay, of this world and the next, as we foolish mortals will—must, for that matter; learned to understand each other's moods, and to comprehend each other's thoughts with half a word. Yet there were certain subjects never even approached. Desborough's name was never mentioned—not an allusion the most distant ever made thereto by either; or to the secret which hung over Mabel's birth; or her real connection with the old man who had so explicitly received her into his house as his amanuensis, and, from the hour her illness had begun, treated her as he might have done his own daughter.

To people who have not suffered deeply, it might seem strange to write this; but any human being who has borne a great grief—and, God knows, the creatures who have not are so few that my parenthesis is scarcely worth a place—will say at once that nothing could be more natural.

Positively, for the world, neither would have discovered how much the other knew concerning several tacitly forbidden topics. Harrington was not sure if the girl had ever heard her father's name; Mabel uncertain whether he was aware of her intimate acquaintance with Ralph Desborough, and, in her own turn, entirely ignorant of the reasons which had separated the adopted father and son.

But Mr. Harrington had a settled opinion in regard to her intimacy with Desborough—an opinion which, if such result had been possible, would have increased his condemnation and loathing of the young man; or, to speak correctly, that lost, degraded Ralph who had in his thoughts usurped the place of the boy he had so dearly loved.

Mr. Harrington believed that the unprincipled son of a dissolute parent had put the crowning sin to the crimes of his youth by betraying his vile nature to the girl who had given him her heart; trusting that her innocence, her ignorance of the world, would render her an easy prey to his designs.

Samantha Dawson had evolved this theory—it seems harsh to say out of her inner consciousness, yet that was the truth; nor will you wonder at her having done so, if you will recollect who, among the whole circle of your acquaintance, as a rule, frame the harshest judgments, announce the most dreadful opinions, and put the worst construction upon the actions of their neighbors.

Who? Why, innocent girls, and old maids whose lives have been irreproachable in act and deed. They are the sternest censors—they are the most suspicious watchers. Sinners who have tasted the sweet and bitter, who know how often life thrusts the innocent into the place of the guilty; who know what temptation is, what human nature is, are chary of condemning anybody. Perhaps this reserve (if you like to be ultra-virtuous) is from laxity of principle; perhaps (as I firmly believe) because experience has taught the lesson which the great Apostle called the highest lesson of all—Charity!

Samantha Dawson evolved this theory, founded on her original jealous dislike of Desborough, strengthened through the doubts and fears roused by Mabel's trouble on the day of their departure from their old home, and growing into positive conviction, based upon the girl's wandering talk during her illness. This conviction Samantha had, without meaning to do so, confided to Mr. Harrington, in talk scarcely less wild and broken than Mabel's delirious utterances, on one of those dreadful days when they sat alone together by the girl's bed, fearing that each hour might be the last of her life.

Grief—horror, at discovering the real character of the man she had believed noble and good, had broken her heart; she was dying from the effects of that discovery; dying of a broken heart, let the physicians give her malady as many learned names as they might.

Mabel did not die, but her recovery caused no change in Gilbert Harrington's belief—one cannot die easily, life had taught him that. We are always saying how hard it is to live; but it is harder to die—the physical frame will not wear out—suffering will not kill! That was what Gilbert Harrington thought, adding in his reflections: "Why, it won't even kill an old, disabled creature like me—how could it a being full of youth and vitality!"

But her heart might have broken in the struggle all the same—Gilbert Harrington knew that. The heart may break, and the poor wretch live on and on. Men take small note of broken hearts—God grant us faith! sometimes (I know how wicked it sounds, but I shall write it)—sometimes Heaven itself seems to take as little!

Well, put the doubts by! Doubts, whether of man or Heaven, never helped anybody's miseries, and the most blessed gift of all to pray for, is faith. Mind you, not only faith in Heaven, but your kind—and the latter, merely regarding the matter from a selfish point of view, is the most important! You may thrust the thought of Paradise aside as a mere fancy, but you cannot push humanity off so—you are a part of it; therefore learn to be lenient, even of its crimes, else you condemn yourself. God help you and me, my brother!

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE THE PORTRAIT.

MR. HARRINGTON and Mabel were seated in the library, one bright afternoon, when an unexpected visitor appeared in the person of Charles Reeves, who had not been at the house for some ten days.

"A clear example of the old proverb," Mr. Harrington said; "we were just speaking of you, Charles."

The cousins shook hands, and Mr. Reeves turned to greet Mabel. He found her looking so much better that he could scarcely express his gratification, and was conscious of a thrill of positive wonder at her loveliness.

"I need not ask after the health of either," he said; "I find you both greatly improved."

"Mabel has been down-stairs every day since you deserted us," Mr. Harrington said, "and has already discovered what a selfish tyrant I am, in making her read and write for me."

"I have only found the employment a pleasure so far," she answered.

They sat there for a while, conversing; Charles Reeves did his part well enough, giving scraps of news (clearly his duty as a fresh arrival from the great, busy city), but all the while conscious of a certain confusion in his usually orderly, rule-regulated faculties. He was asking himself, for the first time, why this beautiful girl's image had dwelt so persistently in his memory; whence came the odd thrill of delight the sight of her caused, and a suspicion which had not before disturbed him crossed his mind, though, for the moment, he tried to reject it, so out of keeping did it appear with his years and character.

Some trifling alteration that Mr. Harrington had been making in the library led to talk about the old mansion, and in answer to a question of Reeves's, Mabel said:

"I have not really seen the house yet; I have just peeped into the drawing-rooms, but either Samantha or Waters is sure to follow and insist that I am tiring myself—that I must sit down at once and have something to eat or drink—usually both! It seems to me I am always eating!"

"Take Mabel through the *salons* now, Charles," said Mr. Harrington; "they are always warmed and well aired. I never will have a lot of shut-up rooms in the house—the bare thought would make me feel as if I were living in a prison."

"Oh, I know that!" returned Reeves, with his grave smile; "the place always looks as if you were just on the eve of giving some grand entertainment—even to the flowers which Waters scatters about every day."

"You begin to discover what a cracked-brained old fellow I am, Mabel," said Mr. Harrington.

"I think it such a pretty idea to keep every room cheerful," Mabel answered; "it sounds like a story—and you know I like stories."

"So do I," said he, "though that sober, elderly Charles pretends to despise my novel-reading proclivities. All the same, he gets interested in the romances, even if he does profess to read them merely for my amusement."

"My evil-minded cousin wants to make you believe me a terribly dry stick, Miss Jordan! Don't listen to him—take my arm, and let us go on a tour of inspection," said Reeves. "I shall have my revenge, as well as the pleasure of being your cicerone—he will have to sit there alone while we are gone."

"Ah," said Mabel, with a faint approach to her old playfulness, "I don't believe in revenge, so I can't aid in your designs."

"It is just Waters's time to come and march me up and down in the sun," observed Mr. Harrington; "so go along, Mabel. You will find me on the terrace afterward, and you shall tell me what impression my Claudes make on you. Be sure you look at the Gainsborough portrait, too, Charles—I've an idea it resembles Mabel."

Waters appeared at the moment, punctual always as taxes or death, to remind Mr. Gilbert that it was the hour for his promenade. Reeves gave his arm to Mabel Jordan and led her through the corridor toward the great suite of drawing-rooms.

They were very beautiful apartments; containing, besides a large collection of choice curiosities and articles of *vertu* which Mr. Harrington had picked up in his numerous voyages to Europe, numerous valuable pictures by the most celebrated modern artists, and several gems of bygone masters, which he had been fortunate enough to secure from the sale of French and Italian galleries.

In these days, when so many admirable works are within everybody's reach upon all subjects connected with art or decoration, from the history of painting and sculpture down to that of precious stones, china and lace, it is possible for a person who has led as retired a life as Mabel's to come to the examination of such objects with a knowledge and appreciation which, in the era before ours, could only have been acquired by years of travel and patient personal research.

In his young days, Mabel's stepfather had wandered a good deal about the world. His love of art, of beauty in every shape, was one of the prominent features of his mind, and in his course of education for the girl had held an important place. It had always been easy for him, through the few friends with whom he kept up an intercourse after his marriage, to procure books and photographs; and as Mabel's bent was toward whatever appealed to the imagination, in all matters connected with art she became an apt student. She was as familiar therewith as if she had lived all her life in Italy—more so than many girls I can recall who have done so; notably one example which remains in my mind, of a famous belle I once knew, who quite prided herself on the fact that she had remained eighteen months in Florence without ever setting foot in the gallery of the Pitti!—a proof that she must have been a commonplace young simpleton, would be the verdict of a hasty critic; but it was not so—only a proof of the straits to which vain people are driven in our day to find something in the matter of originality whereby they can render themselves conspicuous.

So, thanks to the multiplicity of books, and her own mental organization, Mabel was able to appreciate and talk understandingly of all that she found "of rich and rare" in the rooms, from the Claude Lorraines down to the Satsuma ware. She caused Charles Reeves, who belonged to the generation that had been forced to acquire such knowledge by travel and through an experience which held many mortifying blunders, to regard her as a prodigy. He unreasonably set her cultivation down to her own credit whereas she deserved none whatever, unless it can be considered a merit to read and remember what other people have labored patiently for years to be able to write clearly and understandingly for humanity's benefit.

They stopped before the Gainsborough—of course the typical girl with the half-sad, half-laughing face, shadowed by the broad-brimmed hat and drooping feather.

"I must not forget to compare you," said Mr. Reeves, playfully, "else I shall receive severe vituperation from Gilbert."

The occasion was too favorable to study the beautiful face beside him for any man to neglect taking advantage of it; and though Mabel's color deepened under his gaze, it was evident from her manner and her jesting answer that she attached no importance to the survey. But in that instant Charles Reeves became conscious that he had been for weeks living in a dream—a dream which would have been befitting for a youth of four-and-twenty, but was misplaced and out of season in the heart of a man well on toward fifty.

The consciousness, and the stern reproval of his common sense, struck him simultaneously, and the mingled sweetness and pain—the charm of the vision, and the bitterness of his reflection—so disturbed his ordinarily emotion-proof self-possession that he realized he must be a picture of confusion which would have been graceful enough in the portrait of a boy, but became a caricature when showing through the wrinkles of seven-and-forty.

In his desire to escape from his own troubled bewilderment, he began to speak so hastily that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

"Yes, there is a resemblance," he said, turning toward the painting from sheer terror, lest Mabel should read all that he felt his eyes must be revealing. "She looks too sad, though—she has no business to look like that! One reads the whole story at a glance. Her lover has gone—they have quarreled—he will not come back."

As soon as the remark escaped his lips, he had the sensation which comes to any of us when we have been guilty of a breach of the tact which experience of the world teaches us to rank next to religious faith—whose commandments, too, even the best-trained occasionally transgress, as we do the decalogue. He felt as if he had been guilty of a positive crime. But it was too late to repent. The words were uttered, and each syllable stung him like the prick of a tiny poniard.

Then, through the fever-like rush of blood to his head, he heard Mabel's voice saying, slowly and quietly:

"He will not come back! Well, she will live to know that, for some inscrutable reason, it is best. She cannot think so yet; but she will live to learn it, if only she is patient."

He stole a furtive glance at her. She was regarding the portrait, unconscious of his scrutiny; a little pale, but with a smile of such heavenly resignation and faith upon her lips that he was ready to fall at her feet, and, while he craved pardon, tell the story of his own dreaming madness

—the story which his soul had just recognized as its own. Then he got his composure back—where he found it was afterward a marvel to him—but it came, as luckily it does to all of us now and then in some sudden emergency, else we should do madder things than the many mad ones which stand to our account, and are so often exhibited to us by Reason with a show of mocking pity!

"Here are two Pillemonts," he said, suddenly; "among the master's most charming efforts. This, you see, is the lading of the bark; further on hangs the companion bit—the unloading. They have an odd little history; they were lost for years. Once, when Gilbert was in Portugal, he discovered them in a bric-à-brac shop, black and dirty. He felt certain they were worth having. When he got them home and had them cleaned, he found Pillemont's name, and recognized them as the missing pictures whose loss had been so deeply regretted by connoisseurs."

They talked about the pictures until Reeves had time to appear his ordinary self again. They passed on through the rooms and entered a little boudoir at the end. The heavy, blue silk curtains had partially fallen over the bow window and wrapped the pretty nest in shadow. There was a quaint Florentine cabinet which Reeves wanted Mabel to look at, for it also had a history. It had been a gift from Lorenzo di Medici to a princess of the House of Parma, and in 1848 had been sold, along with certain other treasures, and purchased by Gilbert Harrington.

As Mr. Reeves drew back the draperies, the glowing afternoon light fell full upon a painting which hung just above the cabinet—the portrait of a young man whose beauty was heightened and rendered picturesque by the rich cavalier's dress he wore.

As Mr. Reeves turned toward Mabel, she was standing with her back to him, regarding the picture.

"That," said Mr. Reeves, "is the likeness of a man who used to be considered the handsomest young fellow of his day—dead, years ago! Well, charming, fascinating as he was, better dead than alive, both for his own sake and that of everybody connected with him! One of those creatures so full of splendid possibilities, yet whose life was so complete a failure through his weakness and faults, that one wonders why he was born."

"Who—who was he?" Mabel asked, without stirring.

"It is Danforth Harrington, my cousin's half-brother," returned Mr. Reeves, still so occupied with the portrait and the memories which the sight of it always called up, that he did not observe Mabel. "The dress was one he had worn at a fancy ball," continued Reeves; "it was a caprice of Gilbert's to have him painted in it—indeed, it suits the face wonderfully well, does it not?"

Mabel Jordan stepped slowly back—she glanced about as if searching for a seat. She had grown suddenly white, and Reeves saw that she was trembling from head to foot. He hastily drew an easy-chair forward, saying:

"Sit down—sit down! You have been doing too much—you are tired."

"A little," she answered, trying to smile.

She seated herself, and leaning back till her head rested on the cushions, her eyes closed for an instant, then opened, and again fastened upon the picture as if it possessed some unconquerable fascination for her.

"Are you faint?" Reeves asked, in alarm.

"Only tired," she replied, glancing toward him once more, trying to smile anew. "If you will let me rest for a little—just a little."

A quick suspicion—nay more, a certainty flashed across her companion. He stepped back a little, so that he could see both the girl's face and the portrait reflected in a mirror that hung opposite. Charles Reeves comprehended that Mabel was looking at her father's picture, and that she knew it!

It seemed wrong to stand there and watch her.

"I will go find you a glass of wine," he said; "I can do it without bringing Waters or Miss Dawson. Rest a while; nobody shall disturb you—only rest."

He went quickly away, wondering that, at first, the conviction in regard to her parentage had not dawned upon his mind. In truth, Mr. Harrington had never confided the history to him. Reeves had been in Europe at the time of Danforth's death, and the sorrowful revelations of that sick-bed remained a secret between Gilbert and his faithful servant.

When Reeves was dispatched in search of the girl whose name he had never before heard mentioned, he contented himself with thinking that she must have been in some way connected with the woman Gilbert had loved—with Ralph Desborough's mother. Since then he had scarcely given the matter a thought, having perceived that Gilbert had, in the beginning, told all he intended to do concerning her.

Now Reeves wondered at his own blindness in not having at once remarked the great resemblance between her and Danforth. He recollected that he had often been struck by a likeness to some one he had formerly known, and could not recall who the person was—had chanced to say so to Waters, and the old man had answered, dryly:

"That comes of wandering about all over the world. I suppose there are only so many kinds of faces, so of course now and then you must meet a person that reminds you of somebody you have met."

Mr. Reeves had been more struck by Waters's developing a theory than anything else, and had dismissed the subject from his mind.

Danforth's daughter—there could be no doubt of it! He understood now Gilbert's great tenderness toward her; an inherited affection for the child of the reckless brother whom he had so dearly loved.

The discovery which Charles Reeves had made would remain locked in his own breast; no hint would ever be given, even to Waters. It might be a mistaken fancy—though in his heart he knew it was not—but, in any case, silence was the only kindness he could show her or Gilbert, for if she were Danforth's daughter, she must also be the child of some wronged, forsaken woman—the handsome fellow's dissolute career was too well known to Mr. Reeves for him to doubt that.

He staid out of the room for some time; when at length he returned, bringing the wine, he entered softly, prepared to retreat again unobserved if the poor girl had not yet sufficiently recovered her composure to bear his presence.

Mabel Jordan was kneeling before the portrait, her eyes lifted, her lips moving slowly in prayer.

"Mother! mother!" he heard her murmur in appealing tones.

She was beseeching pardon—pardon for her father; Reeves comprehended that. Once more he stole away and left her alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

"HE—GUILTY!"

During Mabel's illness, Samantha Dawson found too constant and engrossing employment in the sick-room to give heed to any matters outside; but when Mabel could go down-stairs, and was at once taken possession of by Mr. Harrington, Samantha found herself in the position of Othello, however different the cause—her occupation was gone.

Occupation Samantha must have, and she entered upon her duties as housekeeper with as much energy as if she had come fresh from several weeks of repose, instead of long days and nights of incessant anxiety and watchfulness. She could not be said to step into her place; she took possession—not noisily, but with a grim determination which struck dismay to the boldest who fell within her sway.

Samantha rushed into work as eagerly as people aver that a war-horse does into battle, and harassed the souls of maids and men, accustomed to a more indolent *régime*, until they wished her dead, or, better still, that she had never been born. But, autocratic as she was, Samantha had too much wisdom to interfere with Waters's province; so he supported her in the numerous reforms which she instituted, thereby drawing on his venerable head a share of the vituperation which the domestics so liberally bestowed upon the uncompromising Miss Dawson.

Any one acquainted with her peculiarities might have expected that the comparative separation from Mabel which their new mode of life involved would have roused jealous wrath and pain in the spinster's breast; but Samantha was too clear-headed not to submit to the inevitable.

"If Mr. Harrington pays for her time, he has a right to it," was the way she put the matter in her own thoughts; and her great pride in the young girl was gratified, also, by seeing her transferred to surroundings so different from those in the old home.

Samantha reveled in the store-room and linen-closet; held orgies of cleaning and re-cleaning in the numerous suites of unused chambers; and had her meals in solitary state in the housekeeper's parlor, waited on by the little maid appropriated to her special service. In her heart, the old maid would have preferred to snatch her repasts surreptitiously, in secret corners; but the necessity for preserving her dignity rendered such indulgence out of the question, and she refrained from laments over so trifling a shadow upon the sunshine of her contentment.

Mabel was careful to make her feel that no change existed in their relations, where affection was concerned; never failed to pay her a visit during the hour in the afternoon when Mr. Harrington lay down to rest; and kept up her invalid habit of being waited on night and morning, merely because she knew it afforded Samantha pleasure.

If chance or necessity brought her into Mr. Harrington's presence, the old maid found herself treated with a dignified courtesy which at once gratified her vanity and fluttered her sorely, though the tortures of the rack would not have induced her to admit, even in the privacy of her own reflections, that she could stand in awe of any human being.

She and Waters warmed friends. She made the acquaintance of a few ancient spinsters down in the village; became a member of the dissenting chapel; and, altogether, felt that she had reached a position where fate itself could have little higher good to offer.

Early in the Winter she undertook a journey to Hillside to attend to the letting of the house, and enjoyed immensely her few days' sojourn among her former neighbors; displaying a photograph of her present home, expatiating upon its grandeurs; wearing with awful majesty the silk gowns which had been a present from Mr. Harrington when he learned of her proposed visit; and triumphant in the possession of a gold watch and chain such as the village could not boast—a gift from Charles Reeves on her birthday.

The Winter passed very quietly in that great house. Mr. Harrington had for some years lived a retired life—a retirement which had increased since his illness; still, now and then a friend came up from town for a brief sojourn, and among the families in the neighborhood there were a few with whom he kept up an interchange of civilities; and never more than a week elapsed without a visit from Charles Reeves.

But the daily and hourly dependence upon each other for society was probably the greatest possible blessing, considering the state of mind both were in, which could have befallen Mabel and her host. In spite of his suspicious, almost misanthropic, habit of thought, in spite of the sternness and hardness which the experiences of life had brought to Gilbert Harrington, some object to care for, to be interested in, was a positive necessity. He did not recognize the fact, but it existed. This he found in Mabel; and besides the circumstances of her birth, which he believed a secret now known only to himself and Waters—circumstances which would, of themselves, have given the girl paramount importance in his eyes—this new infusion of a feminine element into his bachelor home was a more constantly active pleasure than he had received in a long, long period of time. Her beauty, her grace, her conversation, her mental gifts, so assiduously cultivated under the guidance of her stepfather—all combined to render her society an incessant satisfaction.

Then, too, in spite of all the wrong Danforth Harrington had wrought in the course of his brief, ill-spent existence, Gilbert had never been able to condemn him as he had done other culprits, including the woman who had deceived him. He had lived to forgive Miriam; but in the case of Danforth he had never for an instant ceased loving him too fondly for any feeling that there was a necessity for forgiveness. His trampled boyish heart had fastened upon Danforth an infant, and no after events could ever forfeit him his place.

Always, dearly as he loved Ralph Desborough, the recollection of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of both the father and mother of the boy had been always present; he had constantly reminded himself thereof. His reason kept warning his heart that he was an idiot to place his affections upon the son of two such unprincipled people. But Mabel—Mabel took the place of Danforth. Then, too, Mabel had suffered as deeply as himself, and Norman Desborough's son had been the cause. He could neither reason nor fear where she was concerned. Danforth's daughter went straight into the recesses of his bruised, sore heart, and held Danforth's place; the memory of her dead father, the while, adding to her claim.

As for Mabel herself, the ever-increasing necessity, with her restoration to health, of devoting herself to Gilbert Harrington, was a positive blessing. She had to read to him, write his letters, talk to him, soothe him in hours of pain. He positively filled up so many of her waking hours that she had no time to dwell upon her sorrow. It lay there always, under a dreary ache, but it found no opportunity to rouse itself into active life, and become the tyrant it must have done had any occupation less absorbing engrossed her.

Gilbert Harrington's state of health, his loneliness, all made from the first a powerful appeal upon her womanly sympathies, and, besides that, she even learned to love him very dearly.

Suffer? Ah, yes! I could fill pages with the details of that which each suffered—but of what avail? I would rather show you how both were able to find means of combating and controlling their anguish, so that it did not render their lives useless—therefore a mere wreck. Only when a human being is utterly useless can his life become a wreck, and but one cause can bring that consummation about—intense egotism and introspection, which concentrates every thought and feeling upon self, until the sufferer has no leisure for another's comfort or good in the narrow round of his wishes or reflections.

So the Winter passed—Mabel had been six months in her new home. Then accident—or what we call such, regardless of the fact that, since there is a God, Chance cannot exist—made known to the girl the real cause which had compelled Mr. Harrington to banish the youth he had loved from his home.

Charles Reeves was spending a few days at the house, according to his frequent habit, and, while there, George Nesbitt came up to consult him concerning a matter connected with some charity in which they were both interested.

Mabel was lying on a sofa in a *salon* next the ordinary reception-room. She had gone in there, tired by a long walk, and lain down; was dozing, she discovered, when the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment roused her—those of Nesbitt and Mr. Reeves.

"Nonsense!" Charles Reeves was saying.

"Not nonsense—the truth! Don't try to spare my feelings," returned Nesbitt's slow, elaborately mellifluous accents. "It is good discipline for a man to have his feelings hurt now and them—it keeps one from growing conceited! No, no; I tell you, down in his heart Gilbert Harrington cannot forgive me because it was my misfortune to discover that that wretched boy, Ralph Desborough, was a forger; or, as bad, had altered the checks he paid my clerk."

"I think you are mistaken about Gilbert's feelings. He scarcely sees any one this Spring," Reeves replied.

The two men passed out of hearing. Mabel lay, fairly stunned. She understood everything now! Even Ralph's words during their parting interview took a new meaning. He believed that Mr. Reeves had told her the story of his disgrace—believed, too, that she gave it credence; every incoherent speech that she had uttered must have confirmed this idea!

The result of a long hour's meditation was a resolve to keep her own counsel; not to any human being would she give a hint of the dreadful knowledge which had been thrust upon her.

"I wondered why my life was spared," she thought; "I see now! My very coming here may have been God's plan for the fulfillment of my work! I will devote my life thereto. With His help, I will yet aid Ralph Desborough! He—guilty of such a crime? No; if an angel from Heaven brought me the proof, I would not believe it!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REVELATION.

A YEAR went by; its close found Ralph Desborough in a bustling, populous town in one of the Southwestern States.

During a Summer trip among the mountains of that region, he formed the acquaintance of a wealthy resident of the place, who had a desire to possess a likeness of himself and the portraits of the various members of his family. He took a great fancy to Desborough, and made him an offer which was not be rejected, for Ralph was a man of sense—not a weak, visionary enthusiast, unable to turn his talents to use from lack of the practical element so necessary in human character.

It might be less poetical to paint the likenesses of four snub-nosed girls and two squint-eyed boys than to make sketches and dream over some wonderful picture which was some time to be accomplished and take the world by storm; but he had the discernment to perceive that the man who wants to find happiness in the indulgence of his imagination, must first secure money enough to rise above the constant, wearing troubles which a lack of it brings.

Where the noses were concerned, it was, after all, just as good practice to depict a snub as a Grecian, and there might be a certain interest in trying to render eyes which squinted presentable on canvas, yet produce a resemblance which should strike the most casual observer. To describe what he suffered would require more space than I can give, but it is not difficult to imagine.

Pride supported him to a certain extent—the knowledge that he was enduring as deep and undeserved wrong as ever befell man; yet naturally this very consciousness inclined him to indulge suspicious, misanthropic reflections toward his kind. He had been believed guilty by the benefactor and guardian from whom he had a right to expect confidence; worse, the woman to whom he had given his heart, had proved herself utterly unworthy of his affection. She had, without question, accepted the verdict of a stranger against him; believed her lover a criminal, and shrunk away from his side without so much as waiting to hear if he had any plea to offer in his defense—and, crowning sin, allowed herself to become an instrument of vengeance in the hands of the stern old man who chose such terrible modes of retribution against the supposed culprit.

The twelvemonth passed—a year, to the very day, since he had received Gilbert Harrington's sentence—since Mabel Jordan had deserted him at the first rumor of the thunderbolt which had so unexpectedly fallen into the Summer sky of his existence, to scathe and blacken the brightness of youth beneath its remorseless stroke.

It was growing too dark to work, but he still remained seated in his studio. He had scarcely left his easel since early morning, until the gathering shadows rendered further work impossible; and between physical weariness and the memories which this anniversary had roused—the bitter pain, the fiery wrath—he was completely worn out.

Somebody knocked at the door. Desborough paid no attention. The human being did not exist whose presence would be less than torture just then.

But the rap was repeated, and a boyish voice called:

"It's only me, sir. I've got a letter for you. I told father I thought I had better bring it up."

"Only me," (perhaps, in deference to my critics, I ought to state that the grammar is that of the boy and common sense, not mine) was the janitor's lame son. In obedience to Ralph's response, he came limping into the room.

"I would not have been so long about answering, if I had known it was you, Peterkin," he said, rousing himself to speak kindly to the little cripple.

"I knew you had not gone out. I meant to make you hear," the lame boy replied, trying to laugh, though his merriment was a good deal hindered by the loss of the breath expended in mounting the long, steep flights of stairs.

"My persistent Peterkin!" said Ralph, laughing too, feeling at the same time a kind of self-reproach that it was so difficult, when this patient sufferer—bodily and mental ills both, since he had the misfortune to be considered a useless incumbrance by his father's busy, avaricious second wife—could manage always to appear cheerful, without any apparent effort. "Sit down and rest yourself."

"Here is the letter," said Peter, laying it on the table beside Desborough, then seating himself in a chair near.

"It could have waited till I came down," said Ralph. "I never have any letters important enough to make you climb up to my eyrie." Then, with his usual thoughtfulness for others, he added, lest the boy's feelings might be hurt: "On purpose to bring them, I mean—you know you are always a welcome visitor. I don't know anybody else to whom I could make such a sweeping assertion."

"You're as good as a fairy prince," cried Peter, regarding

ing him with admiring eyes; "but then, you are like one in every way."

"Except the riches! And you are a little romantic goose, Peterkin," returned Ralph. "But, whatever else you may fancy, don't go fancying that I can receive any letters worth having."

"Oh, yes, sir—this time you have!" cried Peter, eagerly. "Look—it's marked 'Immediate.'"

"Is it, indeed?" returned Ralph, busying himself with a refractory cigar which declined being lighted on any terms. "Then all the more reason for making it wait. People or letters that are in a great hurry to find you have generally something unpleasant to say."

"But not always," urged Peter. "In that novel of Mrs. Oliphant's you lent me, it was a letter brought the hero news of his fortune."

"You small novel-devourer!" returned Ralph, somewhat ashamed of his misanthropic speech. "Look on the book-shelf, and you will find some volumes I bought for you yesterday."

Peter uttered a little cry of delight when he perceived what the present was—a pretty edition of sundry of the poets whom the boy especially affectioned.

"I can't thank you, Mr. Desborough—it's of no use to try—I can't!" he exclaimed, turning his eloquent face, with its smiling lips and tearful eyes, toward the giver of this happiness.

"So much the better," returned Ralph. "I can't thank you, either, for all the pains you take in a dozen ways on my account, every day. So we are both in the same box now, and need not give any more thought to the matter."

The boy shook his head, incredulous of Ralph's putting their mutual efforts on an equal footing.

"I don't know why you are so good to me," he said, softly.

"And I don't know why you are so good to me," replied Ralph. "I suppose it is because we like each other—isn't that reason enough?"

"I think you couldn't be anything but kind," the boy said, regarding his friend with admiring eyes.

"Do you indeed, Peterkin! Well, I shan't undeceive you," Ralph answered, laughing, still with a certain feeling of self-condemnation.

For he knew that when angered or wronged he was capable, in moments of passion, of acts of positive ungenerosity, as so many hot-tempered, generous people are; though, somehow, he shrank from admitting it to this patient-faced boy, who possessed such unlimited faith in his superiority in every particular to ordinary human nature.

Peter remembered him of his stepmother's commands to hurry back and hold the baby; so he gathered up his precious volumes, and prepared to depart.

"Are you off?" Ralph asked. "That reminds me I must go too, if I expect to get any dinner. Good-by, my boy, for the present."

"Good-by," responded Peter; but when he reached the door he looked back to say:

"Oh, don't forget the letter, Mr. Desborough! It's written in ever so big letters—*im*-mediate!"

"Nothing more than a note from those picture-dealing people. I shall put no work into their hands—they've not behaved well," Ralph said to himself, as the door closed behind his small visitor.

He lighted the gas, put his brushes in water, changed his working-blouse for a less picturesque, orthodox coat, and would not so much as glance toward the letter until he had done everything necessary, and a good many things perfectly unnecessary, preparatory to going out.

Imaginative people, or nervous people, are given to presentiments, but I notice that nine times out of ten they are wasted—no fulfillment comes; whereas, on the eve of some really important event, either Fate sends no warning, else they remain stone-deaf and blind, in spite of their delicate organizations!

So Ralph, quite certain that the letter contained only information which would interest him but moderately, put off its perusal as long as he could find anything else to do. At last he took up the missive, muttering impatiently:

"Letters were an invention of the——"

But the sentence remained unfinished. The writing was that of Charles Reeves, but the signature was Gilbert Harrington's.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Cologne *Gazette*, in the first of a series of articles on the French army in 1877, remarks that one of the most striking changes which has taken place in that force of late years is in the amount of work which is required of, and for the most part cheerfully performed by, officers and men of all ranks. In confirmation of this statement, the writer quotes the daily routine of a company of artillery. The instruction of the men begins at six o'clock in the morning, and the first hour is devoted to teaching the soldiers how to clean, mend, and keep in repair and proper order their arms, clothing and equipment. From 7 A.M. to 9 A.M. follow riding, vaulting and gymnastics. During the next two hours, from 9 A.M. to 11 A.M., the men are either exercised on foot or are drilled in larger bodies. From 11 A.M. until 2 P.M. the men dine and rest, and groom their horses. From 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. the company is exercised in the field, or marches out into the country. From 5 P.M. to 7 P.M. the men again rest and eat their supper. This latter is followed by an hour's theoretical instruction, from 7 P.M. to 8 P.M.; and at 9 P.M. tattoo is beaten, and the barracks are closed. With very few exceptions, all officers and non-commissioned officers have to be present and take part in all the exercises and instruction.

The results of the increased amount of work thus performed are, the German writer continues, already very apparent. The infantry march in a steadier and more orderly manner than of old, and manœuvre with incomparably greater rapidity and ease. In the cavalry the progress made of late years is equally marked, and the manner in which some of the regiments, especially of heavy cavalry, which the writer has watched at drill, go through their exercises, leaves, he states, nothing to be wished; the movements being executed with a quickness and regularity as great as can be seen on any German drill-ground.

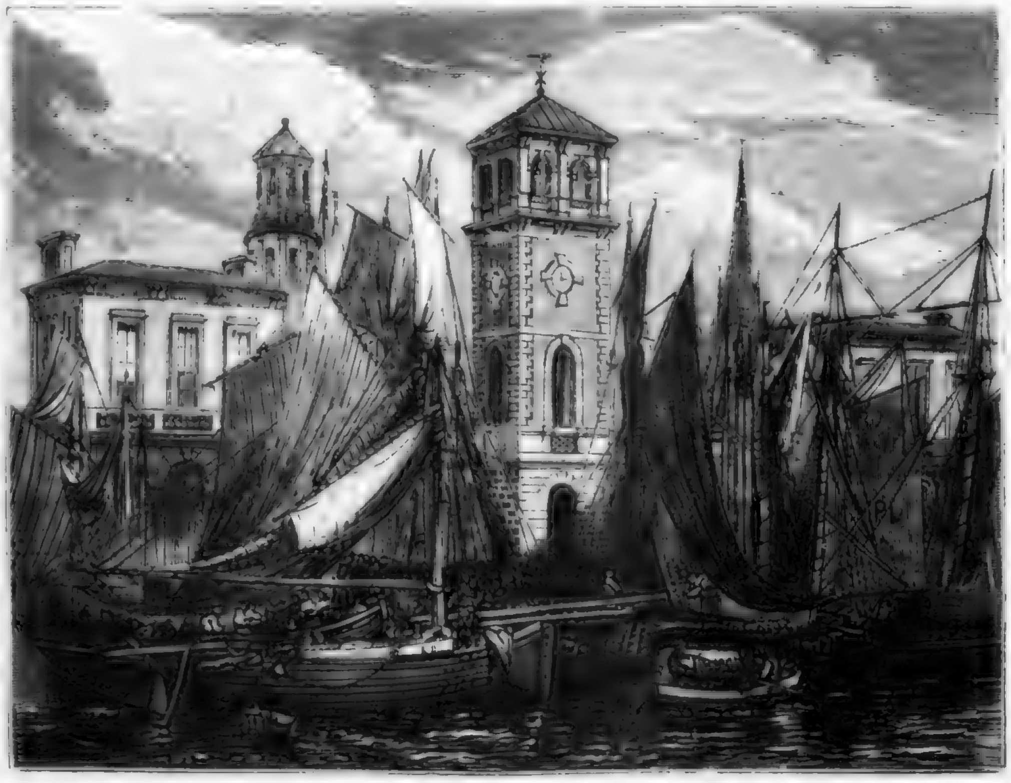
Both men and horses are, the writer adds, better fed than in the German army, each horse receiving in the light cavalry regiments two pounds and in the cuirassiers and artillery four pounds more forage than in the corresponding arms in the German service; while the French soldier is given a far more substantial ration of meat than the German. He receives, also, half a litre of sound country wine daily, and a sufficient amount of well-baked wheaten bread; every man getting two good hot meals a day, of each of which a thick, palatable soup forms the principal part.

You are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right; if you shrink from maintaining that which you know to be good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and are afraid to own it.

THE SEA FISHERIES OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

Billingsgate Market has long had an unenviable reputation, but in reality, at least at present, it is orderly enough as to speech, and very picturesque as to appearance. No one would wish a market to be a place of silence and meditation; but, beyond being noisy and busy, it has not the traditional character in a degree so marked as to distinguish it from other markets and places of concourse where the people, in their primitive roughness, abound. You will hear more bad language in the New York by-ways than in this famous market. For such a place, it is also remarkably clean, and there is still great beauty of coloring in the many varieties of fish, not to speak of the bunches of green grass and herbs interspersed among the fish, as is the London custom. The blocks of ice, too, standing on the marble counter, look inviting; and, altogether, a well-appointed fish-stall is quite as artistically attractive as a fruit-stall.



BILLINGSGATE MARKET, LONDON.

The picturesqueness of this place has its roots in another rougher, more stirring, kind of beauty—that of the fishing-banks of the North Sea, and of the busy Yarmouth traffic. The market is largely supplied by the fish steamers of Messrs. Hewett and Co., and the description given by an artist who obtained a passage on board one of these is full of a new interest. , One is apt to think so little of all that goes to make up the simplest dinner, one is so used to having things prosaically brought to one's door in a common cart, that these circumstances, dating back as they do for centuries into the times of the powerful twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries' companies, seem to most of us new and strange.

The steamers ply daily between the fishing fleet and the London docks, supplying the market, and each taking, on an average, a week for the trip out and back. About 200 vessels are stationed off the coast of Ameland, mostly Yarmouth vessels, commanded by an "admiral," whose signals for lowering and raising the nets, the direction to be taken in trawling, etc., are strictly absolute. A man goes aloft into the rigging and raises a flaming torch in the darkness, and in a moment a whole regiment of nets is lowered. The effect, as an artist would say, is impressive.

The steamer, on arriving, runs up a flag as a signal for the boats to come and fetch the "empties," (boxes and creels for packing the fish), and at once the sea is covered by small, stout boats full of rough men, intent on securing boxes, all marked with Hewett's name. Not seldom a fight occurs at this point, and the captain and mate have hard work to keep order. A more welcome sight is the crush in the cook's galley for letters and papers from home. The men are generally out for six or eight weeks at a time, and, besides the longing for home news, many little necessities, such as a quid of tobacco or a morsel of coal, get scarce among them, and the coming of the steamer is looked forward to as a Providence.

The crowd clears off at last, and a sudden breeze springs up; the "admiral's" smack sends off a rocket to mark the direction, and the long line of lights disappears in the distance. Next morning the steamer follows, and now begins the exciting work of stowing the fish caught during the night. The boxes are brought on board ready packed, seventy haddocks and sixty pairs of soles going to the box; and a haul of turbot, soles, plaice, haddock and skate which fills over a thousand boxes is not an unusual one. The hold is crammed full with layers of ice and boxes alternately; the crew of one smack being engaged to help the steamer's crew in quickly stowing the cargo away. The steamers are calculated to stow 3,900 boxes.

The smacks are strong, small vessels, looking, at a distance, like yachts or pilot-boats, with numbers plainly painted on their sails; but to a seaman they are, no doubt, a perfectly distinct family of craft. Yarmouth has lately built a home for the smack-boys—a good institution, and a pretty building in the lately revived style of Gothic "domestic" architecture.

Whitby, Redcar and Hartlepool, on the north Yorkshire coast, were once great fishing centres; but the two former have become fashionable bathing resorts, and the latter has benefited by the progress involved in railways and mines, and, like the old hide-trade of California, the fishing commerce has disappeared before a more lucrative and varied business.

But in England there is always the old relic beside the new patent, and not far from transformed Whitby is the quaint, desolate, unknown Staithes. It lives still by the same industry which supported it before Columbus had planned his Atlantic voyage. It has no new appliances, if we except the life-boat, whose crew is noted for its bravery. Its houses topple over each other; its streets are staircases cut or worn in the cliff; its main street is a mazy, rough path; and its two guardians—jutting points of rock, called Penny Nab and Colburn Nab, shut it out from everything but a wide, beautiful, desolate sea-view.

Passing above the cliff, scarcely a smoke wreath tells you of the sea-bird's nest below you; passing along the coast, you might catch sight of its tiers of unsteady-looking houses. By the shore are the fishermen's *cobles*, lying keel upward, the *trunks* for crab-catching, and a whole pavement of mussel-shells, their contents having once served for bait. There is an old-fashioned, low-browed inn, thatched roofs, that most picturesque of house-covering; a stream of hearty, healthy women fetching water from the well, and bearing it away Oriental-wise, in a *skeel* set on the head, which is the recognized burden bearer, for other women pass with baskets or bundles on their heads; and one girl trips past with a shelf piled with dough. When not thus used, the head is generally covered, not with the ugly bonnet, but the modest, old-fashioned hood. The men wear the blue Guernsey smock, rough pilot trousers, and oiled sou'wester. A few, as roughly but differently dressed, show their connection with the neighboring iron mine—the thin end of the wedge that will in time turn the picturesqueness of Staithes into a tradition of the past.

Beard and moustaches have scarcely yet penetrated to this remote place, and collars seem unknown, the neck being swathed in a checked kerchief. The baskets of fish lie piled high in the street, waiting for the long, light carts which, every-day, carry them to the nearest railroad-stations, Grosmont and Saltburn, whence they find their way to the great markets.

Staithes has 1,300 inhabitants, one-tenth of which are fishermen. As the market value of the fish is £15,000 a year, so, although primitive, it is far from poor; most of the men owning their share of the *coble*, and laying by money for a future share in a ship or a steamer.

THE FISHERMAN'S EVENING AT SEA.

Queer old customs are still kept up here: the Feast—a yearly time of merry-making, when the villagers literally keep open house for all comers; the bridal-cup, offered to a wedding-procession by everyone of the neighbors whose house it passes—and sadly abused, of course, by most; the long funeral processions; the cries of the "female bellman," etc. But already the unfinished viaduct crosses the ravine above the village, and the young men are working in the mines for a change, and Staithes is in danger of losing its antiquarian and artistic interest.

A contrast to the English, is the Dutch herring-fishery; as old an institution, and formerly as much trammeled by legal restrictions. It still exists in much the same proportion as the Yarmouth fishery, its fleet being generally from 200 to 250 vessels; but how fallen is it from its record of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when it employed no less than 2,000 boats. It began in 1164, but the invention of pickling and curing herrings not till 1397, when George Beükelson, of Biervliet, near Slüys, made himself ever memorable by it. Two hundred years after, Charles V. ate pickled herring on the inventor's tomb, to the memory of the man who had enriched his native land with a new industry.

The fish-trade, especially of salt fish, was much greater before the Reformation, when Lent, vigils, and the special fast days of the monastic Orders made fish as necessary as meat; and indeed, in Elizabeth's time, a curious Act of Parliament had to be passed, enjoining, for the benefit of the fish-trade, the exclusive use of fish on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with a proviso that this was not for a "superstitious purpose," such as fasts had been! Moreover, licenses were sold for the eating of fowl and mutton on those days.

Vlaardingen, on the Meuse, was and is the headquarters of the Dutch fishery, and thence still sails the fleet of *soggers* and *hookers* after their owners and officers, having publicly repaired one day to the *Stadthuis* to take an oath to respect the laws of the fishery, and on another to the Church, to pray for a prosperous voyage. This takes place sometimes late in May, sometimes in the middle of June; the medieval regulations setting the day of sailing as late as the 24th of June; but no doubt the date has changed with the climate. At that time, five minutes past midnight was the appointed hour for the start; and not only did the Government settle the kind of salt to be used in curing the different sorts of herrings, but it regulated the size of the barrels, the number and thickness of the staves, the gutting and packing of the fish, the boarding of the barrels, etc.—all which was, of course, injurious as well as vexatious to the trade. Yet it flourished, and Holland grew rich.

The *soggers* of to-day are two-masted, schooner-rigged boats of eighty tons, with a crew of fifteen men. Their value, 25,000 guilders, may be translated as $10,000. Five fast-sailing yachts, called *yägers* or *yagts* (pronounced yachts), accompany the fleet, to carry home the produce of the fishing, which is done alternately on given days. Watchmen in Vlaardingen steeples give notice of the approach of the precious cargo, which is sold at auction. The great fish dealers buy up the barrels, re-pickle the fish according to their private brands, and sell them in small barrels of six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four fish. Prices vary during the season; the large barrels bought at wholesale this year, realizing close upon $200 each, while the retail price for a dozen herrings varied from twelve to three guilders, or from six to two dollars. The season is short, and ends in September. The fishmonger's sign for a new arrival of herrings is a sort of basket decorated with evergreens, ears of wheat, and bits of silk and tinsel.

The high price of the fish is rather a matter of wonder to outsiders, but the native epicure finds them worth the money. They are said to have the exact saltness of oyster-water, and to get therefrom a very delicate flavor. The usual way of serving them is on a dish, with a flower of some kind stuck in each gill. They are first skinned, cleaned out, and cut in slices; after which they are put together again in shape on the dish. They have never been introduced into the English market, and no doubt our British fisherman, wedded to his own ways, would think them much below the Loch Fyne herring, the Yarmouth ground-herring, the bloater, the red herring, the potted and tinned ones, besides others of the same family.

It is said that a new industry is open to the fishermen of the Irish coast, if they would follow the example of the thrifty and persevering Dutch; but, while fisheries on a large scale do not yet exist there, there is a good deal of work done, of which an interesting account is given in Stewart French's book on "Irish Life." "The effects of the herring fishery are thus described by an author of the thirteenth century: The Danes, says he, who were formerly clad in the poor garb of sailors, are now clothed in scarlet and purple and fine linen. For they abound with wealth flowing from their annual fishery on the coast of Schonen so that all nations resort to them, bringing their gold, silver and precious commodities, that they may purchase herrings, which the Divine bounty bestows upon them."

The author quoted in this paragraph of the "Proofs and Illustrations" of Robertson's History of Charles V., is Arnoldus Lubecensis ap. Cowing de urbib. German.

All over the world the fish trade is a picturesque one, and the work as hard as it is picturesque. The red-capped fishermen of Naples are physically one of the finest classes there, and the fish of the Mediterranean are still as much the fashion as they were in classical times; England consuming not a little at her public banquets, and even at many private ones, where rarity, costliness and distance would be recommendation enough for much less inviting dainties, let alone such really good things as Neapolitan red mullets.

Boulogne, the first foreign town the majority of Englishmen see, and which they have so transformed and denationalized that it may be called almost an English town—a peaceful and unconscious revenge for the loss of Calais—has a great fish trade, and the "bits" presented by the fishermen, with their bronzed faces, sturdy limbs and bright costume, are among the most coveted pleasures of the English newcomer.

The sea-fishing of America is no less romantic, although the Anglo-Saxon character does not lend itself to much romance without the accompaniment of roughness; but perhaps Scotland bears off the palm of one of the most important fisheries—that of the herring—and in that country not the least important and numerous part of the population belongs to the hardy and venturesome craft of fishermen.

We have alluded to the Loch Fyne industry, that bay being a recognized centre of the trade; and one of the most characteristic fishing villages on Loch Fyne is Tarbert, once the scene of many a lawless deed, and the chief theatre on which the battle of trawling *vs.* drift-netting was fought out, to the discomfiture of the anti-trawlers. Only lately has Tarbert changed its moral character, and become a village of temperance societies, reading-rooms and the like; and while the shopkeepers do not make so much money as before, in the drinking and fighting days, the fishermen, tall, fine, athletic men, manly, generous and hospitable, are much better off. It is said that, in the worst of weather, they will never take whisky with them when they go out to sea at night, for "they say it is *cowardly.*" But some years ago, before these reforms, even the not very sober fishermen of other villages used to call Tarbert a sort of hell. The trawling not being legal, the men were like devils in its defense, swearing, drinking, fighting and eluding or attacking the police-boat, the *Jackal.* If you went into the harbor in open day, you would find them drunk and fighting, and many with blood on their faces. When, now and then, they would be caught, and their boats and trawling-nets sold at auction at Greenock, the men themselves went over there and bought them back.

It was reckoned that a crew of eight men would not seldom get thirty pounds sterling each man in the course of one night, and they spent it as recklessly as they earned it easily. The buyers and curers connived at this, and went out to sea to buy the trawlers' haul, and the men would sink their nets and come home in the morning as if they had caught nothing.

It was a dangerous matter to interfere with these desperate and determined men, and a commission of inquiry having given in their report as to the uselessness of the law against trawling as regards any damage done to the fishery, the Act of Parliament was repealed about ten or twelve years ago. Trawling was imported from Cornwall, where it was a common mode of fishing.

Like most fishing villages, Tarbert is very picturesque, and its people very healthy. "When you pass from the broad and blue waters of Loch Fyne into the narrow and rocky channel leading to Tarbert harbor, you find before you an almost circular bay, round which stretches an irregular line of white houses. There is an abundance of fishing craft in the harbor, lying in careless and picturesque groups, with their brown hulls and spars sending a ruddy reflection down on the lapping water, which is green under the shadow of each boat. Along the shore stand the tall poles on which the fishermen dry their nets, and above these, on the summit of a rocky crag, rise the ruins of an old castle, with the daylight shining through the empty windows. Beyond the houses, again, lie successive lines of hills, at this moment lit up by shafts of sunlight, that lend a glowing warmth and richness to the fine colors of a late Autumn. The hills are red and brown with rusted bracken and heather, and here and there the smooth waters of the bay catch a tinge of other and varied hues."*

Besides fishermen, artists abound at these places, and the best "bits" of still life at the Royal Academy are the product of the wanderings of the young men, half sportsmen, half painters, who thus combine holiday-making and work in a fashion exasperatingly enviable. The west coast of Scotland is a paradise of color. The northern twilights, the more than gorgeous sunsets, the purple-heathered hills, the jeweled sea and rare, indescribable atmosphere, the contrast between boats, rocks and quays, strewn with busy life, as glowing as that of Venice or Naples, and even the costume of many among the population, make the shores of the Atlantic in Scotland a marvel of ever-new beauty. Fancy, for instance, a fair-haired girl, bearing on her shoulders a trailing load of green grass, her head bound with a scarlet handkerchief, her bodice creamy white flannel, and her petticoats gray flannel, with a belt and pouch of bright blue, her feet bare, and her arms likewise, as far as the elbow—and you have a picture which suggests at once a foreign land. Even the herring-cutters, in their short petticoats and tattered clothes, a knife in one hand and a fish in the other, have a wild spell of picturesqueness about them; and the prevalence of scarlet in cap, handkerchief and petticoat, both among men and women, assumes a touch of beauty in equal contrast to fair or dark hair. The Celtic type of black hair and eyelashes and deep-blue eyes is constantly reproduced among the Scottish islands, as well as in the southwest of Ireland—where, by-the-by, it is very uncomplimentary to native beauty to suspect a Spanish origin.

Though the herring fishery is one of the chief industries all over Scotland, the great centre and most important capital is at Wick, in Caithness-shire. Pulteney-town, just adjoining, shares this distinction; and from early in July till the same time in September a thousand boats are at work every night. The "pour-out" of the "drave" from Wick harbor is a fine sight. The sea-surface is just broken by a faint ripple, and the evening sun tinges the brown sails of the boats with a golden flash, as hundred after hundred of them leave for the fishery, some turning to the right and some to the left of the harbor bar, according to the supposed *habitat* of the fish on that particular evening. Of this there are only a few simple and rather uncertain indications. If the gulls be high up on the cliffs when they go out to the fishing-ground, the men conclude the herrings to be near the surface of the water; and, on the contrary, if the gulls be near the water, they conclude the fish to be low down. Again, if the water be still and calm in some portion, with a kind of oily gleam on the surface, they think the shoal is likely to be there, and shoot their nets accordingly.

Each boat has a captain, and a crew of four or five men; and the rule is for the boats to leave harbor late in the afternoon, and be on the-fishing ground at sunset, after which time the nets are cast and the fish expected to "strike."

The usual net is the drift-net, of which a series is fastened to the "back-rope," each net being marked off by a huge bladder. They are sunk by means of leaden weights, and kept upright by large corks. The meshes are an inch square, and, when in the water, the net looks like an immense perforated wall.

As it is not legal to shoot the nets before sunset, the boats hover over the fishing-ground for a short time, or sail about in search of what the skipper thinks a likely spot. As soon as the place is fixed upon, the shoulder-of-mutton sail is let down, and two of the men take to the oars, the other two being busy shooting the net, while the captain steers and directs, and the work is not a little hard, for the train of nets is often three-quarters of a mile long. The nets are fixed to the boats by means of a swing-rope, and as soon as they are overboard the boat is allowed to drift with the tide, while the men take a little needed rest.

When, thirty years ago, the trawling innovation began, the new method proved so successful that the old fogies were enraged, and procured, in their "vested interests," the obnoxious Act that reduced the trawlers to take to the artifices of smugglers, and caused the lawless scenes that gave Tarbert such an evil name. This plan was, in reality, what is known as "seining," and admirably suited the inland locks and sheltered bays, but the drift-net is more appropriate to larger expanses of water.

The seine-net is easier to manage than the drift; it can be cast into the water very easily, and shot over and over again in a comparatively short time, while the labor of hauling home a long train of drift-nets is very severe. As each handful of the net is pulled into the boat, the fish are carefully shaken out into the bottom, a much better plan than the old one of leaving the herrings in the meshes until the boat reached the harbor, in which case it was found that the fish most often turned out to be damaged.

The uncertainty of a good haul is as much a drawback in this calling as the dangers of storm and wreck to which the boats are often exposed. An experienced old fisherman once said: "The herring is just a lottery, sir; you may have, fishing alongside o' me, a boatful of fish, and I mayn't have so much as a single spat." And in illustration of the dangers of the night fishery, a Scotch ditty says:

> "Buy my caller herring!
> Though ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
> Wives and mithers maist despairin',
> Ca' them lives o' men!"

The shore life of the fishermen matches their hard working and venturesome life at sea. In the remote districts—those for instance of the northern Hebrides—their houses are low, small, odd-looking huts, like beehives, the walls only a few feet high, built of rude blocks of stone or slices of turf, while from these low supports rises a rounded roof of straw, thatched over by a further layer of turf. These huts have few windows, and seldom any chimney, not even a hole in the roof. As time goes on, however, the resident lairds manage gradually to make these improvements more popular; but while they do this, they sometimes innovate in a less justifiable fashion, by persuading the people to give up their native tongue, by banishing the Gaelic from the schools and substituting English.

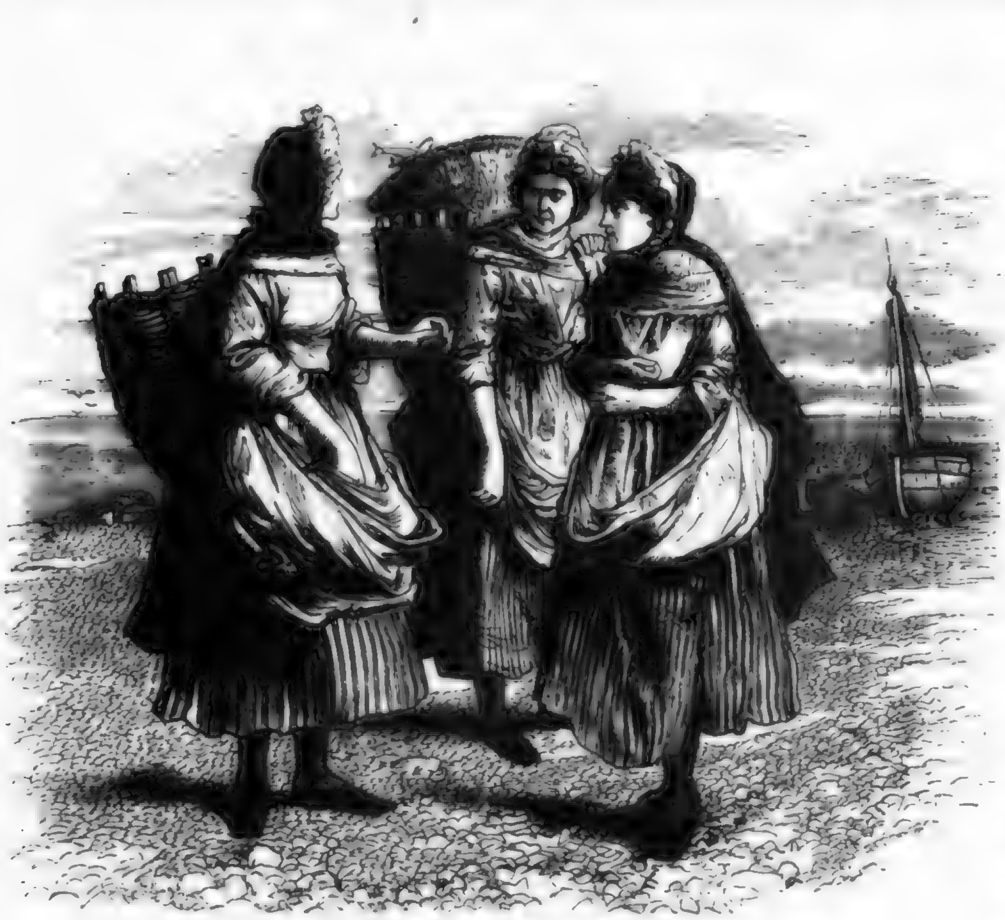
The thatch of these huts serves a double purpose, and, indeed, the absence of a chimney has a good excuse, for when the roof is throughly saturated with peat-smoke, it is pulled down and carted off for manure, and a new roof of straw put on. The rich brown and black compound thus does valuable service.

While on shore, the men plow and do the rougher preparatory work on their gardens and little farms, leaving the after care of them to their women-folks, until they come back for the harvesting.

---

* "A Princess of Thule." W. A. Black.

XUM



NEW HAVEN FISHWIVES.

There is a good deal of emigration to this country and Canada from the fishing-villages of the west coast—the chances of the fishery turn out bad some years, and the people get disheartened; besides which, the mere natural increase of families on a "craft" that does not increase in proportion, causes the remedy of emigration to become familiar. And for the young people, it is generally successful.

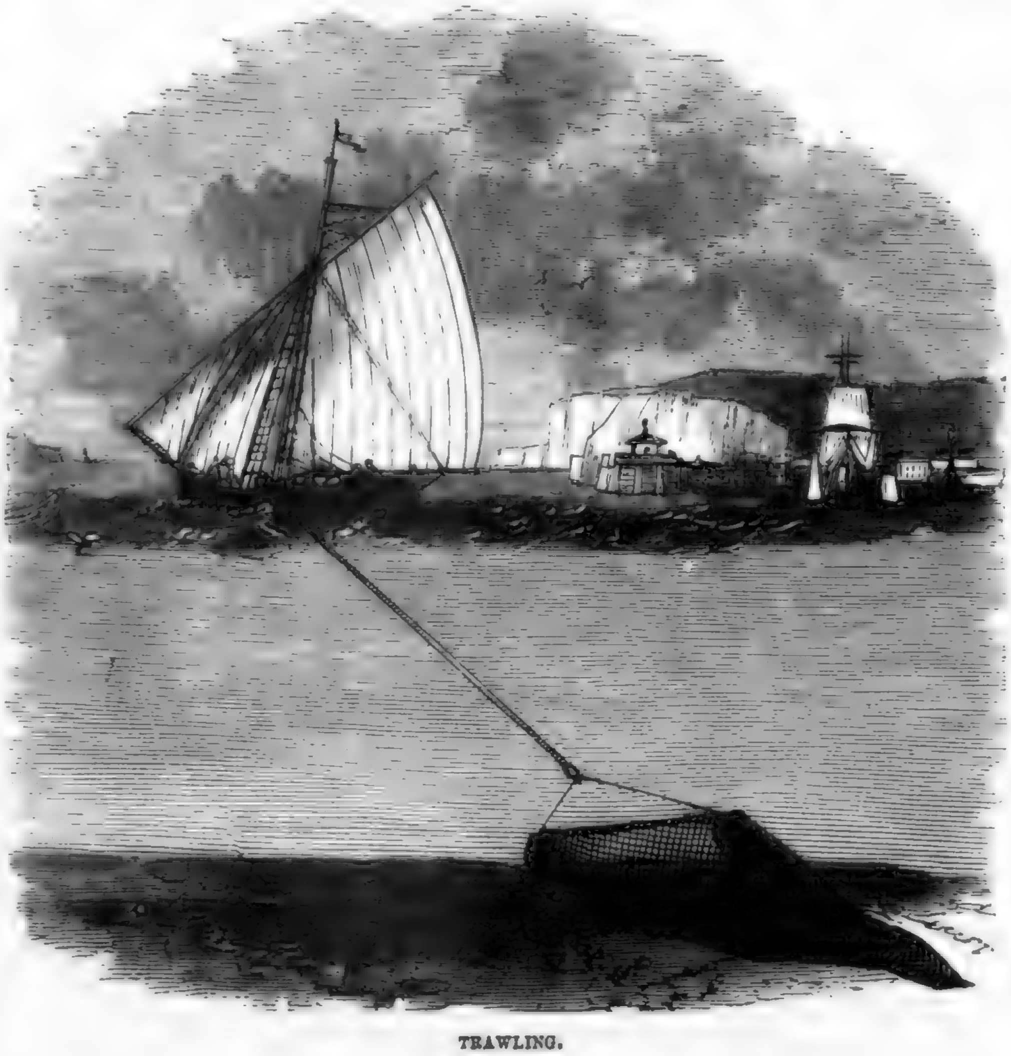
The herring fishery has become almost a fetish in Scotland; other fish are neglected, and this source is looked upon as an inexhaustible mine—a bank-account, on which to draw for all supplies, furniture, clothes, house-rent, marriage-portions, new sails, new nets, and even new boats.

The earliest fishery of the season is carried on in the Island of Lewis, early in May, and boats come to it from great distances, so that they enjoy, as it were, a double or treble harvest, for, as the Summer goes on, other fisheries come into play, till the last and greatest at Wick, which town, like Amsterdam, may be said to be built on herring-bones.

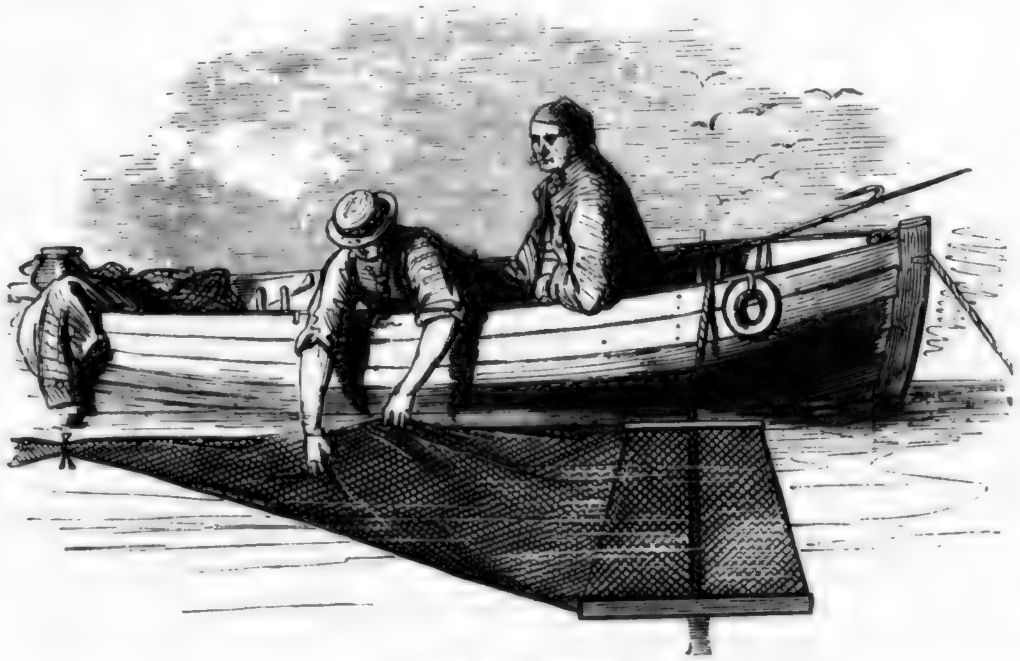
Here, too, is the seat of the curing—a scarcely less gigantic undertaking than the fishery. The curer is the representative of the trade, and whether he is merely an agent, or himself a speculator, his proceedings are necessarily magnificently rash. He bargains beforehand, as is the custom, and generally a twelvemonth in advance, and not seldom equips ambitious young fishermen, with the proviso that their haul shall be his exclusive property. A dangerous drag this is, for it is a mere chance whether the youth redeems his boat and belongings within a year or two.

The curer has to buy hundreds of thousands of barrels before the fish that are to fill them are caught. He bargains with the skipper to receive the hundred crans of fresh herrings, to be delivered at his curing-yard during the season—a cran being a measure containing forty-five gallons of ungutted herrings; and for these he agrees to pay at the rate of so much per cran, as well as to allow various perquisites, in the shape of drying-ground for nets, refreshments for the crew, and a sum of ready money, perhaps £15 or £20, called "bounty," the skipper, of course, providing vessel, crew, and fishing-gear.

The curer generally contracts with a large number of



TRAWLING.



WHITE BAIT FISHING.

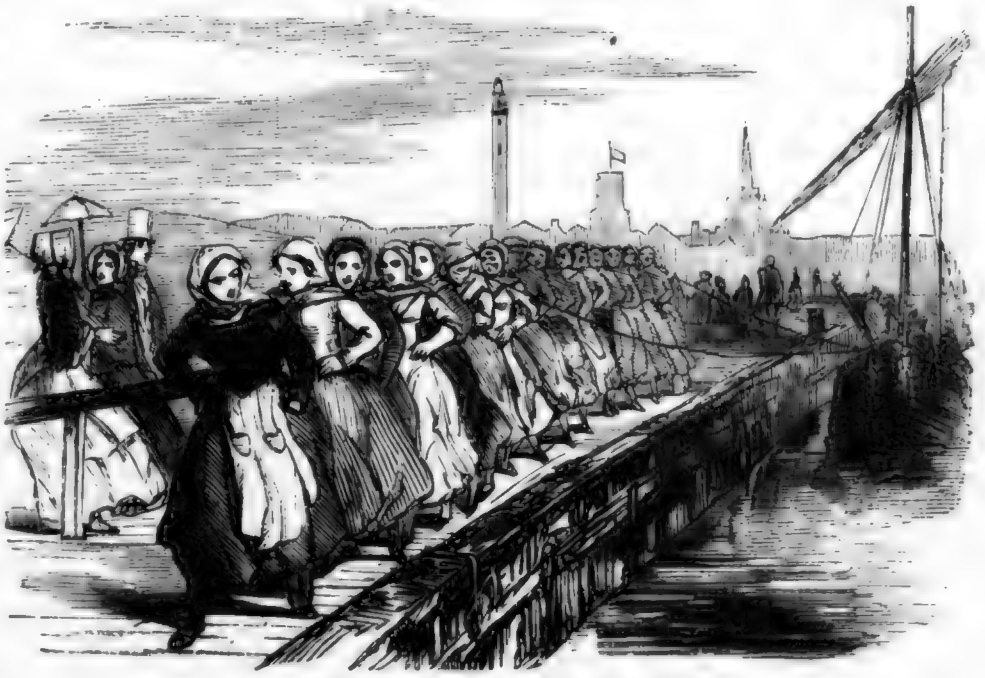
boat-owners, and though the outlay of ready money is small in comparison of the compensation in kind, yet his other expenses drain away large sums. He has to provide salt, dye-stuffs, barrel-wood, keep a large number of coopers, engage gutters, packers, etc.; and all this before he knows for certain how many herrings he is likely to have.

The sight on the herring-quay is as curious and busy as that of the outgoing fleet is picturesque. The boats come in at any time between sunrise and noon—according to the distance they have been, and the direction of the wind. The baskets are emptied into the gutting-troughs, and the whole drift of nets has to be brought ashore before the men go off duty, in order that it may be carried away at once to the drying-ground before being used again; for were the nets not to be carefully dried, they would quickly rot.

Presently carts come on the scene to take the nets away; wives, and sweethearts, and children come to note the result of the fishery, unless, indeed, they are already actively employed as gutters and packers; clerks are busy noting down the deliveries of the respective skippers; coopers are sprinkling the fresh fish with salt as they are thrown into the troughs; the gutters are at work with rapid skill and ceaseless industry, dressed in short petticoats, a shawl folded over their bosom, a pouch hung at their girdle, and a tall "match," or cap, with downward brim, or border, on their heads.

Many women come from great distances to this work, as in England they do to the harvest and the hop-picking. A woman can gut forty herrings in a minute, and dexterously jerk out the entrails by one turn of the knife-hand. To the eye of the uninitiated, she just bobs down to seize a fish, and then bobs up again to throw it into the basket; and in the meanwhile the whole cleaning process has been got through. The basket is then carried to the packing place, where the fish are then thrown into a tub to be "roused"— that is, stirred about in a strong pickle of salt and water. They are then laid in a barrel with great neatness and precision, a handful of salt being thrown over each layer of the fish; and in about eight minutes the barrel is full to the top, and may be said to contain about seven hundred and fifty fish. Hundreds of women are employed, and this business often extends far into the night, and has been known to be carried on even by torchlight, when an unusually heavy take of fish occurs; for it is a rule that the herring must be cured on the day it is caught.

Like many other trades, the Scotch herring fishery once was under the wing of the State, the views of its members being zealously protectionist. Much of this formalism has dropped off and become obsolete, and, whereas it was once necessary to have each barrel branded by the proper authority, a fee of fourpence has now to be paid for this extra safeguard, which is chiefly resorted to as a guarantee for foreign purchasers. The old Board of Commissioners used to allow bounties to those who fitted out vessels for the fishery; but now, according to the simile that "every herring should hang by its own tail," the bounty exists only in the name, as part of the fisherman's wages; and far from the industry needing to be encouraged, it is threatening to prove rather too unmanageably successful. There is danger in its extensiveness, even to the most astonishingly prolific of fishes; and other fisheries that might be made just as productive are neglected. However, it is scarcely fair to quarrel with one's bread and butter, and it is certain that nearly a hundred thousand persons are directly engaged in this trade, while as large a number thrive by it indirectly, such as boat-builders, sailmakers, salt-makers, carters, coopers, grocers, etc. Ten years ago, the value of the boats, over 13,000 in number, was estimated at £875,655; but, reckoning in the money



FRENCH FISHWIVES DRAWING IN THE BOATS.

ZUM

laid out by the curers, this sum rose nearly to three millions sterling.

Altogether, this prosperous trade is as profitable to fishermen, fishmongers and grocers as it is delightful, and also profitable, to artists; for, besides the latter's theoretical enjoyment of contrasts and combinations in color, and of the splendid physical development of the men and women engaged in this business, the pictures they paint of fisher life are popular and well paid for. The subject is one which appeals not only to the mind of lovers of mere color, but to the universal human sympathies.

THE CAPTAIN'S CHRSTMAS WEDDING.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

IT is within a week of Christmas. Mildred Bassenthwaite, from the famous eminence which, as all tourists who have visited that part of the country know, commands Wymondley and its large sweep of splendid acres, with the background of forest and mountain, utters a little sigh as she looks down. She is mistress—she is sole mistress, of all this, and of I know not of how much wealth besides; and yet there is something strangely pathetic in this scrutiny of her possessions and in that deep-drawn respiration. The omnipresence of suffering is not a new theme. This young lady who has so much wealth and has exercised its power, and who, one would think, should not have a care, has yet her secret unhappiness, the torture of which is cruel at times and as much as human nature can bear.

Desolate and chill is the Winter evening, and the last faint glow of the rich sunset is dying out of the western skies, and overhead the crows, with melancholy cawing and in wide ranks, fly homeward to their dormitories in the distant woods.

Miss Bassenthwaite is not alone. A few yards away stands shivering, with one foot on a large stone, a tall, slight old lady, dressed in black silk.

"Oh! Aunt Don," calls the young girl, suddenly rousing from her reverie, "isn't it growing cold?"

Miss Donica Torrington, kindest of old maids, looks up from some object she has been attentively observing in the winding lane below, and, with a rather thoughtful and puzzled expression on her pleasant face, approaches.

"*Very* late, and we must go."

"Stop. Look at Wymondley now—never so pretty as in that light! The old chimneys and the gray gables peeping through the foliage. Such melancholy and seclusion! Dear old Wymondley! mine no more after this week, Aunt Donica. I bring Captain Daryl a handsome Christmas gift," says Miss Mildred, smiling sadly, "to make up for my own want of beauty."

Plain—cruelly plain, is this great heiress; very homely some call her, with her small gray eyes, and coarse, even masculine features, in which there is, in certain moods, something sinister and very nearly repulsive. Suffering and resentment have, perhaps, had their share in tracing these forbidding lines, for Miss Bassenthwaite is perfectly aware of her want of beauty, as she has just owned, and broods every moment of her life upon that dismal fact.

"Captain Daryl is too sensible, I hope, to care about mere beauty," observes Miss Donica, with a rather stern closing of the lips. "Expression and—a—animation, and that kind of thing, are much more likely to please a husband."

"But you know what Shakespeare says, 'The eye must be fed, and it is so true! When I think of the contrast I shudder. He is so *divinely* handsome!"

"So he is; the very handsomest man in the whole world, I believe."

"And I the plainest woman! Oh, Aunt Dora, how can I hope to keep his love?" She clasps her hands almost in a sort of agony.

"There, dear, don't let us talk of it. I dare say you will make a very happy couple. Don't you notice something in the road there?" asks the old lady, peering downward anxiously. ' I have been watching it for the last ten minutes, and can't make out what it is."

"I see—something red—scarlet," replies the young lady, whose gray eyes, though small and uninteresting, are quite keen and serviceable. "It is a woman with a red cloak on. How very odd that she should stand there alone so long, isn't it? I can make her out very distinctly, now, and she seems lost and bewildered. Let us go down to her."

Miss Donica, whose curiosity and interest, already piqued, are much heightened by these revelations, agrees with alacrity, and, walking swiftly, the two descend to where that strange, motionless figure is barely visible.

More in evidence it becomes as they approach, and a very singular apparition is presently disclosed—a tall, dark, and extremely beautiful woman, wearing a scarlet cloak. Lithe and slender she is, with wild, starry eyes, and a face in which there is something peculiar and *funesta*.

"Why do you stand here, my good woman?" asks Donica, rather abruptly, and, perhaps a little suspiciously. "You must be very cold without any wrap but that thin cloak. Are you not well?"

"I have lost my way," replies the woman, in a low, rich voice, shuddering. "I *am cold—so cold!*"

"And hungry, I dare say," adds practical Donica, with a sharp nod. "I suppose you have no idea of remaining here all night?"

"I—I don't know where to go."

Mildred and her aunt consult. Who is this odd person with the beautiful tawny face and lustrous black eyes? How curiously romantic and picturesque she looks in her scarlet cloak!

"Well, you must come with us," says Donica, with her customary decision, at the close of the whispered confab with her niece.

The stranger demurs, but they are resolute, and the end is that she walks beside them homeward. Mrs. Linnett, the stout housekeeper, is a good deal puzzled at the introduction of this new guest at Wymondley, and with a rather dry hospitality takes charge of her.

Although the Christmas wedding of handsome Captain Daryl with Miss Mildred Bassenthwaite is still a week off, the house has already begun to fill, and a very pleasant company are enjoying these country quarters. The three Miss Fentons, with their small noses, distinguished by the family leaning to redness, and bilious complexions, have arrived, and are to figure as bridesmaids. Old Dr. Scorton and his conceited and rather brilliant and sarcastic nephew, Lionel Denbigh, have also made their appearance. Mr. Peterfield, the family lawyer, is here, and stout Dr. Prawley, the clergyman, who is a relative and under engagement to perform the marriage-service. Other connections of the family and friends, whose names I know not, also shed the light of their presence within the sombre confines of the old mansion.

Some of these guests are, I am afraid, rather fond of gossip and satire, and speculate freely upon the approaching wedding. Nobody can pretend that Miss Mildred Bassenthwaite has any attractions but her money, although in her two seasons she has been much pursued. Is, then, the affection of the remarkably handsome Captain Daryl altogether disinterested?

There are, alas! stories about this Adonis. Very wild he has been, say those who should know—a rake and a gambler, and something perhaps worse—and people have been shaking their heads over his wooing ever since it began. Mr. Peterfield, who has been a kind of father to the young lady most concerned, had a hard battle with her, but came off discomfited. It is simply Fate—she is infatuated with her handsome and penniless soldier, and resigned to take the future on risk.

Cards, music and the dance make a pleasant evening, and about nine Mildred steals away from her guests and seeks Mrs. Linnet and the black-eyed stranger. That sad and mysterious beauty has by this time really distracted good Mrs. Linnet, who is a somewhat inquisitive lady, and has been putting her unwelcome guest through a very unsatisfactory catechism, now at length exhausted.

"Have you found out anything about her?" inquired Mildred, in a whisper, drawing the housekeeper apart, while the stranger, sitting by the fire, eyes Mildred with a stern and haughty stare.

"She do puzzle me, miss," says Mrs. Linnett. "I'm only sure of one thing—she's a gypsy; but she seems kind o' lady-like, and, though she's as poor as can be, she's just as proud as if she owned Wymondley and everybody in it. I think she has had trouble in her time; but she won't say so—won't say anything—not even her name."

Mildred went over and took the stranger's hand.

"You must stay with us to-night, and to-morrow—as long as you please. You must be very tired, and what shall we call you? You interest me very much."

"Charmian Trent."

"Charmian? That is a very pretty name, and a little peculiar, isn't it? Well, Charmian, you will remain here to-night, won't you? You look so worn and fatigued. You shall have a room all to yourself, and shall be treated as a guest."

Mrs. Linnett coughed uncomfortably, and held her head higher at this proposition, for in her secret heart she had her own notions about this handsome person, and also about the propriety of admitting unknown people to Wymondley on the terms suggested. But Mildred was firm. As she now chatted gently with the stranger, her interest in her unaccountably deepened. She had never seen any one half so beautiful—and was she also refined?—and then so sad, haughty and unfathomable.

We know misfortune intuitively, and shun or pity it as our temperaments dispose, and here was that aspect of mingled pride and wretchedness which is something so infinitely touching, and always appealing.

This Charmian Trent—if such was her name—accepted charity as a favor granted, not given, and yet somehow did not repel sympathy—invited it, rather—and, in short, was growing into a very pleasing enigma, such as Miss

by wealth, was Mildred Bassenthwaite; perhaps the secret torture of mortification at the ugliness with which nature had branded her made her compassionate; but at all events she took a wonderful interest in this wandering Egyptian, and in a day or two almost loved her.

Charmian's shyness wore off, and she allowed herself to be introduced among those guests more *en règle* than herself. Donica Torrington disapproved, and some others thought it scandalous, and old Mrs. Protherwood threatened to go home; but after all, as my fat friend, Dr. Scorton, argued one evening in his quarters, with his particular friends and some capital whisky and cigars—was there in this anything more than a whim, a caprice? Mildred had always been a little eccentric, *queer*, by Jove, at times; to be so confoundedly ugly *will* make a girl morbid, you know; and the whole thing had best be passed over unnoticed.

Christmas was nearer by four days. Nearly all who were expected had arrived except Captain Daryl himself. Outside, the snow was deep and still falling; within, crowded parlors, light, warmth and enjoyment. Laughing, chatting, and busy in all sorts of ways are these good people; the eldest chiefly at cards, the younger disposed about variously; but those of a flirting turn of mind chiefly in corners and other secluded places, and Mr. Lionel Denbigh, who avows that he plays nothing but waltzes, usefully employed in that kind of performance at the piano.

It is very shocking, I know; but Charmian Trent is present, in obedience to Mildred's entreaty, and the two are seated together—Mildred on an ottoman—and the wise and beautiful daughter of Egypt is about to reveal her future fortune by the lines upon her palm.

"Cross it with silver," smiles the sibyl.

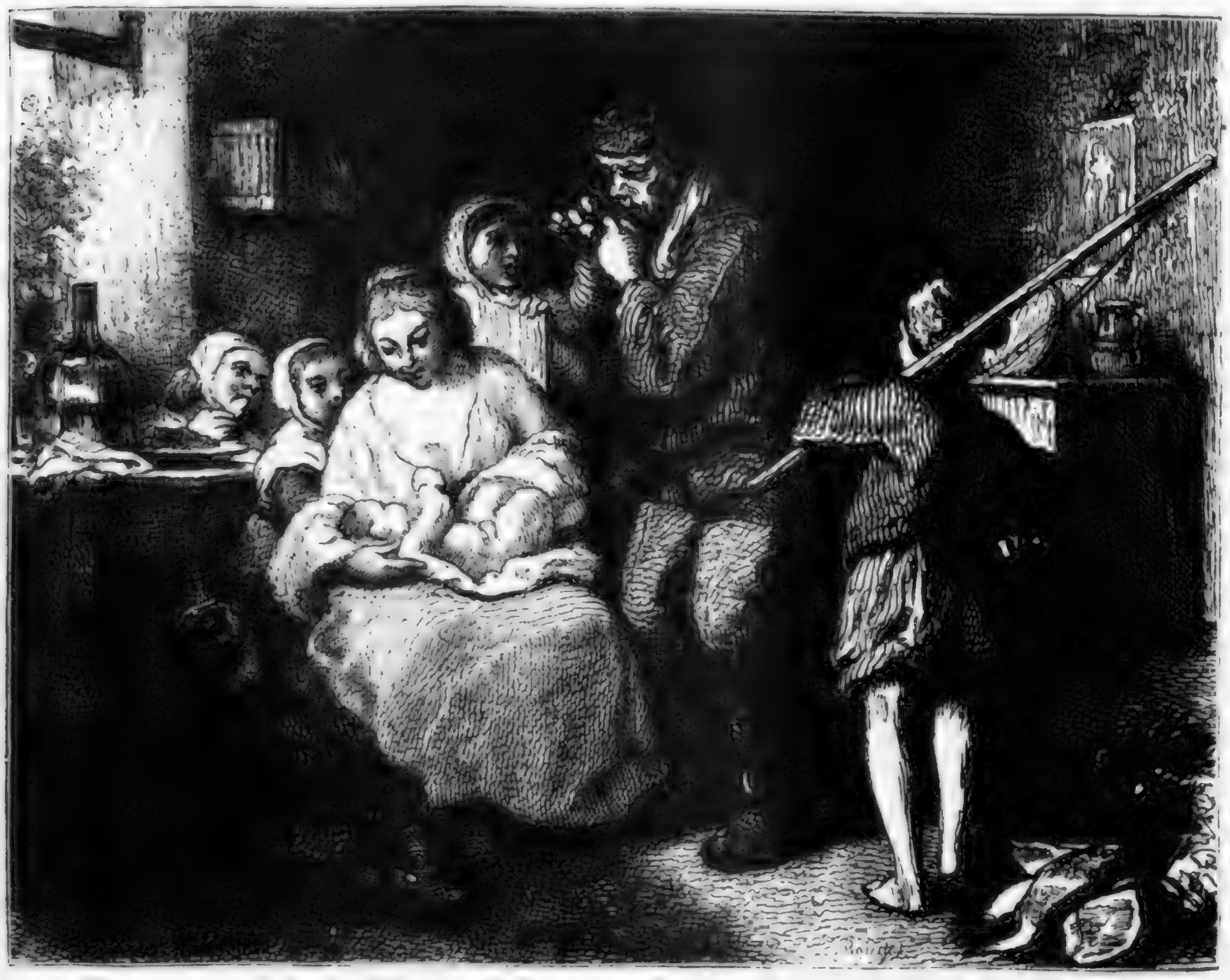
Mildred does so, and presents her hand, and Charmian, still smiling, looks down on it, and instantly her dark cheek pales.

"Stay!" cries Mildred, fiercely, white as death, in a sharp, cutting whisper. "Misery for *me*—you see it in my hand. Oh, my God, you might have seen it in my wickedly ugly face! Why did He give *you* such beauty—a stroller, an outcast of the peoples of the earth—and me—the heiress, the chosen—the hideous mask I wear!"

"Miss Mildred," said the gypsy, startled, and with a rising flush visible through her tawny skin, "you insult me. Don't envy me my beauty. Know this—beauty will be the cause of misfortune to both you and your husband. You laugh at my fortune-telling, perhaps—the lines in your hand have told me—and you will see."

"Yes, he is beautiful, Charmian," said Mildred, calming herself, but laughing a little hysterically. "I expect my life with him to be torture—nothing else, nothing else. But there, forgive me, and tell me why I should not envy you your beauty."

"Because it has been my ruin. Miss Mildred, I have done you a great wrong. I wished to tell you, but was so afraid you would despise me. You have called me an outcast; it is so—even from my own people. I have been betrayed——" she spoke softly and hung her head, an

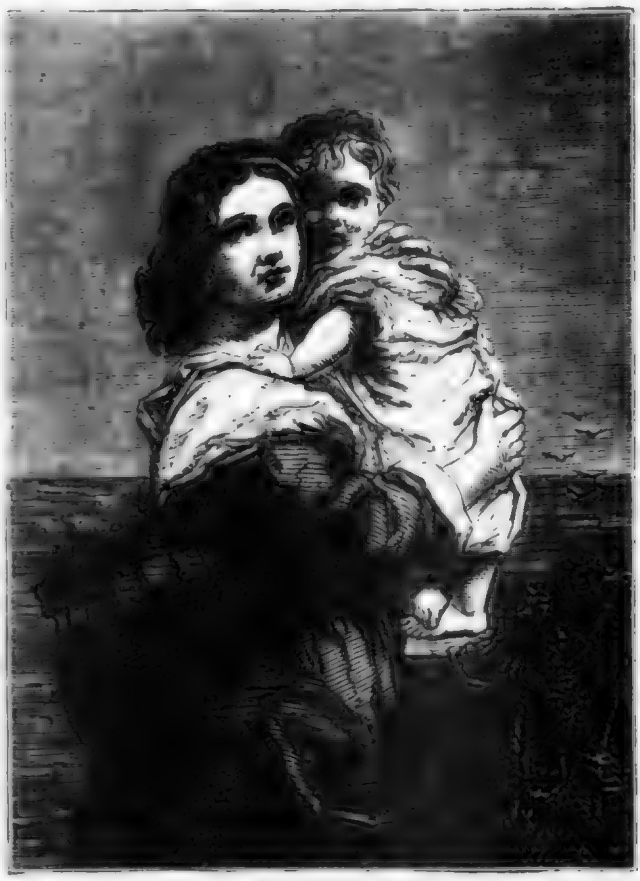


THE SEA FISHERIES OF NORTHERN EUROPE.—THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.—SEE PAGE 80.

Another minute, and before she could get to the door to welcome him, in he came. Strangely handsome, this man—deep, dreamy, violet eyes, the complexion of a girl—silken hair and mustache—the form of a Greek god. He stepped in, smiling, and kissed his betrothed, and she turned to present him, when, on a sudden, Captain Daryl's gaze suddenly was smitten with the sight of Charmian Trent.

A society man, the captain was not easily put out; but now he looked at the gypsy with a dark and frightened stare, as a man might look at a tiger suddenly encountered in his path and prepared to spring. His very ill-bred stare was returned with one of haughty and listless indifference—not a rebuke, but something too much like contempt.

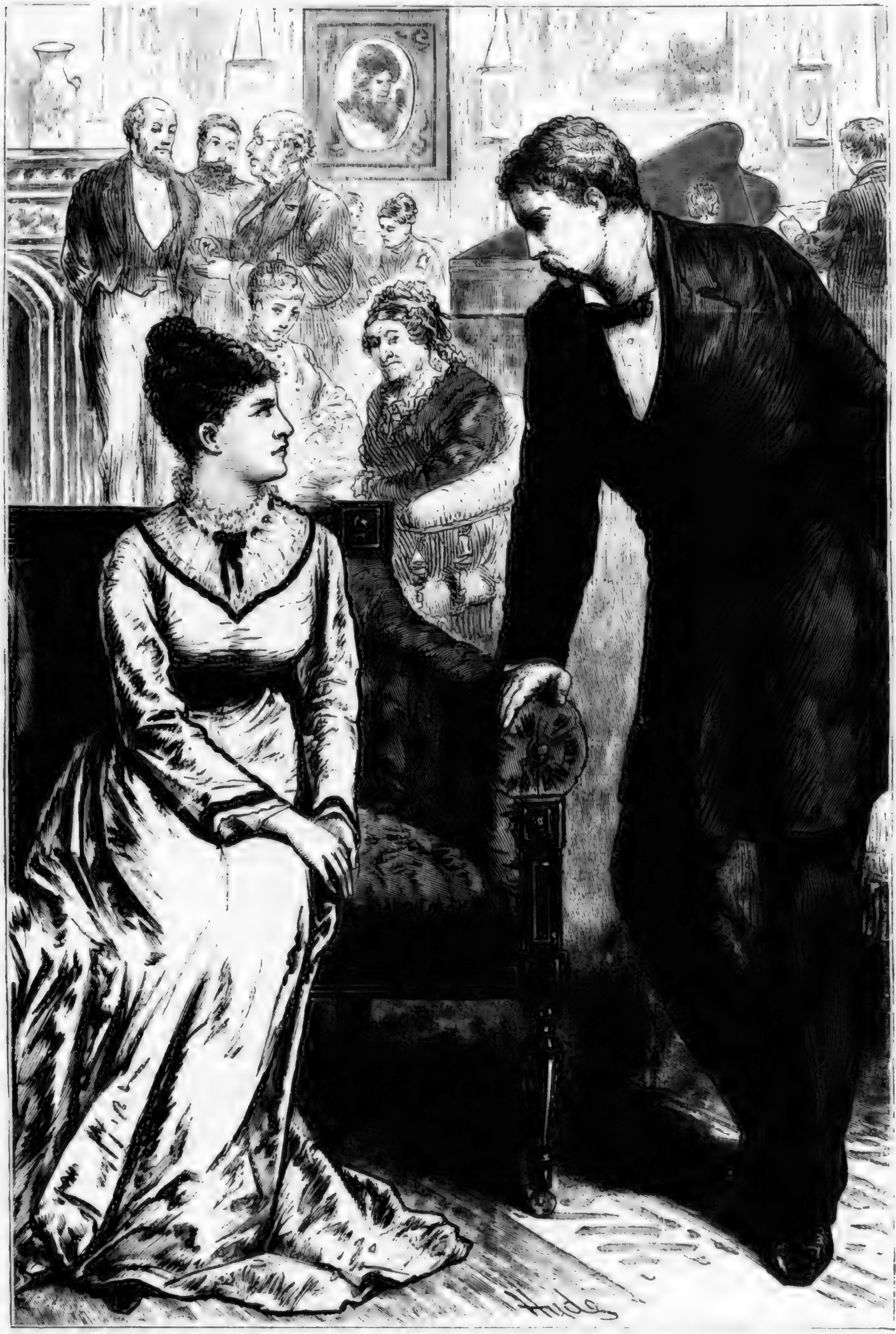
But he recovered, and so was presented, and presently he and his affianced had quite a chat together on the sofa. Dry work for the captain, I dare say, for he got up soon, and circulated elsewhere about the room, all the while keeping the corner of his eye upon the beautiful creature who sat, like Cleopatra, alone over by the window.



THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE.

Captain Daryl was one of those men, such as most of us have seen, who can scarcely meet any woman without conveying in the manner, attitude and voice, an air of indescribable air of flirtation. As he lounged about the room, pausing sometimes to talk to a pretty girl, bending over her and pouring into her ear the melting music of his flattery, he, watching elsewhere, was in his turn watched.

If these manœuvres were part of a concerted plan, it succeeded; for by a little adroit management he found himself in a little while by



THE CAPTAIN'S CHRISTMAS WEDDING.—"AS HE LOUNGED ABOUT THE ROOM, PAUSING SOMETIMES TO TALK TO A PRETTY GIRL, AND POURING INTO HER EAR THE MELTING MUSIC OF HIS FLATTERY, HE, WATCHING ELSEWHERE, WAS IN HIS TURN WATCHED."—SEE PAGE 86.

XUM

the side of Charmian Trent. His first words to her were, I'm afraid, rather coarse.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he asked, smiling, but a strange glow of repressed rage in the depths of his violet eyes.

"I have the privilege, Mr. Darnley."

"Mr. Darnley—bosh! You have heard my real name. Well, I fancied I was past the age of surprises; but this, I confess, knocks me over quite. How did you find out this place, I say?"

"By accident."

"Do they know who you are. I rather think not," he sneered. "It is only reasonable to suppose your presence here denotes mischief."

"Vivian, you must give me back my little girl. Ever since you cast me off and took her away from me I have been searching for you. You *must* give her back to me!"

"I shall do no such thing. I've no idea of allowing her to be brought up among a band of strolling vagabonds. As for you, the very wisest thing you can do will be to return to them and resume your fortune-telling, horse-stealing, or whatever it is."

"What on earth can you have to say to Miss Trent, Captain Daryl, that is so absorbing?" called out Mildred, a very marked uneasiness in her tone—so marked that several looked up.

"We are discussing the origin and history of the nomadic tribes on the earth," replied the captain.

"You cast me off to marry this rich young lady, Vivian," said Charmian. "You do not love her—only her money—but she adores you. I can prevent the marriage. I have already told her that I had been betrayed, but she does not know by whom. She pities me, and, as wildly as she loves you, she could yet give you up if she learned the truth. You see fate has been very kind—nothing but a single accident has thrown me here. I hold all the cards; would I not be a fool to play them?"

"By Jove! you talk like an actress in a melodrama. A little experience in fashionable society has done wonders for my Charmian. Well, if Miss Bassenthwaite has been so kind to you, it would be but a poor return to break off her marriage with the man she, as you say, adores. I have always heard your noble race had a rather Quixotic sense of gratitude, and can't be persuaded to steal a fellow's poultry who has given them the use of his haystack."

"There are other revenges. Give me back my little girl, or you may regret it."

"Captain," calls Miss Bassenthwaite, interrupting, "Miss Fenton is anxious to hear you sing. She told me to ask you."

He rises instantly and signifies his pleasure, and so the next moment is at the piano, delivering with wonderful skill the serenade from "Don Pasquale."

But no more that night he talks with Charmian Trent, and next day also he avoids her. He is not much more with his betrothed. It is such a bore to talk with a plain woman when there are so many very pretty ones available, and as for love-making, all that will keep very well for the honeymoon; and so the captain, as his marriage draws nearer, still relishes the little remainder of his liberty.

And the next day is Christmas Eve. Captain Daryl is guilty of an atrocious scandal—he takes a long walk with Charmian over the snow of Knowlton churchyard to read the epitaphs, forsooth! The dowagers bridle and grow red in the face, the old gentlemen call him "a scamp, sir," and Mildred is wretched.

"That baggage has led him into a flirtation," says Aunt Dou, severely. "You should never have brought her here. I really never heard of such a thing—a gypsy tramp, of whom one knows nothing, brought in and made a—a—an equal of! But so it is—all women will fall in love with his pretty face, and he will always be ready with an unlimited amount of encouragement."

In a short while the pair were discovered returning, the lady walking very fast, staring luridly at the glistening snow, and her carriage as suggestive of swagger as feminine grace will permit; the gentleman serenely twirling his mustache, and apparently not much more agitated than so simple an expedition as he had been upon called for.

Capital spirits he was in at dinner. He told several good stories, was bright and satirical, put down that conceited fellow Denbigh more than once, and certainly did not neglect the wine. Mildred kept her eyes fixed in his direction. He had never looked handsomer, had never appeared to more advantage.

A rather quiet evening followed. Charmian Trent appeared, but the flirtation was apparently over; for the captain resolutely avoided her, and, like a truly penitent sinner, made amends for his morning's folly by very deep devotion at the proper shrine in the evening. He talked more with his affianced than at any time since his arrival—doubtless spoke love, and certainly looked it.

And so, in due course, the company took their candles and trooped away to their bedrooms. Captain Daryl, and one or two other fellows, old and young, had, *sub rosa*, a weed and a "nip" in old Scorton's chamber before retiring; and my friend the doctor, who, after his tankard—which, I must say, was always modest—was given to joking, poked a little fun at the handsome soldier.

"What a pretty fury the gypsy was in to-night, Daryl! It was lucky there wasn't a paper-knife or pair of scissors about, or I think we should have had a tragedy."

The captain pooh-poohed all this with the serene indifference of a man who has had abundant experience with the jealous sex, and presently, with a yawn, went away to his own quarters. A pleasant fire was burning there, and, though awfully sleepy, he undressed lazily and slowly. As he took off his cravat he stood before the glass, and, with a listless simper, studied the reflection of his handsome image in its depths.

"If I am not the handsomest man that ever lived," he said, and added, with bated breath, a wicked imprecation, at which, when it had passed his lips, he himself was a little appalled.

And so at last he extinguished his light and got into bed, and in a few minutes was asleep.

Two hours must have passed, when he was awakened by that uncomfortable sense of danger which is experienced by the suspected presence of some one in the room. He drowsily called out "Who's there?" and sat up, trying to pierce the profound darkness; but there was no reply, and he was about to lie down again, when his alert ear caught the sound of breathing.

The captain, in his time, had seen outpost service on the frontier, and had so trained his faculties as to have them at command instantly; and now he sprang out of bed, and had taken a step across the floor, when he pushed against something—unmistakably a human figure—and grappled with it.

The struggle lasted but a second; in the next, something was thrown into his face which made him cry out with anguish and release his hold upon his mysterious assailant. The burning pain of this liquid rendered him very nearly frantic. Frenzied with his torment and his rage, he heard his enemy moving away, and staggered in pursuit. The door leading into the corridor opened, and in the dim light he saw the tall form of Charmian Trent; and then it closed with a crash, and he fell to the floor in a swoon.

XUM

Christmas morning—Captain Daryl and Mildred Bassenthwaite's wedding-day. Up came Mr. Gridley, the butler, to the captain's room, with that gentleman's shaving-water. It was not exactly Gridley's business; but then, is not Christmas the season of gifts and other pleasant things? and would not, by to-morrow, the captain be master of Wymondley, with the absolute control of its retainers?

In a sad plight honest Gridley found his prospective master—lying on the floor, groaning with torture, his face a mass of blisters.

The alarm was given. In came Scorton, M. D., and others, and the general agitation may be fancied. Scorton got the captain to bed, turned out intruders, and sent post-haste for Doctor Langham, the local practitioner, and for certain drugs, and then put some shrewd questions to the patient.

"I know what you mean," whispered Daryl, faintly. "It occurred here about two or three o'clock, and was done by Charmian Trent. She came to my room expressly for the purpose, and not for any other reason. For God's sake, stop the pain! I have fainted twice, I think."

"The shock, you see," said Scorton, concerned and pallid. "The woman's gone, I believe; Gridley says no one has seen her this morning. I—I wish that fellow would come with the things. And—a—this—the wedding, you know; you are not in a state, you see, and I'm afraid you're in for a—a—siege. Lord, what an unfortunate thing!"

"You—you don't think I am maimed for life, I hope?" inquired the captain, with a sudden and very stern anxiety.

"Well—a—acid, you know," stammered Scorton. "Your eyes are all right, thank Heaven! and——"

"Tell me the truth," said Daryl, seizing his wrist.

"There—a—there may be a mark or so—nothing serious, let us hope; and drink this. The shock has been severer than I could have believed."

"Mildred—does she know?"

Mrs. Linnett came in crying, and, when she saw the captain, uttered a little shriek, and for a minute hysterics seemed imminent; but when she had grown a little calmer her news was unfolded. Everybody in the house knew of the accident; word had been sent to the police in the neighboring town; Mildred was nearly wild; all things in disorder.

Doctor Langham and his medicines arrived, and for an hour he was closeted with the patient and old Scorton; and at length came the bulletin that the captain's pain had left him, that his eyesight was certainly safe, and that matters wore a much better aspect than at first.

How about the wedding? To the general amazement, Mildred insisted that it should take place. Listen to what her friends called reason—one's own view is, of course, always the only reasonable one—she would not. And so it followed that on this beautiful Christmas Day, which had promised to be so merry, a marriage took place in Captain Daryl's bedchamber like one *in extremis*.

A strange, sad scene it was: the bridegroom sitting up, his face covered with bandages; the bride standing at his bedside, sobbing convulsively; all the ladies of the company in tears; the gentlemen pale and depressed; and good Doctor Prawley, with broken voice, making Vivian Daryl and Mildred Bassenthwaite man and wife until death should them part.

And so, this done, the pleasant party at those hospitable country quarters suddenly broke up, and their Christmas festivities came to an untimely end.

About a month afterward Captain Daryl was well enough to take his wife upon their honeymoon tour. Rather oddly, they chose to leave Wymondley by night. To everybody's surprise, they went to Europe. I have a letter by me from Miss Caroline Mannering, who met them unexpectedly in Paris, in which that charming young lady says:

> "The Daryls have resolutely avoided every one, but to-day I accidentally caught a glimpse of the captain; and now all is explained. You know how handsome he was. He is to-day the ugliest man in Europe—a perfect fright. His face is a mass of terrible scars, revolting to look on, and when I saw him I almost screamed."

Captain Daryl, I have learned, was very anxious to seek out and bring to justice Charmian Trent; but his wife would not listen to it. In fact, she had grown more eccentric than ever in her ways, and the couple were a source of wonder wherever they went. She seemed to love her captain with an adoration bordering upon lunacy. At times she was seized with strange fits of gloom, when for days she would sit in her room, crying ceaselessly; at other periods she would be extravagantly gay, devouring the unfortunate captain with kisses, and saying: "Now you are uglier than myself, darling, and no one will love you but me"; at which the captain looked by no means consoled.

On a sudden, one day, at Nice, Mrs. Daryl fell down in a fit, and when the doctors revived her she ordered them out of the room and called her husband to her side. She apparently had some direction to give him, in case of her death; but, on second thoughts, seemed to have postponed it—and very unluckily, for that night she had another convulsion, and died.

So now Captain Daryl was a widower, and master of all his late wife's great wealth. After a brief period of mourning, he attempted to re-enter society. Somehow the man's hideously scarred face made him shunned. Women shuddered in his presence, and children ran away, crying with terror.

Savage with mortification, he left Europe and returned to his own country, with the single purpose in his heart of finding out, if possible, the fiend who had ruined him, and punishing her as she deserved.

For a year he traveled, visiting every band of gypsies he could hear of, but never learning anything of Charmian Trent. Another Christmas was nigh, and he was in the South. He was returning to his hotel from a long ride, when, in a field but a short distance away, he noticed, with a thrill at his heart, the familiar evidences of a gypsy bivouac—the gayly painted wagons, the corral of horses, the swarthy and stalwart men lounging about in every attitude of laziness, the withered crones by the camp-fires, the dark and handsome girls.

He approached and entered the encampment, under fire of all those weird black eyes, and one who was apparently the chief—a strong fellow of forty—came forward, anticipating, I presume, a horse-trade; for a man with such malign countenance as Captain Daryl's must have long ago given up any hope of luck in love from his planets.

"Is there a woman in your party by the name of Charmian Trent?" asked Daryl, as he had asked in many a camp before.

He had scarcely spoken when the curtain of a tent was pulled aside, and a tall, beautiful woman stepped forth—Charmian Trent, and but little changed.

Daryl, in his astonishment, was speechless. Charmian Trent burst into tears.

He got off his horse and strode toward her.

"You cry at the sight of my face, do you?" he said, hoarse with passion. "You may well weep at your damnable work, you hag!"

"I did not do it, Vivian," she said.

"You did not do it!"

And he laughed with a kind of hysterical irony.

"Your wife did it."

"Do not wrong the memory of the woman who was so kind to you, with that infernal calumny. She is dead."

"She did it, I swear, Vivian," said Charmian, with uplifted hand and a choking sob. In her voice and manner there was that accent of truth which appalled him. "I knew there was danger for you that night, and I could not sleep. I rose from my bed to go to you and give you warning: and when I had reached your door I heard your cry, and met your wife, white and haggard—*mad!*—coming out. What she had done I knew not; but my heart told me it was something terrible. She had befriended me, and I was determined to save her; and, Vivian, I closed the door against you that you might not see her face, and you saw only mine."

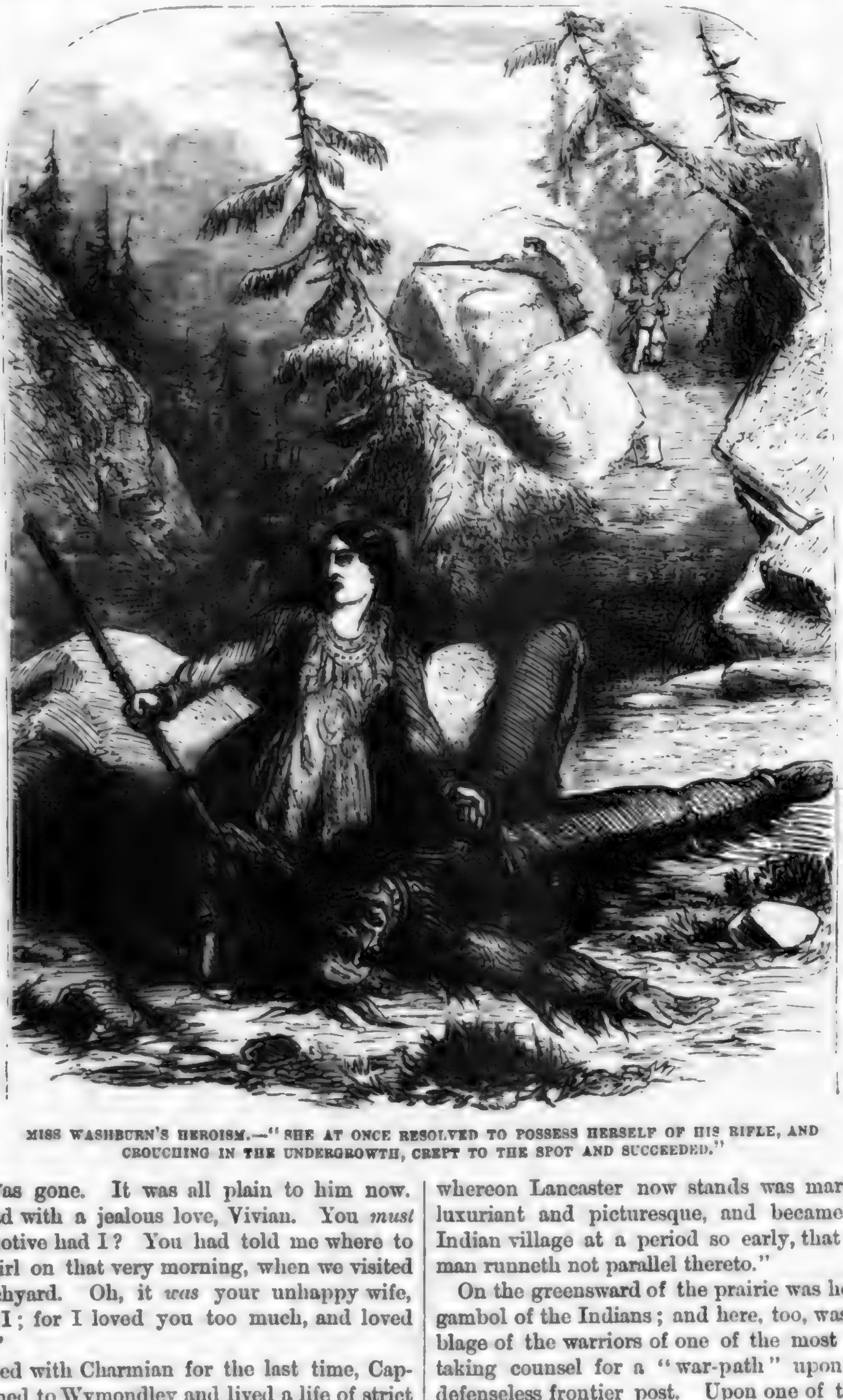
He felt that this was the truth; for it explained all that happened afterward—his wife's strange periods of gloom or fondness; her insanity—for such it was; the secret she wished to disclose on her deathbed, but would not, for fear he might hate her memory when she was gone. It was all plain to him now.

"She was mad with a jealous love, Vivian. You *must* know. What motive had I? You had told me where to find my little girl on that very morning, when we visited Knowlton churchyard. Oh, it *was* your unhappy wife, Vivian, and not I; for I loved you too much, and loved you differently!"

When he parted with Charmian for the last time, Captain Daryl returned to Wymondley and lived a life of strict—and, indeed, morbid—seclusion. Some rather queer stories were told of his caprices, which, perhaps, are scarcely worth repeating; nor are they, in fact, quite authentic. Brooding over the past, he lived in his solitude for several years, and finally died suddenly, like his wife, of aneurism of the heart.

MISS WASHBURN'S HEROISM.

IN the following thrilling adventure of two scouts, a part was performed by a young girl, which did high honor to her spirit and resolution. As early as the year 1790 the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hockhocking River was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of that portion of the State from the Hockhocking to the Scioto, and from the Ohio to our northern lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowery prairies. Then the ax of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness, nor the plow of the husbandman marred the business of the green prairies. Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys, that of Hockhocking was pre-eminent for nature's richest gifts—and the portion of it whereon Lancaster now stands was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village at a period so early, that the "memory of man runneth not parallel thereto."



MISS WASHBURN'S HEROISM.—"SHE AT ONCE RESOLVED TO POSSESS HERSELF OF HIS RIFLE, AND CROUCHING IN THE UNDERGROWTH, CREPT TO THE SPOT AND SUCCEEDED."

On the greensward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of one of the most powerful tribes, taking counsel for a "war-path" upon some weak or defenseless frontier post. Upon one of these war-stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking that the Indians were gathering in force, somewhere up the valley, for the purpose of striking a terrible and fatal blow on one of the few and scattered defenses of the whites.

A council was held by the garrison, the scouts were sent up the Hockhocking, in order to ascertain the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and on one of the balmiest days of our Indian Summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick plum and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory now known as Mount Pleasant, whose western summit gives a commanding view to the eye of what is doing on the prairie.

GRANDMOTHER'S VISION OF HER YOUTH.

This eminence was gained by our two adventurous and hardy scouts, and from this point they carefully observed the movements taking place on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie the horse-racing, leaping, running, and throwing the deadly tomahawk by the warriors; the old sachems looking on with indifference, the squaws, for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries, and the pappooses manifesting all the noisy and wayward joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of warriors was hailed by the terrible war-whoop, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo on echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts these were but music strains which waked their watchfulness, and strung their iron frames.

From their early youth had they been always on the frontier, and therefore well practiced in all the subtlety, craft, and cunning, as well as knowing the ferocity and blood-thirsty perseverance of the savage. They were, therefore, not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle would not fall victims to the scalping-knife.

On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairies and ascended the mount; at which times the scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks, or, lying by the side of some long, prostrate tree, cover themselves with the sere and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding-places when their uninvited visitors had disappeared. For food they depended on jerked venison and cold corn bread, with which their knapsacks had been well stored. Fire they dared not kindle, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain-water, which still stood in excavations of the rocks; but in a few days this stock was exhausted, and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise, or find a new supply. To accomplish this hazardous affair, M'Clelland, being the elder, resolved to make the attempt.

With his trusty rifle in his grasp, and two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skirting the hills on the north as much as possible within the hazel thickets, he struck a course for the Hockhocking River. He reached its margin, and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful fountain of limpid water, now known as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river. He filled his canteens, and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element, as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth. The light sound of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and, upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a few feet of him; these, upon turning the jut of the hill, had thus suddenly come upon him. The elder squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation—for if the alarm should reach the camp, he and his companion must inevitably perish.

Self-preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death upon the squaws, and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a panther, and, grasping the throat of each, with one bound, he sprang into the Hockhocking, and rapidly thrust the head of the elder squaw under the water, and making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted.

During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost in inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him that ten years before she had been made a prisoner on Grave Creek Flats, and that the Indians, in her presence, butchered her mother and two sisters, and that an only remaining brother had been captured with her, who succeeded on the second night in making his escape; but what had become of him she knew not.

During the narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp on the elder squaw, whose body floated where it would not, probably, soon be found. He now directed the girl hastily to follow him, and, with his usual energy and speed, pushed for the mount.

They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt struck the Hockhocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past.

White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians, as the practicing parties of warriors were seen to strike off in every direction; and before White and the girl had arrived, a party of some twenty warriors had already gained the eastern acclivity of the mount, and were cautiously ascending, carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, until the whole of the rock was surrounded, and all hope of escape cut off.

In this peril, nothing was left other than to sell their lives as dearly as they could; this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been a captive to the scouts. She said:

"No! Death, and that in the presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity—furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die! This spot I leave not! Here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours! And should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives!"

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a vigorous defense—opposing craft to craft, expedient to expedient, and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle.

The attack now commenced in front, where, from the narrow backbone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing, the warrior must be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form was target enough for the unerring rifle of the scouts.

After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an insulated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hillside. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point-blank shot of the rifle; and without the possibility of escape.

Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but brave companions and an unerring shot—them they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they had continued as calm and as calculating and as unwearied as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could permit.

Soon M'Clelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock that a single bound must reach it and all hope be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of one hundred yards. He resolved to risk all; coolly he raised his rifle to his eye, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do. He touched the hair trigger with his finger, the hammer came down, but, in place of striking fire, it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance toward the fearful point.

Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap, and with the agility of a deer he made the spring. Instead of reaching the rock, he sprang ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell, he fell upon the earth, and his dark corpse rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death-shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as been foiled for a time in their most important movement.

A very few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught a momentary glimpse of a swarthy warrior cautiously advancing toward the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion.

Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts, to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence—and in a short time M'Clelland saw the wary warrior turning a somerset; his corpse rolled down toward his companion. Again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf.

This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants; and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew a short distance, for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely kept their position, and boldly maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the scout supposed that, through terror, she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight.

They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from the rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and, crouching in the undergrowth, crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross fire of the defenders and assailants. Her practiced eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring and bloodthirsty brave of the Shawanese tribe. He it was who, ten years before, had scalped the family of the girl, and had been her captor.

In the west dark clouds were gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them. This darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy—this being highly probable, if not inevitable. An hour's consultation decided their plans, and it was agreed that the girl, from her intimate knowledge of their localities, should lead the advance a few steps.

Another advantage might be gained by this arrangement, for in case they should fall in with some outpost, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue would perhaps enable her to deceive the sentinel; and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet, when a low "whist" from the girl warned them of present danger. The scouts sunk silently to the earth, where, by previous agreement, they were to remain till another signal was given them by the girl—whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour now began to excite the most serious apprehensions. At length she again appeared, and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels who were directly in their route to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed—the level gained, and the scouts followed their intrepid pioneer for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog, within a few feet, apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the scouts' rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them, and stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterward the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in a wigwam. She replied in the Indian language, and, without stopping, pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the scouts that the village was cleared, and that they were now in safety.

She knew that every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment, and after three days' march and suffering, the party arrived at the block-house in safety.

The courage, energy and fortitude of the girl were nobly displayed throughout the perilous scenes of the fight and escape. She proved to be a sister of Neil Washburn, one of the most renowned scouts upon the frontier. She possessed her brother's spirit in the delicate frame of a woman.

The escape of the party from the Indians deranged the plan of attack upon the fort, and compelled the savages to return to their homes without having effected anything of importance.

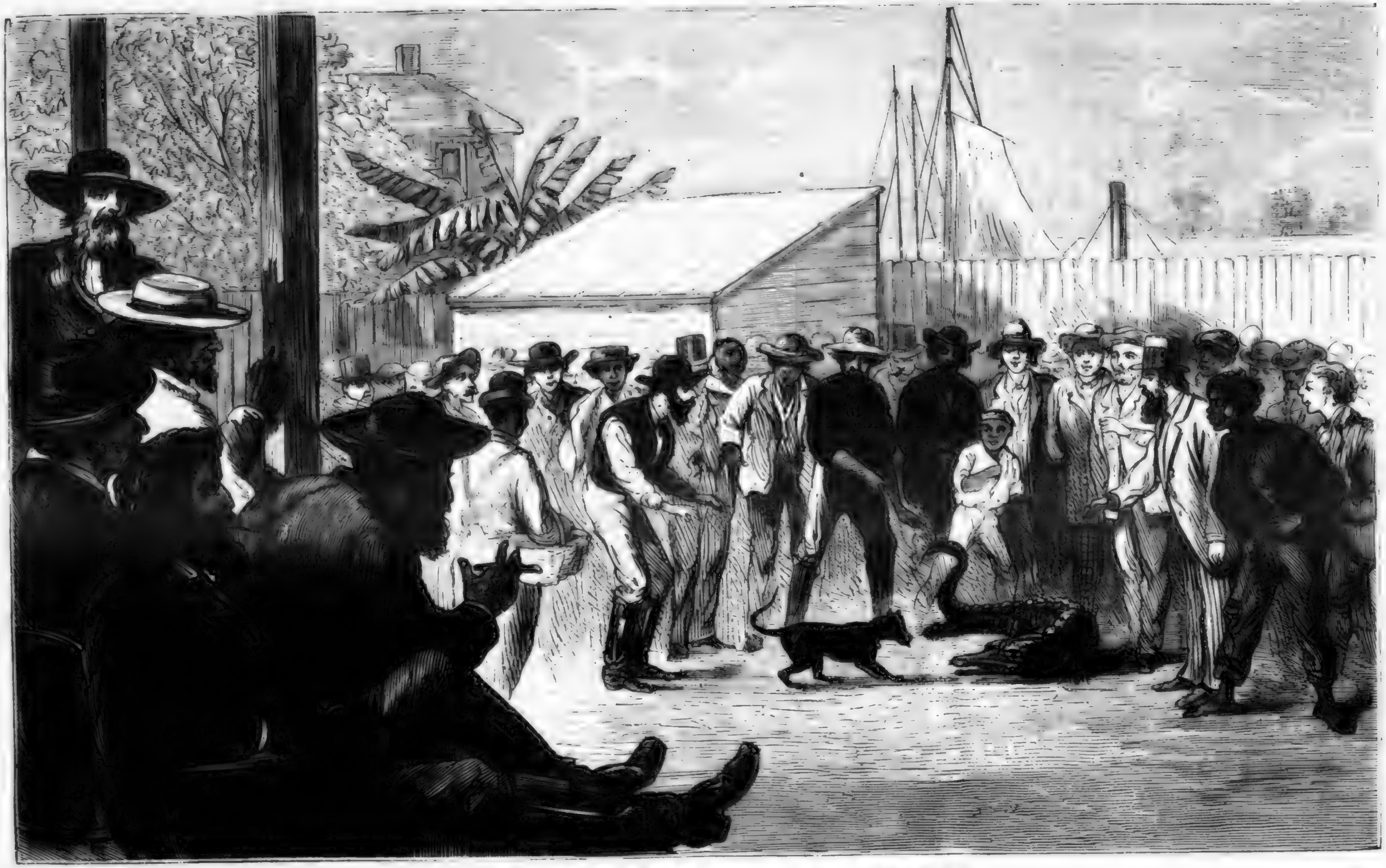
SOUTHERN SCENES.

A Street Scene in Jacksonville, Florida—An Alligator on the Promenade.

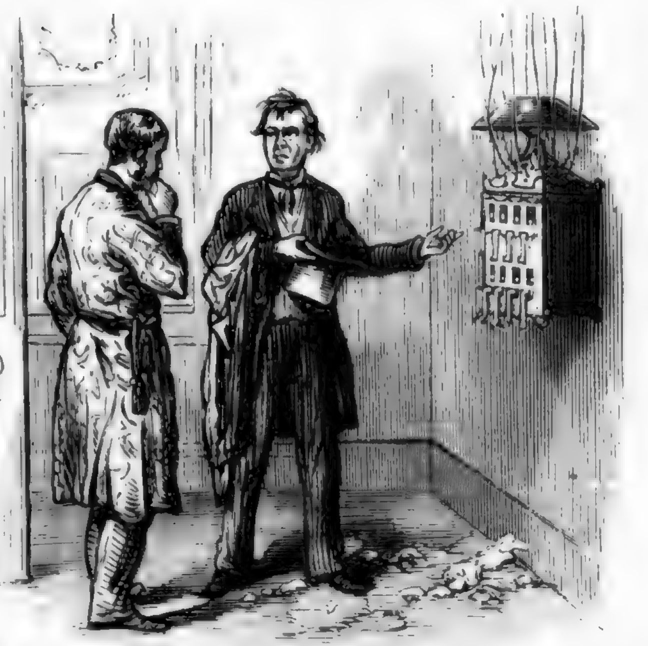
Although the inhabitants of Jacksonville, in Florida, are a very hospitable people, some strangers occasionally make their appearance who are never welcome. It is true that, coming without invitation, they exhibit an indifference to city ordinances, and are a scaly set of fellows at the best.

We allude to the irresponsible alligator that sometimes wanders from his native swamps and bayous, and goes upon an exploring expedition, even into the very heart of the town. Of course the advent of such an ungainly monster creates quite a sensation in Jacksonville—not quite, perhaps, as much as would be created by a similar occurrence on Broadway; but still enough to induce our artist to sketch the scene as witnessed by him during a recent Southern tour.

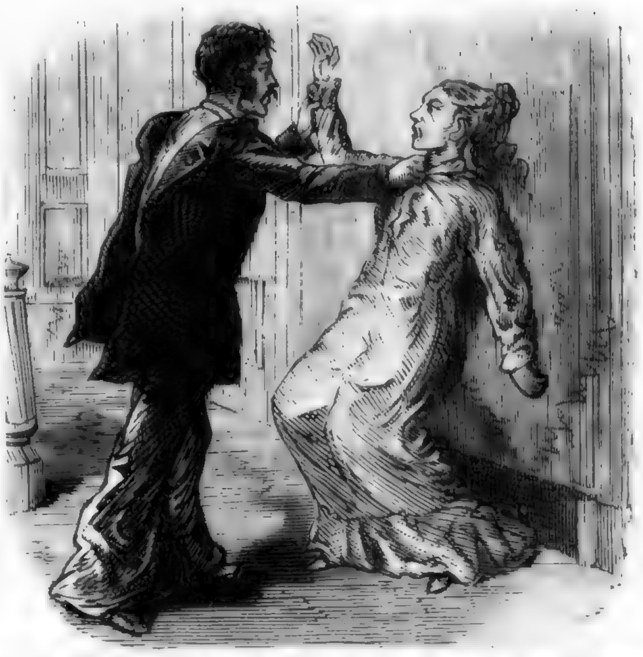
XUM



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A STREET SCENE IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.—SEE PAGE 95.



MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"'WHAT NEW FANDANGO IS THIS?' ASKED OUR GUEST, MISSING THE SPITTOON, BUT GETTING ON TO THE BULL'S-EYE OF A MOSS-ROSEBUD ON THE CARPET."



MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"SHE BOUNDED ON TO THE LOBBY IN A STATE OF THE WILDEST DISHABILLE. I CAUGHT HER FLYING, AND GAVE HER NO GENTLE SHAKE."

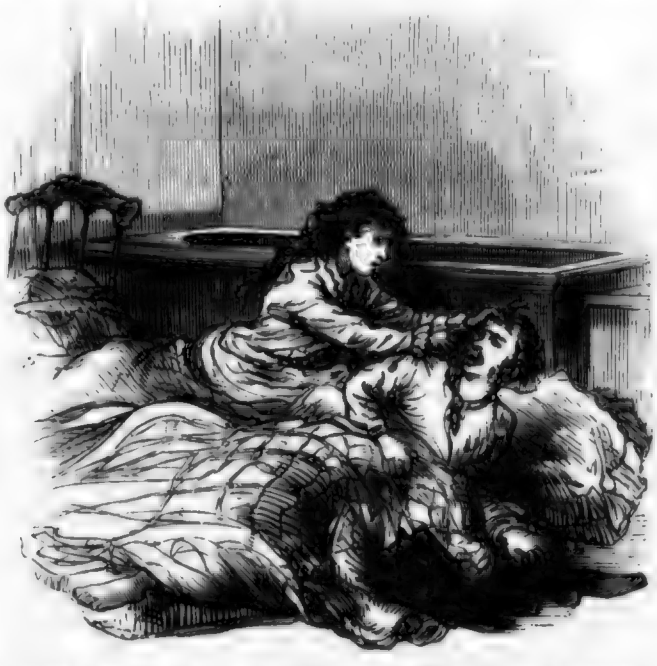
MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.

My wife is a very pertinacious female—most females are, especially married ones—and when she gets an idea into her head, she is as persevering as a baffled musquito. She keeps humming and buzzing, and nipping at me, till she drives me into full-flavored language, and then, with tears over my head, hysterics presented at my throat, threats of separation at my breast, and reminders of being the father of her children all around me, what can any ordinary man —and I am a *very* ordinary man—do under the distracting circumstances, but hang out a flag of truce and seal the armistice with the usual kiss.

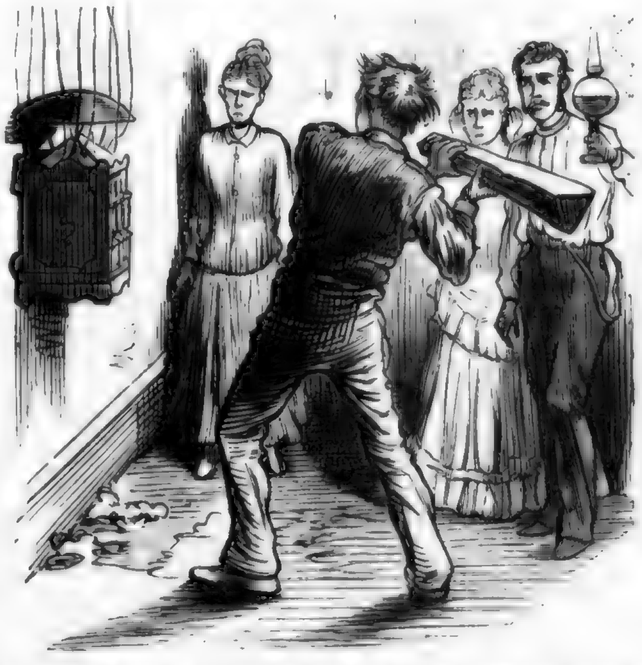
This is how it is done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and I mention it for the benefit of those thistle-cropping ventilators of modern witticisms, whose threadbare and moldy ideas of a joke are concentrated in the pitiful pleasantry of the solitary word, "Henpeck."

My wife was possessor of (and still possesses) ten thousand dollars when she took me for better——I shall not stultify myself by uttering the other word, which gives her a tremendous pull over me. The fact of their existence is brandished beneath my nose from that moment when morn with rosy hand bathes the somewhat ruby tip of my nasal organ in golden light until gray-hooded eve sends me forty winks and respite; twirled in the neighborhood of my scalp, like the tomahawk of a hostile Comanche, served up as the *pièce de resistance* at breakfast, at dinner, at supper, and even in the secluded bower sacred to Mr. Morpheus and to Mr. Caudle.

By some mysterious computation, defying the ordinary rules of calculation, these ten thousand dollars have doubled themselves, like Sir John Falstaff's men in buckram, although I regret to say that the same prosiness still hangs around the annual interest, and Mrs. B. (my wife) coolly refers to her twenty thousand, as if the sum was lying to her credit in the First National Bank, or in some subterranean cavern of a safe-deposit company.



MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"'BURGLARS!' SCREAMED MY WIFE, SPRINGING TO A SITTING POSITION IN THE BED, AND PROCEEDING TO ATTACK ME."



MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"SEIZING A LOG OF WOOD LYING AT HAND FOR FIRING PURPOSES, HE DEALT THE BURGLAR-ALARM ONE VIGOROUS BLOW WHICH SENT IT FLYING."

Since our marriage—which sometimes appears to me to have taken place in the middle of the last century, during the glorious struggle for Independence—I have made one or two frantic struggles for the same thing, but Mrs. B. assumed the *rôle* of General Washington, and I was glad to capitulate on any terms—we have kept house in West Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Square—a clean, comfortable, commodious house, and a desirable location.

"Much too near the Fifth Avenue Hotel," says my wife one night, as I returned somewhat later than usual, with a slight ripple in my delivery, and a *deux temps* in my gait. I had been engaged in looking at some bibulous boys damping their mustaches over cocktails. I am positive that I only sucked in one; two or three may have sucked *me* in; but be that as it may, my establishment in West Twenty-fourth Street was doomed, like auctioned furniture, to a speedy removal from that hour, and Mrs. B. forthwith commenced to develop her ideas with a strategical skill worthy of a champion chess-player, or even of Herr Von Moltke himself.

"It's ruinously expensive moving to the seaside every Summer," she casually observed, at breakfast next morning, destroying the hopes of an embryo chicken by plunging an egg into "a table-dispatch," and busying herself, as females invariably do, when about to attack the nobler sex.

"Never mind, my love; it must be done for the sake of the children," said I, as my chances of an occasional bachelor evening lay in missing—by accident, of course—the last train, when she, with the *impedimenta*, were located by the sad sea waves.

"I say it is ruinously expensive, and my twenty thousand dollars would soon melt into thin air if it is persisted in."

"Surely, my dear, you wouldn't think of remaining in town during the grilling heat?"

"I guess not; but, taking into consideration George Washington's health"—our oldest son, with a constitution of concrete, and who, at this particular moment, was heard in the distant regions of the nursery, yelling, "Beddy buttie! beddy buttie!" with the lungs of a youthful vender of our evening newspaper—"my own health—I've lost all appetite," the egg had disappeared, and she was bidding for a full-fledged cut of a tenderloin steak—"Mamma's health"—it is scarcely necessary to observe that my wife's mother permanently resided with us, and that *her* vitality from *my* point of view, was *not* all that could be desired—"and your health."

"I never felt better in all my life," I hastily interposed—a faint presentiment of what was to come had already cast its shadow.

"And *your* health," she repeated, fixing me with her available eye, the other being in duty over her mother, who exhibited lurking symptoms of rebellion. "*You* were *far* from well *last* night," she spoke, in italics. "*Very* far from well, Mr. Bloggs, and, taking *everything* into consideration, I am of opinion that a *country* residence will suit us for *many* reasons *much* better than a *town* one."

"Country fiddlestick!" said my mother-in-law. I forgave much for this, who preferred street-cars and monstrous stores to briny seclusion or wooded isolation. "What are you thinking about, Angelina?"

"Englewold!" calmly continued my wife. She has a most irritating habit of pursuing her own line of thought, and of noticing no interruption whatever. "Englewold is suitable, *very* suitable—one boat each way to the Mountain House, and steam-rail from Jersey City; and if one should, by any accident, miss the steamer, the locomotive is at hand. Yes," folding up her napkin and me with it, "Englewold will do."

"Gracious Providence! What fault have you to find with this house?" I exclaimed. "And——"

"Rats," was her monosyllabic rejoinder

"I never saw one."

"Nor I," added her mother.

"I did."

This was Napoleonic. She beheld the planet. We required Lord Ross's telescope.

"We can easily banish them!" cried my mother-in-law, who clung with the tenacity of an octopus to her intramural comforts.

"Will you go with me to-day to Englewold, Mr. Bloggs, or shall I, as *usual*, have to do *your* business as well as my own?"

"Really, Angelina, I cannot understand this extraordinary haste; and as for——"

"Extraordinary haste! Do you hear that chee-ild?" The youngest-born was coughing from the effects of a prolonged pull at his bottle. "Am I to wait until that *racking* cough becomes *keronic?* Am I to pause until that *fell* monster, consumption, *swoops* down upon my infant? No, sir If *you* have not the feelings of a *parent*, thank Heaven I am not *utterly* devoid of them!"

The young guzzler's trouble was her right bower, and she played it at the exact moment to euchre me.

My mother-in-law made a gallant stand, defending the position inch by inch. I too, brought up some heavy artillery, and opened a withering fire.

One by one my guns were silenced, captured and turned against me; fainter and fainter became the defense of my wife's mother, until at length, crestfallen and defeated, we were reluctantly compelled to yield, and forced to march from out the citadel minus even the honors of war.

Our villa at Englewold was all that could be desired if located in Madison Square. The bedrooms airy, lofty, and commanding extensive—far too extensive—views into Pennsylvania, and several other places of lesser note. The parlors, too large for our city furniture, involved a considerable outlay in walnut wood and carpets. The dining-room, extensive enough to entertain the Tammany Ring, a gaunt, wolfish-looking apartment, swallowing up five hundred dollars' worth of "fixins" at a hungry gulp, with a cowering chair in each corner, a huddled-up table in the middle of the floor, like a desolate island, and a perished-looking bureau leaning against the wall, betraying all the appearance of being desirous of turning itself inside-out in order to escape observation. The basement was roomy and gloomy as the crypt of a Cistercian monastery, and the stabling fit for Mr. Ten Broek or Le Comte de Lagrange. We all caught colds in the removal.

"I told you how it would be, Angelina," said her mother, with triumphant asperity, whilst she operated with her handkerchief. A trombone solo is not enlivening. "The children are sneezing their heads off!"

"Yes, mamma, these are the remains of the colds they caught in Twenty-fourth Street; if we had remained there another week I would not answer for the consequences."

It will be perceived that Mrs. B—— is fertile in rejoinder.

My mother-in-law being somewhat of an early riser, secures the *Herald*, and clings to it like a cat to a mat, or a sick kitten to a hot brick, until, ghoul-like, she has sucked its life-blood. It is then tossed to me, and I worry the financial column until my wife agitates my departure for the train.

Mrs. Skintlint—my wife was Angelina Skintlint. I wonder would she be Angelina Skintlint still, but for that fatal picnic at which I—but no matter, I am strongly inclined to think that, with a gentle dash of her present manner, she would have remained single, even for Robinson Crusoe, ay, or any other man—Mrs. Skinflint, during our matutinal meal, indulges us with a jerky outline of the horrors of the preceding twenty-four hours. Murders, suicides, forgeries, burglaries. She is strong on burglaries—her deep-toned voice falters upon the word "jimmy"—and misdemeanors of every sort, shape, size and description. She stops at nothing, each succeeding crime imparting an additional stimulus to her appetite, which is twin-sister to a truck-driver's, causing chops, steaks, cutlets, sausages and eggs to disappear like fictitious pancakes into a conjurer's hat.

"At all events, with *all* its imperfections, we were pretty safe from burglars in Twenty-fourth Street," tartly observed Mrs. Skinflint.

"Burglars, mamma!" exclaimed her daughter, in a tone of alarm, and adding, in womanly defiance of Lindley Murray, "there ain't no burglars here!"

"Listen!" said her parent, solemnly, as she proceeded to read a harrowing description of a daring robbery which had been committed at a villa within half a mile of us, in which "jimmies" had not only operated upon doors and windows, but upon the frames, especially the head-pieces of the luckless inhabitants as well.

My wife looked at her mother with apprehension in her glance. Mrs. Skinflint was pale as cheap crockery.

There *is* balm in Gilead.

"It will be our turn next," I moodily observed, by way of imparting comfort and consolation, "and there isn't a bolt in the house that I couldn't force with my toothpick!"

"The police must be warned at once, Mr. Bloggs—go the first thing to the Bureau and request the services of an extra officer."

"I have no influence, my dear, and as——"

"Of *course* you haven't. You need not have told *me* that at *this* hour of the day. Instead of being united to a man of position and influence, I am chained to a—a——"

She was selecting a big one.

"Nobody," suggested Mrs. Skinflint, which was accepted with alacrity.

"Our lives are in peril!" continued my amiable spouse.

"My sainted husband's plate!" put in her mother

"Yes, six thousand dollars' worth of silver!"

How excited ladies *will* exaggerate! A bold and inexperienced speculator might offer two thousand for it. A wary purchaser might be tickled up to one thousand. The late Mr. Skinflint had come by it "handy"—how and when, defied the closest investigation. It was a white elephant, and placed Mrs. Skinflint on deposit, its very weight causing her to become a fixture.

"Something must be done, Mr. Bloggs, and at once. Can you even *suggest* anything?"

"Move back into Twenty-fourth Street, my dear."

"There is a good deal in what he says," said Mrs. Skinflint, who panted for her diurnal pilgrimage around Stewart's, and whose banishment to Englewold was the subject of a devout thanksgiving on the part of the employés.

"You are a pair of idiots!" exclaimed my wife, as she bounced from the apartment, "and if I were a man, I should be ashamed to have a pumpkin outside my shirt-collar instead of a head!"

"You must have experienced some little difficulty in rearing your daughter, ma'am," I observed, taking a shot at Mrs. Skinflint. "She must have been an interesting infant. What a lamb when cutting her teeth!"

"She is an angel, sir! But *you*, by your aggravating ways, are breaking her heart! I knew how to treat Mr. Skinflint. If Angelina had a little more of my spirit, poor dear, things would be different. I was getting him into a beautiful condition of mind when he left me. That *was* a man! If I said 'Come,' he came; if I said 'Go,' he went."

"Yes, ma'am, he went. I guess he was a smart man on that last move!"

She said nothing, but looked an armory of rusty bayonets at me. My shot had hulled her.

Upon the following evening I was agreeably startled when reaching the villa, to find Mrs. B—— arrayed in a cluster of wintry smiles, while the smirks of Mrs. Skinflint betrayed secret but ill-concealed satisfaction.

"Was uncle on the boat, Mr. Bloggs?"

"No, my dear."

"Then he's on the cars, I guess, and he'll be here for supper."

Her uncle Skinflint is in corn, if not in clover, and bounded on the north by real estate, on the south by United States bonds, on the east by the First National Bank, and on the west by forty thousand dollars. He is a bachelor, and visits us at regular intervals. He brings George Washington a two-cent whistle, and Wilhelmina Angelina a one-cent chocolate mouse. He occupies the best bedroom—our room—stays as long as it suits him, we pay the expressman for his baggage, and the servants never see the color of his money. But we have expectations—*great* expectations, and uncle's will is law. He spoils the carpet with his dirty boots, his aim at the spittoon is not reliable, his language somewhat inflamed; but he ballyrags my wife's mother, and I love that man!

Now, as a general rule, Mr. Skinflint's visits were regarded as necessary evils by Mrs. Bloggs, and through the light of mournful yet hopeful resignation; consequently, I was somewhat at a loss to account for the avalanche of "nods, becks and wreathed smiles" which capered around the announcement of his approaching visit.

"Ah, here he is!" exclaimed my wife, as a coach laden with *impedimenta* like those of a commercial traveler going West, lumbered up to the gate. 'Twas at this hour, in such a vehicle, and with an equal amount of baggage, that my wife's mother arrived to spend a few days with her precious chee-ild. If she still regards the duration of her visit in the light of a few days, that woman must look forward to seeing the next centennial.

"Ah, here we are! Hope supper's ready. You're looking round the clock, niece. You alive yet, Mother Skinflint? Pay the coachman, Bloggs, four dollars and fifty cents, for the man's deuced dear. There's a wolf in my stomach"—he used the other word. "Don't pull my pants, you brat!" to G. W. "I don't kiss dirty-faced girls!" to W. A. "Now, Mother Skinflint, lead the way, as you'll be doing some fine morning, I hope, at your own funeral!"

And thus did our uncle tune his instrument, ere he commenced to play.

Upon ushering our guest to his bedroom—*my* bedroom—with a view to the washing and laundrying of a pair of nut-brown hands and colliery nails, while passing through the dressing-room I was astonished to find, not the imprint of a naked foot upon the sand, but a very peculiar-looking addition to the furniture of that apartment, which consisted of a small walnut-wood cabinet, not unlike an elaborately constructed pigeon-house, attached to the wall. This miniature pagoda was adorned with as many handles as a soda-water fountain in a new drug-store or stops to an organ, and the roof, if I may so designate it, was surmounted by a huge gong, such as are used on steamboats to regulate the movements of the sleepless and ever-watchful engineer. Bright, square, nickel-covered apertures, like plate-glass windows, in two rows of four each, appeared upon its façade, and beneath each window a flattened hook attached

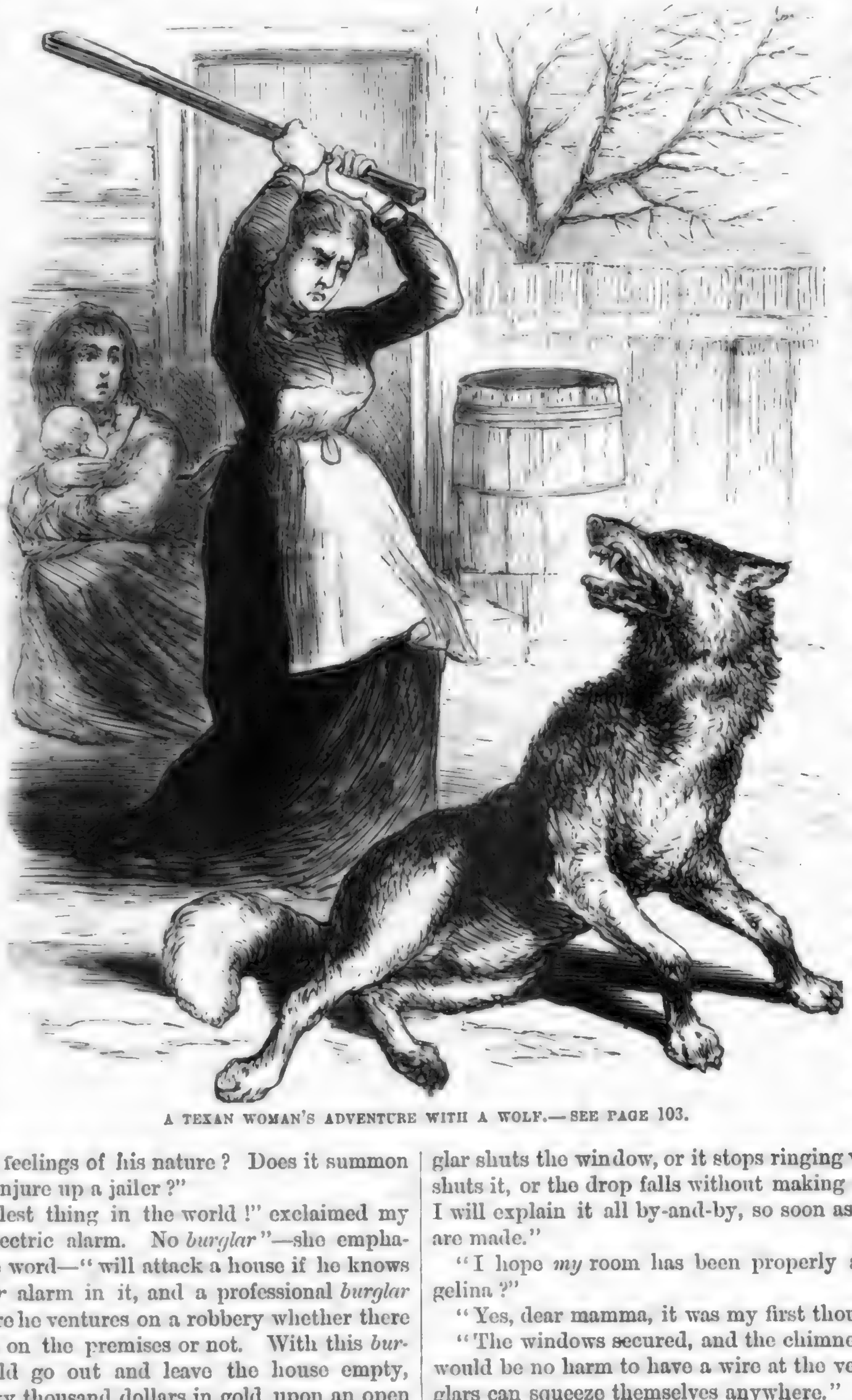
XUM

to a bar which ran the entire length of the machine. A spray of wires disappeared into the ceiling, and the *débris* of lime, plaster and mortar suggested no inconsiderable shock of earthquake.

"What new fandango is this?" asked our guest, missing the spittoon, but getting on to the bull's eye of a moss rosebud on the carpet.

"A bell," I replied, at hazard, not wishing to appear ignorant of what was happening in my own house.

"A bell!" he exclaimed. "Ecod! you ain't going to pull the house up by the roots, are you?"



A TEXAN WOMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.—SEE PAGE 103.

Seeing Mrs. B——, I asked her what it all meant.

"It's a burglar alarm," she replied, with an air of triumph. There was twenty police-power in her glance.

"My sainted husband's plate is safe now," said Mrs. Skinflint.

"Yes, and our lives too!" added Mrs. B——. "If the Batchfords had had one of them in their bedroom, Mrs. Batchford need not be visiting with a brummagem pin in her shawl and glass beads in her ears."

"Or Mr. Batchford going with a certain ring round his finger," said Mrs. Skinflint.

"But what is it? How does it work? Does it catch the burglar? Does it paralyze his jimmy or appeal to the better feelings of his nature? Does it summon a policeman or conjure up a jailer?"

"It's the simplest thing in the world!" exclaimed my wife—"it's an electric alarm. No *burglar*"—she emphasized this terrible word—"will attack a house if he knows there is a *burglar* alarm in it, and a professional *burglar* will find out before he ventures on a robbery whether there is a *burglar* alarm on the premises or not. With this *burglar* alarm, I would go out and leave the house empty, and put my twenty thousand dollars in gold upon an open table——"

"With my sainted husband's plate!" chimed in Mrs. Skinflint.

"And the bracelet you gave me before we were married—you haven't thought of the fellow for it, though. I have; and my watch and chain, and the children's tankards, all exposed, and they would be as safe as if they were in the deepest vaults of a safe-deposit company."

"I can't see it. Possibly if I were a burglar I might."

"You never see anything but your meals, Mr. Bloggs, and then only to find fault with them."

"Don't worry yourself, Angelina, my precious child," soothed her mother.

"Yes, but I *will*, mamma. See here now, Mr. Bloggs, we will suppose a burglar attempts to enter by the basement window, the moment the window is opened up——"

"The burglar is shut up!" I cannot help saying a good thing now and then; it bubbles up.

"A bell then rings"—she wouldn't see it—"and the drop falls."

"They don't hang for burglary now, Mrs. B——. The drop only falls for murder in the first degree."

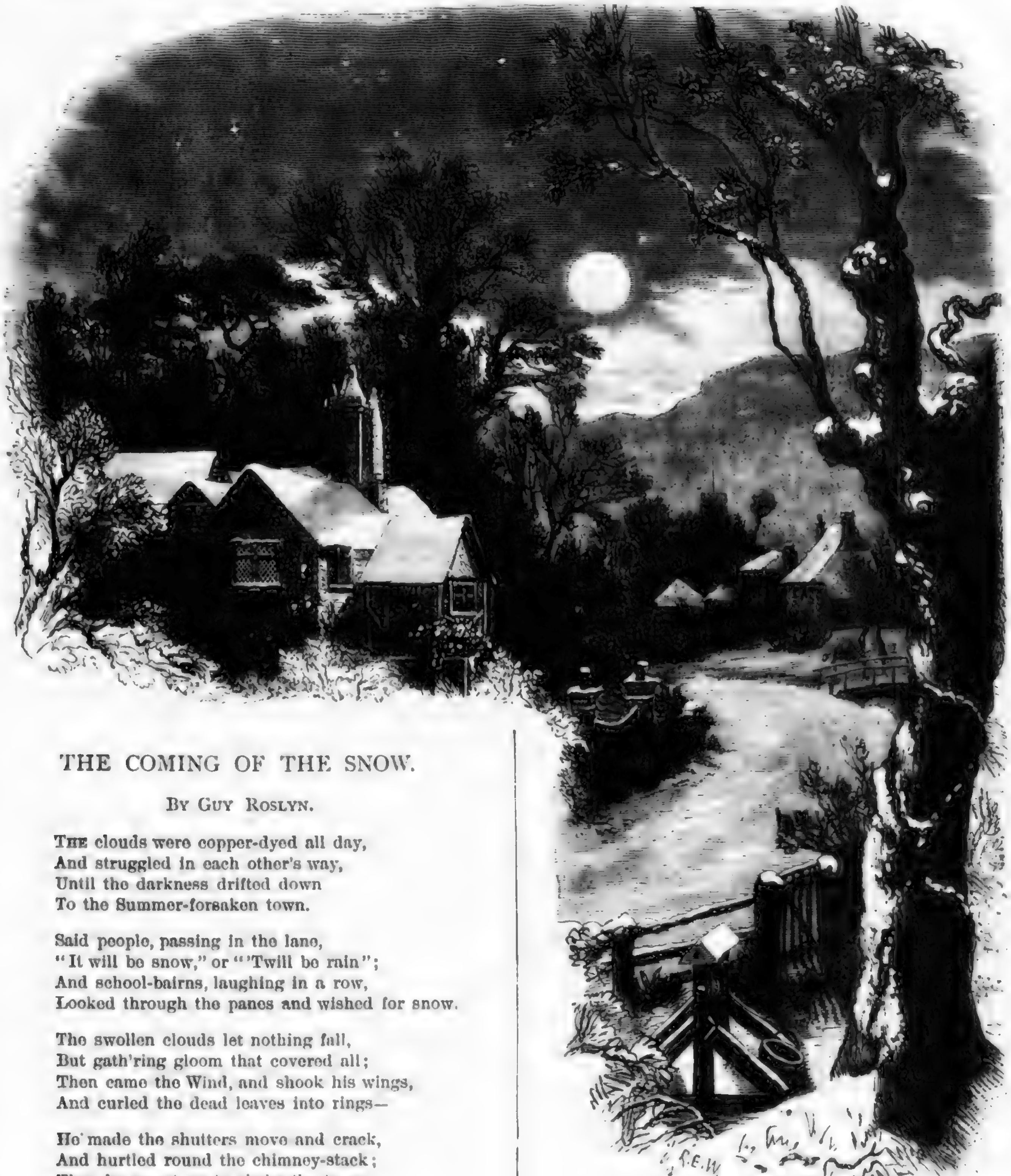
"I say the drop falls, in spite of your vulgar jest, exposing the word 'Basement,' thus informing you instantly where the burglar is trying to get in. By turning a handle, if you wish it, a bell continues to ring, even if the burglar shuts the window, or it stops ringing when the burglar shuts it, or the drop falls without making any noise at all. I will explain it all by-and-by, so soon as the attachments are made."

"I hope *my* room has been properly attended to, Angelina?"

"Yes, dear mamma, it was my first thought."

"The windows secured, and the chimneys especially; it would be no harm to have a wire at the ventilators, as burglars can squeeze themselves anywhere."

When, later in the evening, Mrs. Bloggs came to deliver a lecture on the burglar alarm, with a view to initiating me into its mysteries, she became hopelessly involved in the



THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

By Guy Roslyn.

The clouds were copper-dyed all day,
And struggled in each other's way,
Until the darkness drifted down
To the Summer-forsaken town.

Said people, passing in the lane,
"It will be snow," or "'Twill be rain";
And school-bairns, laughing in a row,
Looked through the panes and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall,
But gath'ring gloom that covered all;
Then came the Wind, and shook his wings,
And curled the dead leaves into rings—

He made the shutters move and crack,
And hurtled round the chimney-stack;
Then he swept on to shake the trees,
Until they moaned like Winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,
And all the trees again stood still;
Then, through the dark, the snow came down
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,
And flecked the boughs with flakes of light;
And moving clouds revealed the moon,
To make on earth a faery noon.

Then Winter went unto his throne,
That with a million diamonds shone;
A crown of stars was on his head,
And round him his rich robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with delight,
To see the fields and hedges white;
And folk said, as they hurried past,
"Good-morning—Winter's come at last!"

---

modus operandi, pulling handles, like an attendant in a lager-beer saloon, till black in the face; switching levers, adjusting wires, unscrewing bolts, consulting batteries, flinging open windows, doors and skylights, till she and her parent, who was the familiar on the occasion, were compelled, in utter exhaustion, to give over their experiments until a future occasion. All this, too, without causing a bell to ring, a gong to sound, a drop to fall or a wire to jingle. The failure was ludicrously, delightfully complete.

"If you hadn't been prating so much to the young man, mamma, I would have got him to show me how to run the machine twice instead of once."

"Prate, Angelina! I had to give *you* one or two broad hints, especially when you spoke about your sainted father's plate."

"Sainted fiddlesticks! I wish you wouldn't be interfering in things in which you have no business!"

I felt inclined to take Mr. B. to my white waistcoat.

"Very good, Angelina. I shall not interfere again, as I purpose leaving to-morrow. And as my sainted——"

"Oh, bother!" interposed my wife, proceeding once more to operate upon the burglar-alarm.

As the best laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft aglee," so the best regulated burglar-alarms refuse to do their office when not duly and properly handled.

My wife gave up the attempt from sheer inability to wrestle further, and resolved upon patience until the morrow, when the operator was to be summoned in order to set the machine to rights and—receive a little bit of her mind.

"Keep those confounded brats of yours tied and gagged till I've had my snooze, Angelina. I'm cursedly tired, and let no one come near my door till ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Then knock in the panels!" And Uncle Skinflint nodded good-night.

"Did he bring the children anything?" I asked.

"Not much," replied my wife. "An apple to George Washington, and a damaged pear to Wilhelmina Angelina?"

And it was for this that we were sleeping in the bathroom, with the noise of trickling water tingling through our spinal marrow. Expectations! expectations! how many follies have been committed in thy name!

It might been the witching hour. I was dreaming—alas! that it was but a dream!—that Mrs. Skinflint had at last completed her visit of a "few days," and was proceeding toward the Sioux country, where Sitting Bull grimly awaited her arrival and her scalp, when ter-r-r-r-r-r-r, tingle, tingle, tingle went the bell attached to the burglar-alarm.

"Burglars!" screamed my wife, springing to a sitting position in the bed, and proceeding to attack *me*, as though *I* had been caught in the act of forcing an entry into my own house for unlawful purposes. "Burglars!" and I received a punch on the head. "Burglars!" a dig in the ribs. "Burglars!" a general assault on the most defenseless portion of my frame.

"Where—where?" I cried, bouncing out of the bed.

The night was bitterly cold—a regular rasper.

"Everywhere! All over the house. Go and encounter them, while I fly to protect the children," and Mrs. B. wrapped the spread around her—I had clutched at it, but it eluded my grasp—and vanished in the direction of the nursery.

Hastily plunging into my pants, the wrong end uppermost, and a coat with the back across my stomach, like a herald's tabard, and seizing a heavy blackthorn shillelah that never missed fire, I cautiously proceeded toward the dressing-room, which was next to the chamber occupied by Mrs. Skinflint, and found the bell ringing on with hysterical violence, and the indicator notifying trouble in the apartment inhabited by my wife's mother.

Having ascertained this beyond the possibility of a doubt, and feeling assured that Mrs. Skinflint was more than a match for any two ordinary housebreakers, I was about to leave her to fight it out, when her door burst violently open, and she bounded on to the lobby in a state of the wildest *déshabille*.

I caught her flying, and gave her no gentle shake; her back teeth rattled together like castanets.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"The window! the window!" she gasped.

"What window?" Another shake.

"That window!" pointing to a half-open casement.

"Who opened it?" A series of shakes. I felt that I might never get another opportunity, and the pent-up wrongs of suffering years were having their innings now.

"Wh—wha—wha—what are you sh—sh—sh—shaking m—m—m—me f—f—for?"

"Answer my question, Mrs. Skinflint. *Who* opened that window?"

Here I shook her as if she had been an apple-tree, to which the most inviting-looking fruit still clung with tenacity.

"I—I—I d—d—did."

"And what the deuce" (yes, I said it—open confession is good for the soul), "do you mean by opening windows at this time of night, and frightening people out of their wits?" A whole orchard rocked again in connection with this query.

"Let m—me g—g—g—go!"

She had had enough of it; so, bestowing a valedictory shake upon her, which caused the flabby frills of her nightcap to smack her forehead like fly-flappers, I jerked her into the bed-room.

The bell still kept ringing, and by this time the whole household was aroused with the exception of our male guest, who snored like a fog-horn.

"I opened the window because I thought I saw one of the helps conversing with a man under the stoop, and the moment I opened it, that awful bell commenced to ring, and I couldn't stop it. Shut the window, for heaven's sake; I'll get my death of cold!" and Mrs. Skinflint disappeared beneath the bedclothes, one bulbous frill remaining on the surface like a white buoy to mark the exact spot at which she went down.

I banged the window with a crash that nearly sent the glass into fragments. A spasmodic movement in the bed indicated that the bang had reached the submerged Mrs. Skinflint.

The bell ceased to ring, but my wife's tongue commenced to wag, and the hearing she gave her parent was one of the finest pieces of oratory I ever listened to. It was positively sublime.

"It's very odd," observed Mrs. B., as, chilled to the marrow, we returned to the ice-bound regions of the bathroom, "that the alarm would not work when I wanted it. I guess it was fixed all right all along, and that I turned the wrong handle."

Again Queen Mab was gracious enough to honor my pillow—again to favor me with visions of bliss. Mrs. Skinflint and a burglar of the Bill Sykes type were engaged in a Greco-Roman wrestling-match. Mrs. S. was in an academic posture, and Mr. Sykes had an adhesive grip of her nightcap. She was scoring some of Wagner's music upon his swarthy visage, and he was treating her as if she were a dusty hearth-rag, when tr—r—r—tr—r—r—r tingle, ingle, ingle, ingle, went the thrice-accursed bell.

"Burglars!" screamed my wife, kicking—yes, gentlemen of the jury, actually *kicking*—me clean out of the bed.

"It's your mother at it again," I groaned.

"It's not!" cried my spouse. "She won't open that window again for a month of Thanksgiving Days. Don't stand gaping there, sir! I'll fly to protect my children," and she went for the nursery, carefully locking herself in.

Once more I bepanted, becoated, beshillelahed myself, and repaired on tip-toe to the alarm. The drop exposed the word "parlor." This looked serious, so I took a lamp and proceeded gradually thither, expecting to find "my sainted husband's plate" tied up in a bundle upon our buhl-table, and all our available silver in the possession of one or more candidates for office at Sing Sing.

"Darkness there and nothing more." Everything was as we had left it some hours previously—the shutters hermetically sealed, the bolts all in their proper places, and yet the infernal bell kept ringing as if it had a given number of sounds to produce within a given number of seconds. I was puzzled, bewildered. Dr. Slade's slate was nothing to this. There was spiritualistic agency at work, not a doubt of it, and, soothing my ruffled mental condition with this medium-sized sop, I quitted the apartment, gently closing the door. *Presto*—the bell stopped.

A "harmless necessary cat" brushed by me like a familiar, and, rubbing a full-blown tail against the parlor-door, forced it open. T—r—r—r—r—r went the bell; the parlor-door was in circuit, and the cat confessed herself the disturber. As it is but natural to avenge an injury, if not upon the person who has injured us, upon some meaner object, I kicked that cat. Yes, I had been kicked myself, and I didn't see why that cat should go scot free—and she didn't.

"If that cursed bell rings again, Angelina, I'll see the whole crowd of ye in Paradise before I stir a peg," were my last words as I shivered into bed.

I do not know how I contrived to fall asleep again, especially as my wife was in a Mrs. Caudle frame of mind, and desirous of covering the failure of her enterprise by a general impeachment of my past career—particularly that glorious pre-nuptial period when—— Heighho! I did fall asleep, however, but it was dead and dreamless.

T-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Ting-ing-ing-ing-ing-ing! T-r-r-r-r-r-r! Ting-ing-ing-ing-ing! Bells ringing everywhere—overhead, underfoot, in the garret, in the basement, on the roof, in the sink!

"Burglars!" shrieked my wife.

"Burglars!" yelled her uncle, thundering against the door of his chamber, which, in his terror, he failed to unlock.

"Burglars!" screeched Mrs. Skinflint, in the tone of a superannuated locomotive whistle.

"Murdher!" howled our Irish help.

"Merdaw!" squeaked the English nurse.

The children roared, the dogs barked, the horses neighed, the pigs grunted; crockery radiated, doors banged, tea-trays gonged, and, above a din that would have split the ears of Lafayette's statue, have awakened an Egyptian mummy, or aroused a Broadway policeman from his accustomed majestic torpor, the bells kept tingling, whirring, and jangling in a complex amalgam of diabolical sound.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this pandemonium?" demanded Mr. Skinflint. "Stop it, I say!" making a kick at the burglar-alarm, whose drops were all open. "Whose infernal contrivance is this?"

"It's a protection against burglars," feebly chattered my wife.

"Protection the deuce, woman! I went to have a glass of water from it a minute ago, thinking it was a water-tap, and, blow me, if ten thousand bells didn't commence to tear round! Do you take me for a thief, woman, that you put wires all around me to tell your household when I turn in my bed?"

"It's out of order, uncle, and——"

"I'll put it out of order, I guess!"

And seizing a log of wood lying at hand for firing purposes, he dealt the burglar-alarm one vigorous blow, which sent it flying in the direction of the door, and would, in all probability, have landed it at the bottom of the stairs, but, being attached to wires suspended from the ceiling, it rebounded, and, catching my wife's mother in the region of the jaw, felled her with a dismal crash, and, swinging onward, plunged violently against Mr. Skinflint's stomach, when it doubled him up like a codfish in a pot, and he collapsed, with a despairing howl, upon the prostrate form of my mother-in-law.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Skinflint no longer favors us with feats of burglarious enterprise from the columns of the *Herald*, as rheumatism keeps her very much in her own apartment.

Our uncle's visits are becoming more angelical, inasmuch as they are fewer and at more distant intervals. He attributes his sciatica to that fatal night, and speaks about leaving a public monument to his memory, in a manner that causes our blood to curdle in our veins.

My wife—ahem!—my wife is *quite* well, thank you, the children are flourishing, and the burglar-alarm is amongst the things that were.

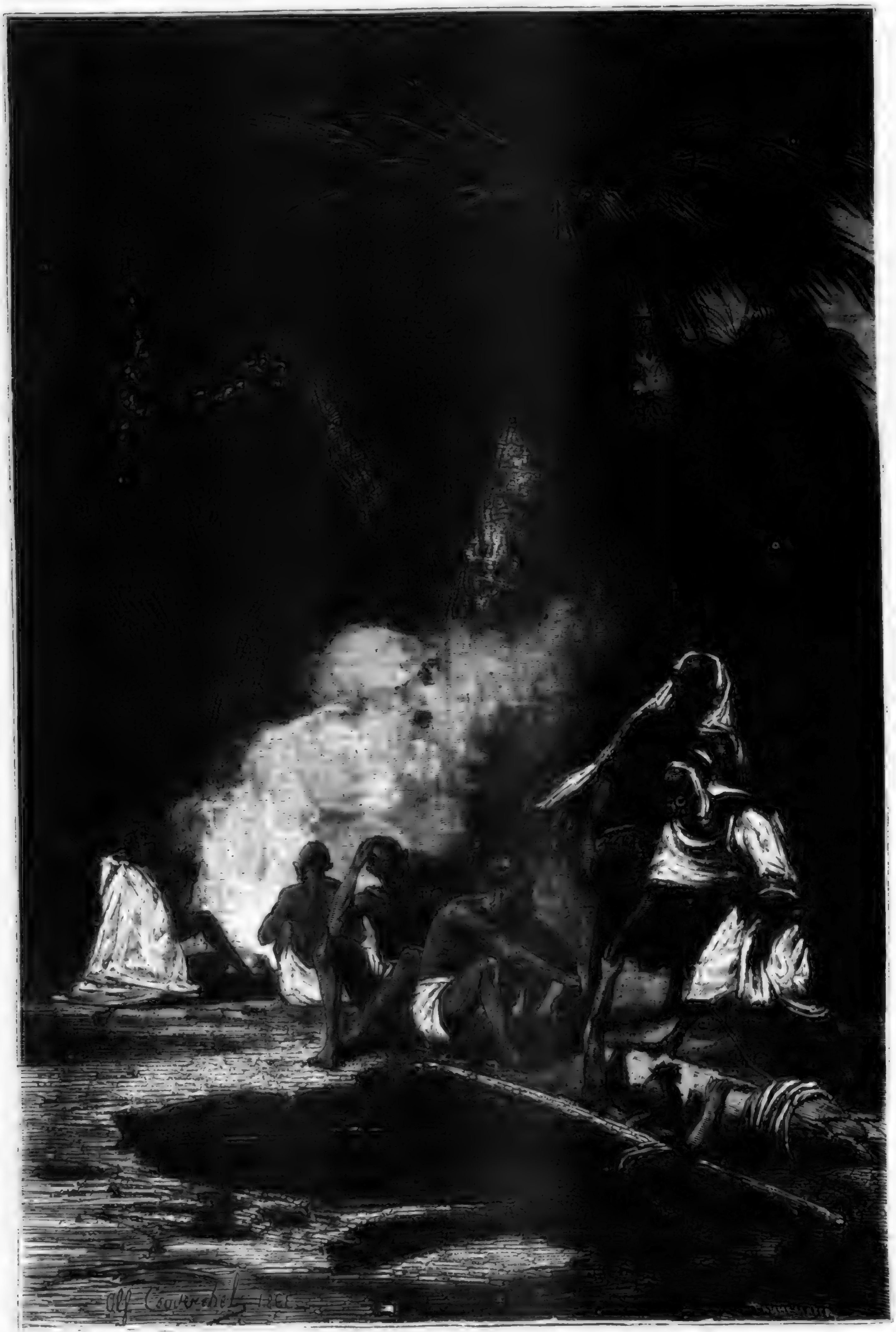
A TEXAN WOMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.

Those Texan wolves, when pressed by hunger, sometimes invade the frontier farm-houses, and even advance with their stealthy pace to the very threshold of barn or dwelling. A Texan matron, living near Fredericksburg, recently, toward dusk, went to the woodpile for fuel. Turning the corner of the henhouse, she came suddenly upon a lean, gaunt, gray wolf, whose hungry eyes and fierce attitude expressed a design to dispute her passage. She did not retreat, nor scream, nor faint, but, seizing a stick from the woodpile, she gave battle to the varmint. A lucky blow from her vigorous arm laid the varmint lifeless at her feet; and she had the pleasure of seeing that wolf skinned, and the shaggy coat used for a hearth-rug in commemoration of her prowess.

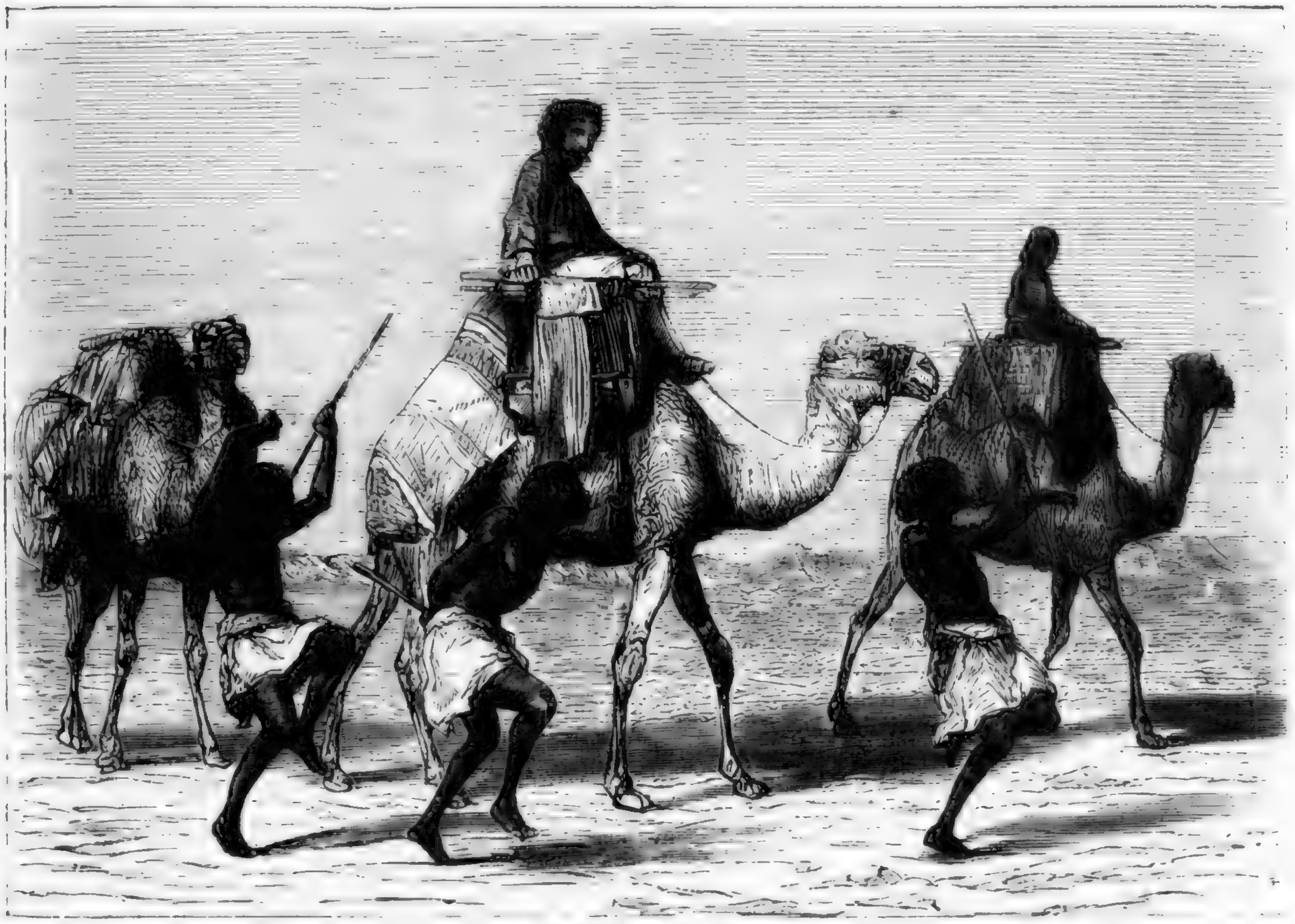
Sugar.—The annual production of the sugar of the world has been approximately calculated as follows: Bengal, China and Siam, 300,000,000 lbs.; British Colonies, 410,000,000 lbs.; Spanish Colonies, 470,000,000 lbs.; Dutch Colonies, 160,000,000 lbs.; Swedish and Danish Colonies, 20,000,000 lbs.; French Colonies, 160,000,000 lbs.; France (beet), 360,000,000 lbs.; Brazil, 150,000,000 lbs.; Zollverein (beet), 550,000,000 lbs.; Austria (beet), 178,000,000 lbs.; Russia (beet), 100,000,000 lbs.; Italy and Belgium (beet), 200,000,000 lbs.; all other sources, including the United States, 400,000,000 lbs.; total, 3,420,000,000 lbs. The annual consumption of sugar per head by different nations varies considerably, as may be seen by the following figures, based on official data: In the United States, 33 lbs. per head; England, 30; Scotland, 30; Holland, 16; Ireland, 5; Belgium, 6; France, 6.66; Spain, 6.24; Switzerland, 6; Portugal, 5; Denmark, 5; Poland, 5; Prussia (Zollverein), 10; Norway and Sweden, 9; Italy, 2; Austria, 2; Russia, 1.

Mourning for the Dead.—"I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried, 'My brother! Oh, my brother!' A sage passed that way and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?'—'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel.'—'What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?'—The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he would but come back to his fond embrace.—'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage, 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also.'"

XUM



DESERT LIFE.—CLEANING A WELL IN AN OASIS.



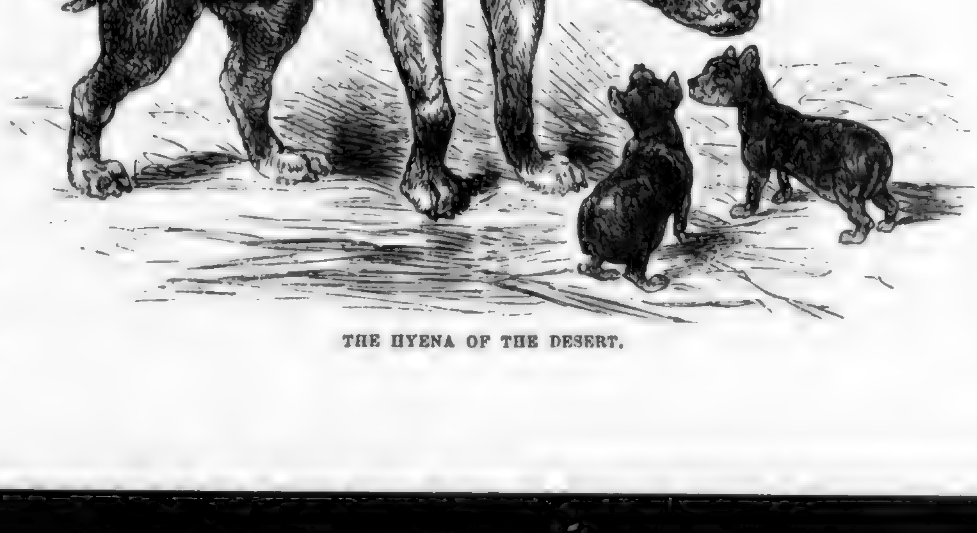
DANCE OF CAMEL-DRIVERS.

DESERT LIFE.

The Bedouins are the nomadic tribes of Arabia, Irak and the eastern and southeastern parts of Syria. The word Bedouin is derived from the Arabic *Bedawi*—plural, *Bedawân*—dwellers in the desert. They live in tribes of from 200 to 20,000 or 30,000 men, moving from place to place as the exigencies of their flocks and herds require.

From the earliest ages they have led a pastoral life, dwelling in tents, and rearing cattle, with which they supply the cities, going out on plundering excursions, or spending their leisure time in horse-racing, athletic sports, story-telling, and, since the introduction of tobacco, in smoking. All the domestic labor, except milking and spinning, is left to the women and slaves, the arable land is cultivated by the neighboring peasantry, who receive one-third of the produce, and are maintained at the expense of the proprietor during their stay, as a reward for their service. The women also perform the part of hairdressers to their husbands in curling their locks. The tending of the flocks is left to the boys and girls.

The Bedouin considers agriculture beneath his dignity; he despises alike all labor and engagements in commerce; proud of his genealogy, which he traces back to Mohammed, Ishmael or Joktan; he is fierce and warlike, not out of patriotism, for he has no country, but for the sake of plunder. The Bedouins are passionately fond of poetry; nearly every tribe has a poet, who recites the deeds of their heroes and adventures of lovers, accompanying his songs with the *rababa*, a kind of one-stringed fiddle. They are among the most expert riders in the world, and are generally attached to their horses. Their diet is simple, consisting of the flesh and milk of their



THE HYENA OF THE DESERT.

XUM

herds, rice and coffee. They dislike sleeping in buildings, and when obliged to visit the towns for the sale of their cattle, wool and grain, their stay there is as brief as possible.

The Bedouins are of middle size, spare and sinewy, capable of enduring great fatigue and exposure to the fiery sun and hot winds of the desert. In complexion they are dark brown, having regular features, with deep-set, piercing and intelligent eyes. Their clothing, especially during predatory excursions, is often reduced to a single cotton shirt, bound round the waist with a leather girdle, into which the Bedouin sticks his arms, with a pipe and lighting apparatus.

The wealthy Bedouin or Sheikh, wears over his shirt a long gown, often of scarlet cloth, with the usual arms, pistols and short dagger, in his girdle; while a silver-mounted sword is swung across his shoulder, and a flowing mantle of cashmere covers the whole. The headdress consists of a *keffiyé*, or shawl, of wool or silk, interwoven with gold lace, with fringes of the same material, folded cornerwise and tied round the head with the head with a cord. He wears clumsy boots of red or yellow leather.

The Bedouins practice polygamy and hold slaves. They are ignorant, superstitious, fierce, revengeful, and of depraved morals. Their greatest virtue is hospitality to their guests—an Arab's salt being proverbial; but even this is questionable, and the sanctity of the asylum, *dakhil*, has often been violated. Instances, however, are not rare of magnanimous conduct, when the *dakhil* has been faithfully observed, even at great damage to the protector.

Unlike the Turkomans or other robbers in civilized countries, the Bedouin is averse to shedding blood, and will have recourse to extreme measures only when others have failed. This may be partly attributed to their fear of causing a blood feud. The Bedouins have no criminal code except for murder, when the blood-feud is rigidly enforced, and the murderer, and sometimes one of his relatives, is liable to be killed at any moment by the survivors of the victim. But even here a compensation can be made and accepted. Among the Arabs, blood-money varies in different parts of the country, from a thousand dirhems of silver—about $150—to ten thousand, $1,500. The price for a woman is about one-third that for a man, or somewhat more. If pregnant with a male child at the time of the murder, the murderer or his relatives pay the full price of a man and woman; if with a female child, then the full price of two women.

In general, government in Arabia is patriarchal, each tribe having its *sheik* or chief. The sheikship is hereditary, the next oldest, whether son or brother, succeeding. The Bedouins seem never to have been conquered. Retiring to their deserts when danger threatens, it is almost impossible for their enemies to follow, where the roads are only known to themselves. The Bedouins have been marauders and scourges over the neighboring territories from the earliest ages, and in the seventh century, when stirred up to the highest degree of excitement by the preaching of Mohammed, they became the terror of both Asia and Europe.

Water in the desert means life; without it comes *pallida mors*, and death by drought is unendurable torture. The Arabs know every well in the desert. No mirage will deceive them, no brushwood or mimosa wood, will cheat them into the belief that an oasis is at hand. This marvelous acuteness is an instinct born and bred with them.

Our illustration represents a halt in an oasis, and the cleaning of an old well. The piece of ground is surrounded by dome palms. In the centre is a well about forty feet deep, which is being cleaned by an Arab, who clings with one hand to the trunk of a tree, with the other to the brown fingers of a *scheik*, ere he seizes a rope and sinks to the bottom. When the water is become clear, a scene of considerable animation ensues. Circular mud basins are hastily constructed around the well, and filled with water by leathern buckets, the cattle drinking from these improvised troughs. Other Arabs take long, cooling draughts of the water, hanging over their drinking-vessels as a *bon vivant* fondly lingers over a glass of tawny port. A few are told off to count the goats. Others betake themselves to ablution—sadly required after the hot ride over the pitiless sands and beneath the merciless rays of an African sun. The younger portion of the community beat the rind off the dome nut, with which the palms are laden, preparatory to its being baked for food. These palms, with their characteristic bifurcating branches, are very fine in the oases, while the vegetation beneath, as a rule, is very considerable, and exquisitely green. A fire is lighted, and opposite to the blazing logs sit the elder *scheiks*. The scene is intensely picturesque.

The camel is one of the earliest animals domesticated by man, and is mentioned by Hebrew writers long before the horse. Some years ago the camel was introduced into the United States by the Government, for the conveyance of military supplies and provisions to the garrisons in and beyond the Great Desert and the extensive plains now traversed by the Pacific Railroad. An attempt was also made to acclimatize it in Texas; but any satisfactory results which might have been expected from such experiments were frustrated by the Civil War.

The Arabian camel has but one hump. Its clumsy looking and wide-spreading feet prevent it from sinking in the sand, and give its gait an elasticity and silence peculiar to itself; its long upper lip is its organ of prehension, and its nostrils can be closed at will against the wind-driven sand. The hump upon its back is a storehouse for food, which is slowly re-absorbed during its long marches, and secures it against death from the unavoidable privations of the desert. The first stomach or paunch has a division, which may be closed by muscular action, whose walls are provided with a system of large cells capable of considerable distension, which the animal can fill with water to the amount of several quarts, and thus carry with itself a supply for its own wants for about a week—a supply which it occasionally yields with its life, to save that of its master.

The camel supplies the Arab with milk, and occasionally with its flesh, which is said to resemble beef, for food; the hair serves to make clothing, the skin for leather, and the dung for fuel. The chief value of the camel, however, is as a beast of burden; its strength, powers of endurance, ability to subsist upon the coarsest food, to go without water, and to travel over the yielding sand, has justly earned for it the title of the "Ship of the Desert."

The ordinary load for a camel is 600 pounds, though for short journeys it can carry 1,000 pounds. The speed of the camel is seldom over three miles an hour, but the pace can be kept up for twenty hours without rest; a lightly laden camel taking about thirty-eight strides a minute, each stride averaging seven feet. Riding on a swift camel is the most terrible way of traveling to the uninitiated, as the peculiar swinging and jerking gait rolls one almost to a jelly.

The height of an Arabian camel is between six and seven feet, and the color of the rather coarse hair is of various shades of brown. Though naturally gentle and obedient, from the ill-treatment of their drivers they are very often unruly, and even savage, biting severely.

In the dreary march across the desert the camel-drivers occasionally enliven the terrible monotony by indulging in a dance, the music for which is droned through their lips in a singularly unmelodious manner. The motion consists of a jerking of the hands and arms, in imitation of the movements of a camel. They will continue the amusement for hours, bobbing and plunging by the side of the patient and well-burthened beasts until sheer exhaustion compels them to leave off and remount.

The Arab steed is a household word for strength, endurance, fleetness, with docility and beauty. It has been celebrated in song and in story. Poets have sung its praises, prose writers have gushed over it in whole volumes. It has been a theme for praise and admiration since the world began. The blood of the Arab horse, by intermixture, has been made to improve other racers of all sizes and constitutions, producing the breeds most highly valued both in Europe and America.

To the Bedouin his horse is as his second self—his companion by day and by night, in pleasure or fatigue. It comes at his call, feeds from his hand, and obeys a word of command as readily as a well-drilled soldier. In a skirmish these steeds are invaluable, since they never start under fire, while their swiftness is such as to bear their masters out of range with lightning speed.

Our illustration represents the rescue of a *scheik* who had fallen in a fray. Almost ere he bit the dust, and while those who unhorsed him were preparing to dismount and secure the body with a view to ransom, two of his devoted followers swoop down, and, in a flash, bear the lifeless body across the tawny sand to a place of safety.

No word-painting can describe the appearance of the sun as it rises from its ocean of sand, sending forth a light that was never seen on sea or land—gold, paley gold, fringing the "white radiance of eternity." Across the sands it sends its gilded spears, causing the tawny to turn into molten sheen.

A band of Arab horsemen are making for an oasis, for as soon as the fiery orb is high in the heavens its fierce rays will tax those sturdy sons of the desert to the uttermost limit of endurance. The baggage-horses, heavily laden, are placed in the middle, guarded by lances both in front and rear. Crossing the desert at night is full of risk; for these Arab horsemen rise, as it were, out of the ground, swooping down upon their adversaries, and sweeping everything before them, as does the whirlwind.

The terror of the traveler in the desert, after that of drought, is the sand-storm. It comes like an avenging spirit, sweeping everything before it to rack and ruin. The air becomes hot, then cools off; then blackness descends upon the desert—blackness deep, dense, unfathomable, as though light were over, and never could be again. The wind begins to moan, then to sob, then to roar, to whirl the tawny dust up in spiral columns; and with the wind come icy breaths over the sere, sunburnt Southern wastes. It is useless to contend against the violent blast. One can neither see nor hear, while the currents of air act like some narcotic that dizzies perception. The instinct of the horses and camels keeps them together, but no word can be heard above the roar of the storm, and no light breaks the sunken vail of shadow, which moves as fast as leopards course in the night.

For color, animation, and picturesque effect, the carriage ride of the ladies of the seraglio of a powerful pasha surpasses every other procession in its wild and *bizarre* surroundings. The sun has sunk down in fire—the sun that once looked on the legions of Scipio, and the iron brood of Hamilcar—and now lends its lustre to the gilded equipage, drawn by twelve camels, each ridden by a crimson-bournoused Arab bearing a lance with blood-red flag and glittering spear. Behind cling three slaves black as ebony. In advance running slaves, and sheiks bestriding the "Ships of the Desert." In the rear a guard in white bournouses armed with long matchlocks. Outriders on horses and camels, flash joyously along.

In the vehicle recline two or three beauties of the seraglio, and beside his favorite, the pasha, in scarlet fez and braided coat.

Pell mell they dash along in fantastic confusion, in incongruous blending, a forced mixture of Gallic and Moorish, the coloring of Haroun Al Raschid scattered broadcast. They are bent on a pleasure excursion in the desert, having left behind them some city, say Algiers, rich in straight, white boulevards, barn-like walls of barracks, marvelous mosaics of mosques, and that strange peculiar conflict of European and Oriental life, which is as a kaleidoscope or a panorama.

What a picture Algiers presents of an evening! French staff-officers, all of a glitter with crosses, gallop past; mules laden with green maize, and driven by lean, brown Bedouins, sweep by the plate-glass windows of *bonbon* shops; grave, white-bearded sheiks drink *petits verres* in the *ginguettes;* sapeurs, chasseurs, zouaves, cantinères—all the varieties of French military life—mingle with jet black Soudans, desert kings, wrathful and silent; Eastern women, shrouded in *haick* and *serraoul*; eagle-eyed Arabs flinging back snow-white *burnouses*, and handling ominously the jeweled hilts of their *cangiars*. Gaslights flash, cigar-shops fill, newspapers are read, the *Rigolboche* is danced, commercial travelers chatter with *grisettes*, drums beat, trumpets sound, bands play; and amid all, grave men drop on their squares of carpet to pray. Verily, it is an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Late in the evening the pasha—who has driven where the sea-green pines seem to pierce the transparent air, where old dreamy Arabian legend poets, as Hafiz, seem still to linger here and there under the foliage of hanging gardens, or the picturesque courses of broken terraces; where in the distance, the, brown rugged Kabyl Mountains lay like a couched camel—will return with his flashing cavalcade, whose shrieks, and cries, and din will drive the glowing city into a very frenzy of pleasurable excitement.

THE ASTONISHING LIKENESS.

By C. Shackelford.

The man was supremely and contentedly drunk.

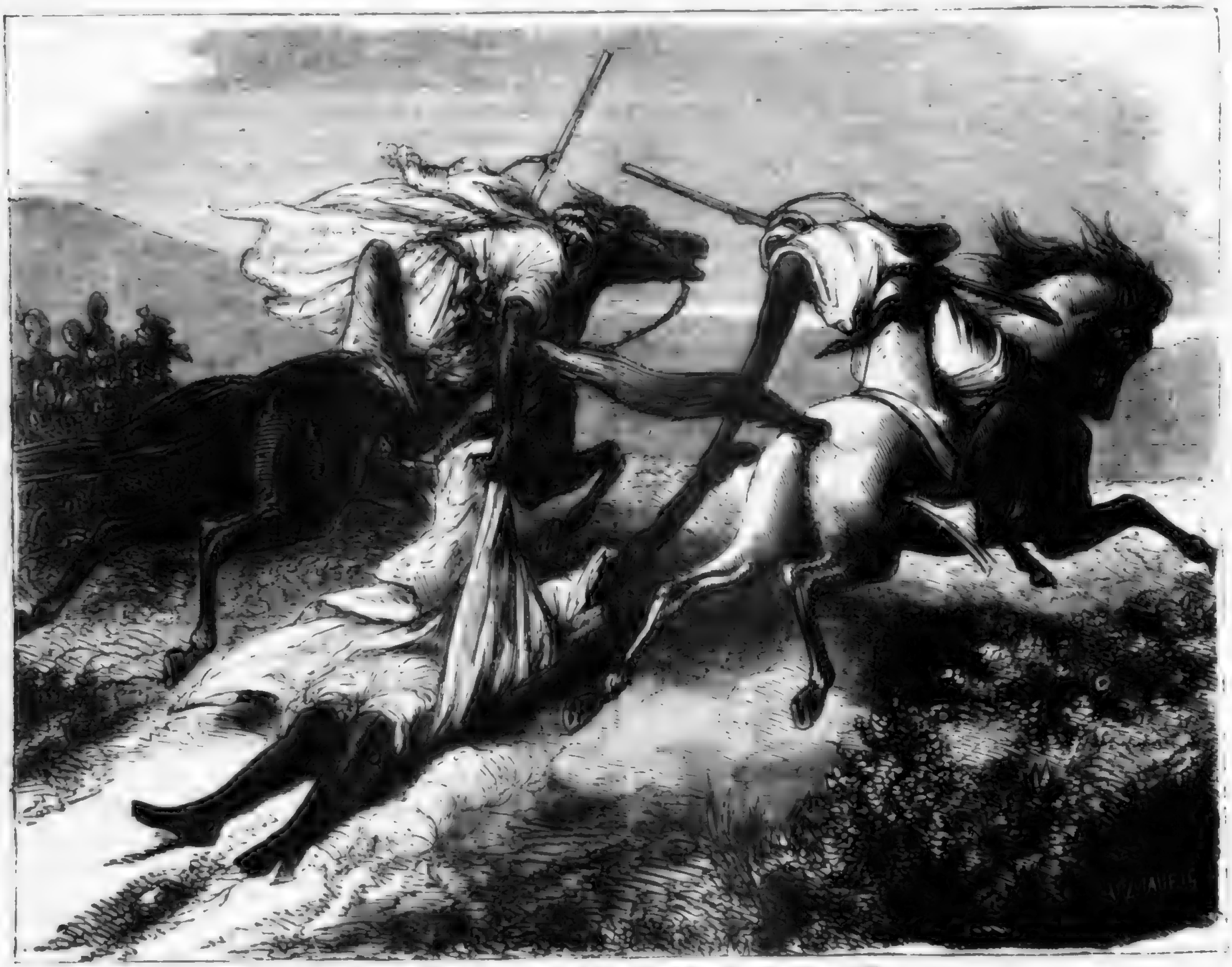
His self-satisfaction was revealed in the motions of his legs as they carelessly carried his upper works; in the disposition of his hands, which were thrust deep into his pockets, as if tenaciously gripping his legs to keep them with him; in his face, whose natural haggardness had given place to a rosy glow; in the dull, dreamy light of his large gray eyes; in his dirty, banged-up felt hat, which had once been white; and, finally, in his slouchy, soiled and tattered clothes.

To remove all doubts, the man publicly acknowledged his drunkenness, now and then coming to a halt, straightening himself with a tremendous effort of his will, and with a wild sway of both arms and a smothered whoop announcing that he was "jolly tight, and it was nobody's business."

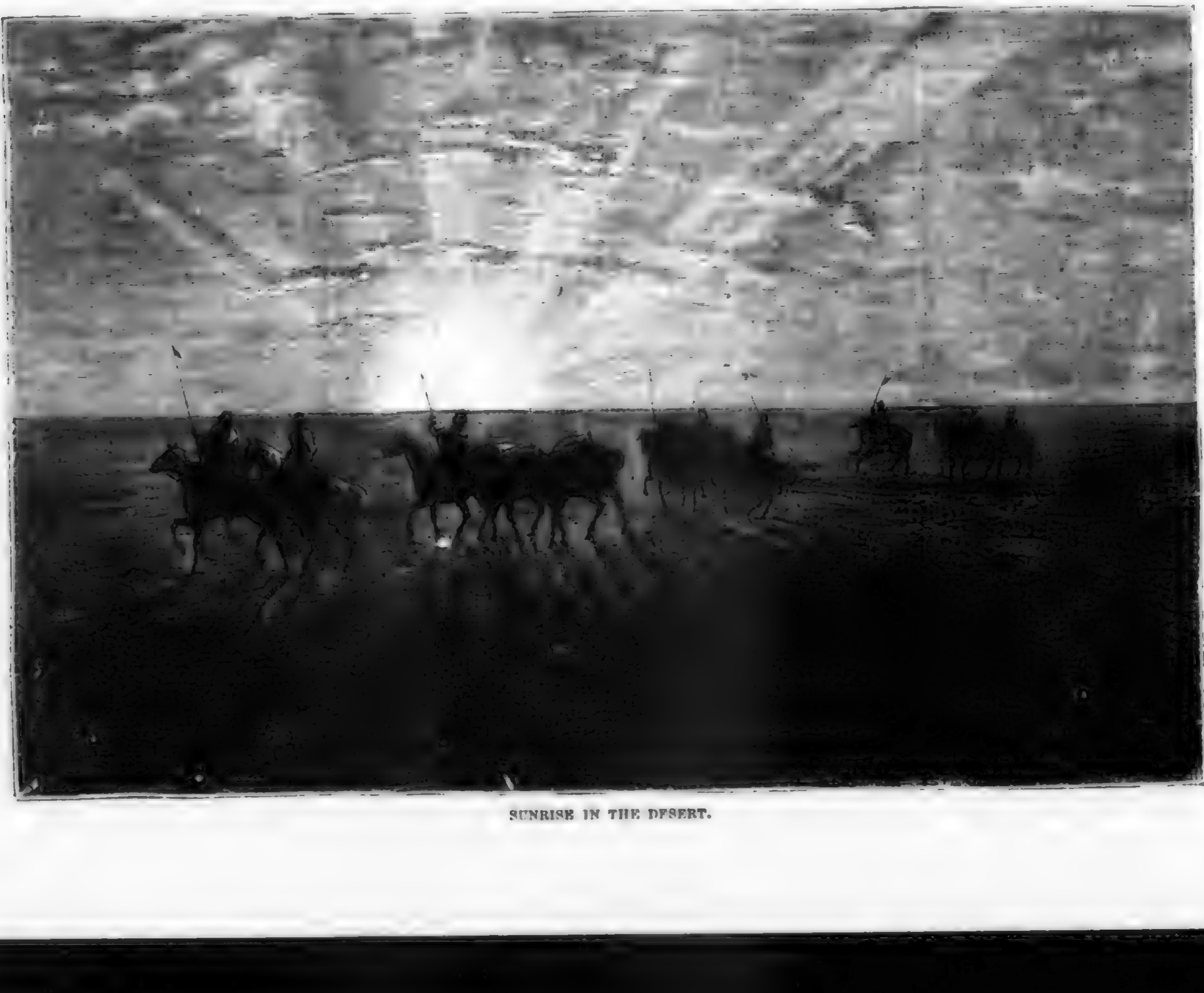
The town was Joloria, and the afternoon a very warm one in the latter part of June. The good little boys of the town were at school. The worst of the bad boys, on the bridge, fishing. Our hero was therefore unattended in his bacchanalian voyage, save by two gaunt dogs sniffing hungrily at his heels, and waiting wearily, like the boys on the bridge, for a bite.

At these dogs he was kicking vengefully, but vainly,

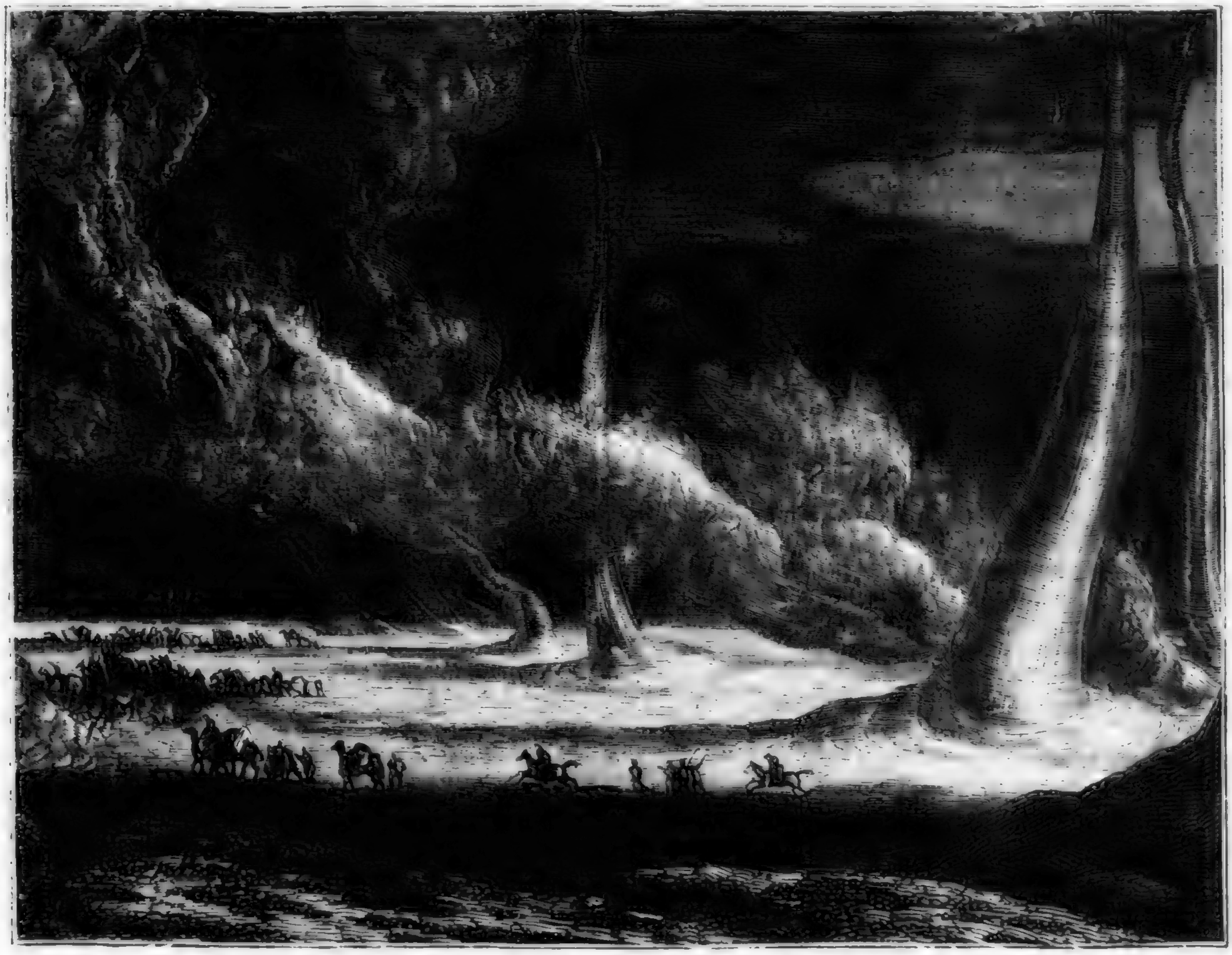
XUM



DESERT LIFE.—RESCUE OF A FALLEN SHEIK.—SEE PAGE 105.



SUNRISE IN THE DESERT.



DESERT LIFE.—A SAND STORM.—SEE PAGE 105.

apparently to the great astonishment of the beasts, when a man, who had passed and curiously regarded him, retraced his steps, and, putting his hands on the reveler's shoulders, turned him round, so that the two stood face to face.

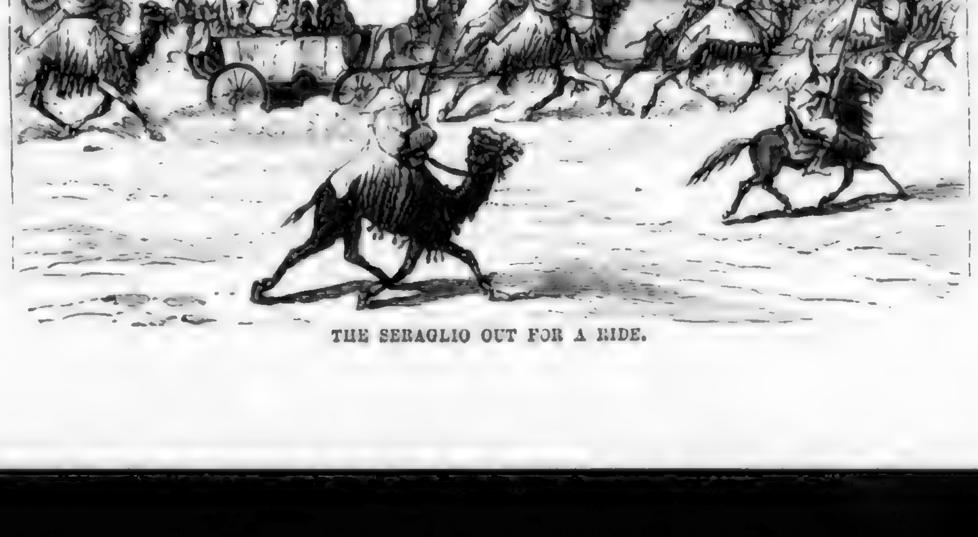
"D'ye think I'm a (hic) top that you're spinning?" inquired the happy man, with his arms a-kimbo.

"Rupert Pardee, as I'm a sinner!" the other declared, regardless of the question, and vainly trying to grasp the hand of his *tête-à-tête*.

"No? Now I've always been somebody else. Careful, mister, careful! Don't recognize me? Truth is, name ain't Pardee (hic). 'Sides, don't you see, I'm cutting—enjoying a lark? Ha, ha! (hic) ha!"

Therefore he facetiously attempted to run the other fellow through the stomach with his forefinger. Missing his mark by a distance of about two feet, he plunged forward, and would have fallen had it not been for the support of a friendly fence, which he struck with an impetus that knocked nearly all the wind out of his body.

"It's all right!" he puffed, after getting his breath, and with a feeble attempt at a laugh. "It's all right! But, really, I'm s'body else. Don' ye see? Don' ye see?"



THE SERAGLIO OUT FOR A RIDE.

"Well, well! It's all a mistake, and I beg your pardon," said the other. "I thought you were Pardee. And you are very much like him."

"No! am I? That's flattering, for—for—what's his name—t'other fellow? 'Rah for both of us!" he cried, with a drunken leer.

In the effort to "'rah," he loosened his hold upon the fence; that loss, combined with his jerking hiccough, threw him off his balance, and he would have tumbled to the ground if his companion had not caught him.

Having carefully leaned him against the fence, with his arms over the pickets, the sober man started to leave him, apparently disgusted with his efforts at making or renewing an acquaintance.

"Hallo! Stop, mister!" shouted the person whose name was not Pardee. "Stop! You've asked me a question, and I'll ask you a question. Why 'm I like an ar—(hic)—my? Now don' give it up 'fore you've got it! Why 'm I like an army?"

The other was compelled to acknowledge that he could see no resemblance, not the faintest likeness, in fact. With all due deference to the standing of his friend, he must give it up.

The happy man chuckled to himself for a second; then lifted up his head, and said:

"It's 'cause I'm backing the pickets!"

Not the wrinkle of a smile creased the corners of the other's mouth, not a sound of levity issued therefrom. But a sudden hiccough caught the tipsy joker just as he began a guffaw, and, as before, he came down by the run, the coughing and spluttering causing him to loosen his hold, and he assumed a broadspread, sitting posture on the limestone flagging.

There the other let him rest and went on his way. That is to say, the sober individual, who was possessed of a large and well-fed body, a benevolent face and an air of respectability well becoming his fifty or fifty-five years of life, walked about a block with his head down and his hands clasped behind him in a meditative way. Then he stopped and looked back, ejaculating:

"He's wonderfully like Rupert Pardee. If he can deceive me, why not somebody else? He's just the man!"

Thereupon he retraced his steps, stroking his nose gently between his thumb and forefinger until it looked rare-done. The Astonishing Likeness had contentedly gone to sleep, and a hundred or more industrious flies were making anatomical investigations of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

"Hi, there! wake up!—get up!" cried the stranger, emphasizing his call with forcible kicks.

The sleeper arose to his feet with clumsy rapidity, but with belligerent propensities disclosed in his swinging fists and the volley of oaths he rattled at his assailant.

"Wait a moment!" said the latter, holding up his hand. "Do you want money?"

"Always!" was the sententious answer. "It's victuals and drink, 'specially drink. I don't like work, but I adóre the ingots. Come, business!"

"Jump into the river first, and get sober! I'll not talk to a man in your condition."

"All right! I don't care for water, but I'll take it externally, as business. Now, mister—mister—what's your name?"

"Jenkers."

"Come along, Jenkers!" catching his arm affectionately. "I'm your persimmons, though I'm more like a fig—very seedy!"

Thereupon, arm in arm, these two worthies meandered to the stream, into which the inebriate plunged, clothes and all, before his guide could prevent him. Once in, he splashed and tumbled, and otherwise disported himself until comparatively sober. After that, Jenkers led him to a clothier's, gave him new garments throughout, and then boarded a train which carried them from this town of Joloria.

* * * * * * *

Ruth Pardee was feeding the chickens and ducks in the barnyard. The sun was up, but had not reached an altitude that would enable her to look over the belt of maples that encircled the little farm of Ruth's aunt. Thousands of birds were twittering their native songs, and in their merry dance from twig to twig, sent the dewdrops from their green beds and spoiled the bath of many a wood-fairy. The brooks, a score or more, babbled on their way to the river, or to that mysterious cavern in the limestone ridge into which they tumbled with loud plashings and were lost to the world.

The farm was a Wisconsin one, on a slope just elevated enough to give a splendid view of two pretty inland villages, and of a lake small enough and pretty enough to have been a handglass of the gods, laid down and forgotten.

The farm was lonesome, away from a highroad, and with the silence of the woods, broken at night only by the cry of the whippoorwill, the hoot of the owl, and the barking of a fox seeking a meal from the poultry-yard of our heroine, Ruth.

For a young, rich, pretty and city-bred girl, the farm did not seem a lovely place on which to be immured. But her heart had been more desolate than this bit of nature when Aunt Mary, a childless widow, and Ruth's only living relative, found her sobbing at the deathbed of her father, a helpless, unprotected and grief-stricken girl. Her mother had died just before the war with the South; her brother, six years her elder, joined the Union army, and was last heard of as a prisoner at Andersonville, where, it was supposed, he perished.

The little estate left to Ruth was sufficient to keep her in comfort in the city; but Aunt Mary insisted that "it was not proper for a young and giddy creature to be kiting around the country alone," and so swooped down upon the mourner, and bore her away to pass the Summer, at least, in her farm-home.

To go back again: Ruth was feeding the chickens and ducks, admiring some, coaxing others, and scolding a third set. From the fowls her thoughts wandered, and she began to wonder if the day would be warm, and then if the fence along the highway by the garden would ever have a fresh coat of paint or new gate, the old one rattled so unpleasantly, and whether a hedge of evergreens would not be prettier than any fence, when up from behind it there sprang a young and good-looking man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, who, with one spring, was over the top rail and skipping down the walk, to the utter demoralization and ignoble flight of the feathered tribes at Ruth's feet. He took off his hat as he drew near.

"Is this Ruth?" he asked. Then, as she involuntarily bowed her head, he continued, "I thought so. Oh, I'm glad to see you again!" catching at her unresisting hand, still holding the grain for her pets. "Don't you know me, sis?" looking curiously down into her whitening face. "Forgotten brother Rupert so soon?"

"Rupert—Rupert?" said the girl, faintly, struggling to draw away her hand. "Rupert is dead!"

But she said it in a frightened way that showed that the assertion and the apparition had half convinced her.

"Gammon!" exclaimed the man, brusquely. "Confound it, can't you believe me? I say I'm Rupert. The Rebs didn't kill me, though they tried hard enough. Why, bless your little heart, I'm so live a man that I've been round and over the earth since I was caged at Andersonville. Always a wild boy, wasn't I, sister Ruth? There, don't tremble so. I'm real flesh and blood. Feel!"

And he bent down and kissed the poor little thing.

"If you're Rupert, you are very much changed—very much taller and stouter, and fuller in the face. Still, I was so young when Rupert went away that I have forgotten much about him. But the more I look at you, the more I think you are very like what Rupert promised to be."

"All because of hardships, sis, by sea and land. Many suns make many shadows, and I've been under all of them, suns and shadows. Heart's just the same, though. When I came back to the old place the other day, and found all dead excepting you, and that even our old playmates, Percy Watson, Al Hurd, Jimmy Dowdson and Allie Wingate, could not fix my face, and remembered me only as one dead, I just felt like the rascal I have been to father and yourself."

When he said this, real tears came into his eyes, and his lips trembled.

Ruth, looking at the little hollows she was making in the earth with her heels, thought only of the grief which this wandering son had caused her father, and how he might have lived if that son had returned to cheer his old age. This reverie was broken by Rupert's question of—

"Have you no greeting for me? Am I unwelcome under the circumstances?"

"I don't understand you?" she replied.

"It is disagreeable to mention it, and I would not do so save to rid your mind of fears. I refer to father's will—half to each of us. Don't let that stand between us. I don't want any of it. I don't want anything, sis, save to know that you love me, and that I am not alone in the world."

"Ruth, Ruth!" piped the shrill voice of a woman in the house, "breakfast is ready!"

"Aunt Mary, I suppose," said Rupert. "I must make her acquaintance. Come!"

Aunt Mary was not very cordial in her reception. While not questioning the identity of the young man, she at first disliked him, when she had heard his story, for the way he had abandoned his father and sister. But the meal was not ended before he had talked her into a good humor.

"Now, Aunt Mary, I want to stay here this Summer and work for my board," he declared, as they were about to eave the table. "I've money enough for a year, and I can be good company and of good service to you and Ruth. I'll admit I've been wild; but give me a chance, and I'll sow the balance of my wild oats along with the tame ones on your fields, and become a steady man."

He said this so honestly, and in such a manly way, that both the women agreed to it with a nod at the same instant.

Before the day was over, this "prodigal son" had become the superintendent of the little farm, and was studying its resources with remarkable enthusiasm.

At first, Rupert was unquestionably rather rough in his ways and conversation, but these features gradually disappeared. His idle moments were passed in the society of his sister, to whom he offered what appeared to her an almost idolatrous affection.

For a month he gave every indication of being a happy man, and his relatives placed the day he came in their red-letter calendar of joyful events. But as the end of the month drew near, he became moody and absent-minded. He would sit with his head between his hands and stare at the ground. He sighed deeply and often. He walked his room at night. He would contemplate Ruth with a sad, incomprehensible look in his eyes. In fact, he became so changed that at last Ruth implored him to tell her what was oppressing his mind.

"Don't be in a hurry to know, sis. It'll all come out some day—some day," he would generally reply. "I don't want you to bother your little head about me when I have the 'blues.'"

One evening a buggy, with a lean horse in the shafts and a fat man on the seat, stopped at the gate. The man descended from his perch with admirable nimbleness, and hitched his horse.

Rupert, sitting on the porch with the ladies, saw the newcomer, and grew very red and then very white in the face. He hurriedly left his chair, and went out to meet him. The two stood at the gate, talking like old acquaintances.

At first the voice of the stranger was angry in its tones, while that of Rupert was low and deprecatory. Of all that was said, Aunt Mary and Ruth only caught these words:

"I don't care about the marriage, but don't fail me next time!"

Then Rupert handed to his visitor a package, and the receiver drove away as rapidly as the bony condition of his steed would permit.

Rupert did not, however, return to the house until after midnight. The next morning the women opened upon him their batteries of interrogatories. Ruth began the bombardment.

"Who was that man you went out to see last night?" she asked. "You should have been hospitable, and asked him into the house."

"He was an old acquaintance," was the short reply.

"You did not seem very glad to see him," declared Aunt Mary, with a shake of her head and a searching look from her eyes.

"True; I don't like to see any one whom I owe," Rupert remarked. "They're worse than the ague. In fact, I believe I'd rather owe a dozen debts than see the fellow again. Confound him!"

He rose from his chair and left the room, as if to avoid further questioning.

"Aunt!" began Ruth, in a decisive tone of voice, "he must have his money—his share of the estate. There's enough in bank to pay it. He needs it, I'm sure."

Aunt Mary shook her head.

"I ain't sure about that. The boy may be Rupert—that's not for me to say, who never saw your brother; but I can tell you I've seen him look at you as if you wasn't his sister. You don't understand me? Of course not. But I've got eyes—good eyes, without spectacles—and they can read human natur'. He's in love with you!"

"Fudge!" exclaimed Ruth, tossing her head. "What nonsense about a man who is my brother!"

"Very well!" said Aunt Mary, rolling up her sleeves for work; "very well! He may be the prodigal son, and you can give him his share; but he doesn't deserve it. You can pitch the money into the brook; I ain't going to 'pose you. I was a girl myself once, and know how much more girls know than their mothers. Go ahead, Ruth; you'll be swindled, mark my words!"

And with that parting shot she proceeded to her work.

Ruth did go ahead. The afternoon of that day saw her return to the farm with an amount of money which she considered to be Rupert's share of the estate. She offered it to him that evening. He gently pushed aside the outstretched arm.

"I may need money—need it badly," he said; "but I shall never rob you of your inheritance. There! Put it back in the bank where it belongs!"

She renewed the attempt, and actually tossed the money into his lap. He shook it from him as if it were a coal of fire, and sprang to his feet. Catching her hand, he kissed it, and without further word strode out of the room and the house.

He went no further than the gate. To and fro, between it and the gate, he walked. The women, without speaking,

XUM

watched him. They saw a frown upon his face, and stern lines gather about his mouth. His hands were clinched, his pace was furious, and he muttered something to himself.

Ruth was dumbfounded. Aunt Mary was revolving cynical thoughts under her grizzled hair. Each seemed to wait for an expression from the other. Rupert saved them from this embarrassment of silence. He returned to the room with strong resolve in every line of his face and in every action of his body.

TOO JEALOUS TO SEE.

"When I went out," he began, "it was with the determination not to come back, but to leave you without explanation. But I have thought better of my purpose. It is best that you should know me. I am a rascal, and have no business here!"

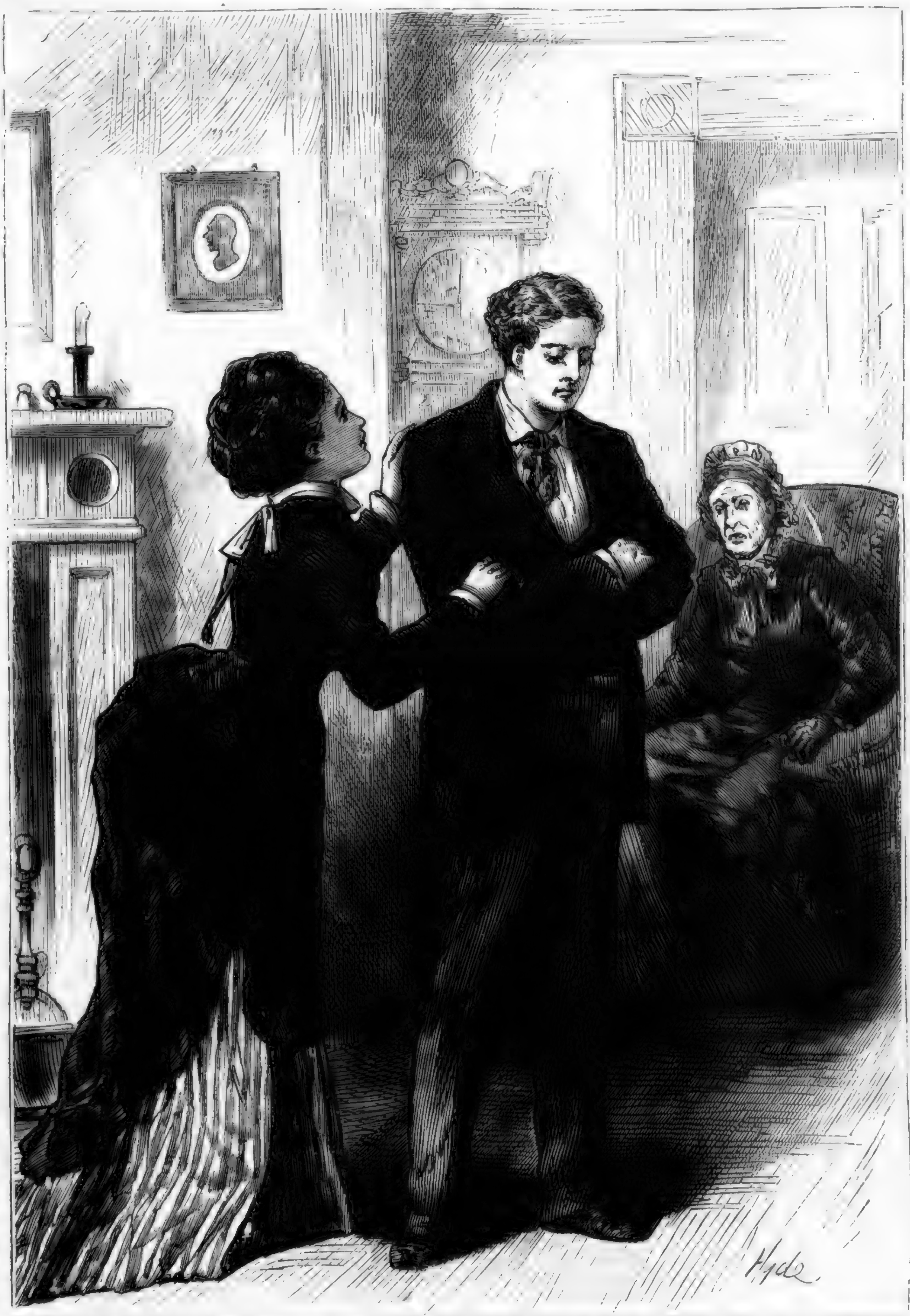
"There! What did I tell you, Ruth?" interrupted Aunt Mary, who, by-the-way, had told nothing of the kind!

Rupert paid her no attention other than to half bow, and to continue when he discovered that her exclamation was followed by no further outbreak:

"I am not your brother, Miss Pardee, nor your nephew, Mrs. Potter; but I'm a fraud, a swindler, a man whose life here with you has been one of uninterrupted and intentional deceit—a man whose life and purposes, before he came under this roof, had scarcely a good feature. We have all been terribly mistaken, but I am, I hope, the one who suffers most."

The shame of his confession overcame him, and, with folded arms and bowed head, he stood like a statue and awaited a verdict.

Mrs. Potter, irrepressible soul! bounced out of her chair like a feather, fell back upon it again like lead, with that emphatical declaration of women in emergencies, "Wal, I declare!" and then held her peace.



THE ASTONISHINJ LIKENESS. — "THE SHAME OF HIS CONFESSION OVERCAME HIM, AND, WITH FOLDED ARMS AND BOWED HEAD, HE STOOD LIKE A STATUE, AND AWAITED A VERDICT."—SEE PAGE 107.

XUM

Ruth, demonstrative and warm-hearted, went to the penitent man, and, placing her hand upon his arm, said:

"Rupert, I cannot believe anything bad of you, though you declare it yourself. No bad man—as bad, that is to say, as you want us to believe you to be—could have been so good as you have been since I believed you to be my brother. It seems impossible."

"I am telling, and about to tell, the truth!" Rupert declared, sturdily. "I would tell it if it killed me! No, I must not sit down. Let me finish my story.

"Two months before I came to this farm, a man found me drunk on the streets of Joloria. He insisted for a time, against all my denials, that I was Rupert Pardee. Then he declared I must be his twin-brother. When I refused to be the twin-brother of a man I never saw or heard of, he tempted me into making an attempt to pass myself off as Rupert Pardee by paying me a thousand dollars. For such a wreck of a man as I was, the temptation was too strong, and I agreed to his proposition.

"Then my tempter drilled me for representation as the living double of a man who had been dead for years. He gave me dates, incidents, family secrets and histories, and taught me as a boy is taught to read, so that I might never be caught in ignorance. I learned my lessons well, and passed my examinations without a failure.

"Then I was placed at your gate yonder, after being told that my mission was to secure the inheritance of your dead brother. You know the rest. I came here to rob you, and have lived here with that destiny hanging over me. Twice has my tempter and employer visited me, to reproach and threaten me for my delay. The good in me has always rebelled at the fraud I have committed and am expected to commit. I will not continue it. I have refused the inheritance. I refuse to continue in a home which my presence has dishonored.

"In my life here, only one feeling stands to my credit, but that feeling is beyond consideration. I can, at least, live in the hope that you will forgive me for the wrongs which were intended, but not committed."

In a second he was out of the room, and rushing like a crazy man down the walk. Aunt Mary, quick to judgment, began a harsh verdict upon the fleeing man.

"Stop, aunt!" cried Ruth. "You are unjust and unfair. Rupert or not Rupert, that man is honest. He is more than that, he is noble, and I admire him for that. What is more, I will convince him of it."

With that she flew to the door, all impulse and animation. "Rupert!" she called, as had been her habit. "Rupert!"

The escaping figure stopped, came back a step, then darted away again. Once more her voice went after him:

"Rupert!"

This time it brought him back.

"Rupert," she began, but he interrupted her with—

"No more Rupert, Miss Ruth, but Paul Arndt."

"Never mind that," she said. "What I want to know is, whether you intend to leave us after that fashion—running away after doing a good deed? That would never do. Come in and let us thank you. You are the same man you were two hours ago."

"A better one, I hope," he replied, "now that load is off my mind. Yet I cannot enter the house."

"Fudge!" exclaimed the little woman, tugging at his arm. "Must I pull you in?"

As she grasped him, he gave her a look. She read it with a woman's keen instinct—saw its story with one flash of her eyes. Her hand dropped, and she turned quickly away, the man following without a protest or shadow of resistance. Aunt Mary sat stonily in her chair.

"Mr. Arndt did not tell all his story," remarked Ruth. "He has not told us who was the man who employed him."

"I *would* like to know that," snapped the grim relative. "He knew more about our affairs than I did myself. A nice creature, to be parading family matters around the country! Oh, I wish I had him!"

"He called himself Sterns," said Arndt; "but I learned that his real name was, like yours, madame, Potter.'

She nodded her head twice, shut her lips more closely together than ever, and put her hands one upon the other with a slow and determined motion.

"My husband's brother. Just like the rascal!" she said, and abruptly left the room.

Then Arndt, looking at Ruth, said, in an undertone:

"He was her husband, for he told me so!"

It was a strange, and, perhaps, a wrong thing for Ruth to do; nevertheless she sat for an hour longer in that room with a self-confessed villain—sat until the twilight deepened, and curious Aunt Mary marched in with a candle, and then marched out again.

What the two said, they only knew; but when they parted, it was "Good-night, Ruth, and "Good-night, Paul."

The next morning Arndt left the farm, and for a long and lonesome year the two women dwelt in almost complete solitude. Ruth had letters to cheer her—letters which told her of Paul Arndt's success in a distant city; a success due partly to kind friends, but mostly to himself.

Then came Arndt as a changed man, one upon whom the world had smiled, yet one who would not, if he could, forget the depths out of which his reformation had lifted him.

"Do you remember," he asked Ruth, "that upon the night of my confession I would not mention one thing?"

She did not remember it, and so he repeated the words.

"And what was it you withheld?" she asked.

"This, Ruth, that you had so touched my better nature by companionship, that I had sworn to reform, and to baffle the man who was pushing me on to crime against you. I have done both, thank God! But I could not say it that night, for fear that you might think I did it to lessen the measure of my own crime. But the ordeal is passed. I am more fortunate than I ever dared to hope. I have a good conscience and a good character, and to-morrow I shall have"—a little hand was pressed upon his lips, but he took it between his own and finished—"and to-morrow I shall have a good wife, if you do not fail me."

A CURIOUS AFRICAN PLANT—THE WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS.

Now that there is such a desire to acquire plants which contrast strangely with the ordinary types in foliage or form, it may please many readers to make the acquaintance of the Welwitschia, probably to provoke the exclamation, "Well, I wish I had one!"

This plant is one of the most extraordinary found on the globe. Its stalk attains the diameter of a large tree-trunk, four feet, or even more, but never rises more than a foot from the ground. You would take it for the stump of a felled tree, or an enormous fungus. From this stalk extend two leaves, which last as long as the plant, often for a century, and acquire an immense size, occasionally six feet long by two or three feet wide. They are green, leathery, and, by their frequent flapping in the wind against the ground, split at the end into a number of thongs.

The top of the stalk hollows in, and is marked by a series of concentric circles. From this, especially along the outer edge, spring out branched flower-stalks, bearing bright-red buds, which finally become cones, like those of a pine, two inches long by one in diameter.

This strange plant belongs to the Conifer family, genus *Gnetum*. It was discovered on the west coast of Africa, near Cape Negro, by Dr. Welwitschia, who gave it his name. The negroes call it *Toumbo*. A French priest named Duparque brought a specimen of the plant to Paris.

THE DIVINING ROD.

From the remotest period, a rod has been regarded as the symbol of power and authority, and Holy Scripture employs it in this sense. Thus David speaks of "Thy rod and Thy staff comforting me"; and Moses works miracles before Pharaoh with the rod as an emblem of Divine commission. Many other instances of this use of it could be pointed out in the Bible.

Tacitus tells us that the Germans practiced some sort of divination by means of rods. "For the purpose their method is simple. They cut a rod of some fruit tree into bits, and after having distinguished them by some marks, they cast them into a white cloth. Then the priest thrice draws each piece, and divines the oracle according to the marks."

The superstition respecting them reaching its full development in the Middle Ages, divining rods were believed to have efficacy in discovering hidden treasures, veins of precious metal, springs of water, thefts and murders.

The first notice of its general use, among late writers, is in the "Testamentum Novum," Lib. i., cap. 25, of Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk of the fifteenth century. He speaks of the general faith in, and adoption of, this valuable instrument for the discovery of metals, which is carried by workmen in mines, either in their belts or in their caps. He says that there are seven names by which this rod is known, and to its excellencies, under each title, he devotes a chapter of his book. The names are: Divine Rod, Shining Rod, Leaping Rod, Transcendent Rod, Trembling Rod, Dipping Rod, Superior Rod.

In his admirable treatise on metals, Agricola speaks of the rod in terms of disparagement; he considers its use as a relic of ancient magical forms, and he says that it is only irreligious workmen who employ it in their search after metals.

The manner in which the rod was used by certain persons renders self-deception possible. The rod is generally of hazel, and is forked like a Y; the forefingers are placed against the diverging arms of the rod, and the elbows are brought back against the side; thus the implement is held in front of the operator, delicately balanced before the pit of the stomach at a distance of about eight inches. Now, if the pressure of the balls of the digits be in the least relaxed, the stalk of the rod will naturally fall. It has been assumed by some that a restoration of the pressure will bring the stem back again, pointing toward the operator, and a little further pressure will elevate it into a perpendicular position. A relaxation of force will again lower it, and thus the rotation observed in the rod be maintained.

But the manner of using the rod was by no means identical in all cases.

Our illustration shows the various kinds of rods used, and the modes of holding it.

The most famous case in which it was employed was in 1692, when Jacques Aymar, a man famous for his power with the divining rod, was employed to discover the murderers of a wine-seller and his wife. He actually detected one, but two others eluded his pursuit and got to France. Aymar was then taken to Paris, where his powers failed, and the learned were left in as great doubt as ever on the powers of the rod, and the new question whether Jacques was an impostor.

In Wiltshire, England, it is employed for the purpose of detecting water; in Cornwall, for the purpose of detecting coal. In America, it is frequently used to find water, and has many believers.

The writer of this article remembers having seen, in Truro, a town of Cornwall, an old man who had earned with his divining rod a good living for over half a century. General unbelief, however, had latterly curtailed his earnings. When engaged professionally, he would visit the land on which it was proposed to open the mine, and determine, by means of his rod, the direction in which the coal ran. The rod was held firmly over the pit of the stomach with both hands, and it was supposed to be so attracted by coal as to incline sensibly toward it.

SINGING IN COMPANY.

It requires some nerve to sing a song well. If the singer allows nervousness to get the mastery, it is impossible that the song can be well sung. Of course, some degree of nervousness is natural and desirable, as evidence that the vocalist possesses both soul and sensibility; but nervousness must be controlled, and the best antidote against it is the consciousness that the singer has well studied the song, and knows that he or she can render it competently and correctly. And we may add that the singer must not be discouraged if the first attempt at singing a well-studied song should not prove as successful as it ought to have done. The second trial will probably right matters. The old mottoes, "perseverance" and "try, try again," are quite as applicable to singing as to all other undertakings.

Old Friends.—Don't lose your old friends, but keep your intercourse green with little acts of kindness. Leave your business or pleasure or study long enough to step in and see that dear old man and woman who used to give you spring apples and lilacs when you went visiting with your mother. Run in and enliven a minute the neighbors who have known you ever since you were born, with whose children you have often played before their little golden heads were laid low in their last sleep. Call upon your once merry schoolmate, now an invalid. Old time friends are to be specially esteemed. And make many friends. Don't be too exclusive and fastidious. True, it is your privilege to be particular in choosing intimates; but there is a large number of people among those you know with whom you ought to be on so cordial terms as shall in time change into the most friendly relations, so that some you did not fancy at first may become your fastest friends, to the great benefit of both parties. You want many friends, because so many are removing residences and exchanging worlds, and you want plenty left to enjoy till those changes come to you in turn. As long as your body lives, you want a living, healthy heart in it. And in your times of trial, how precious is human love and sympathy!

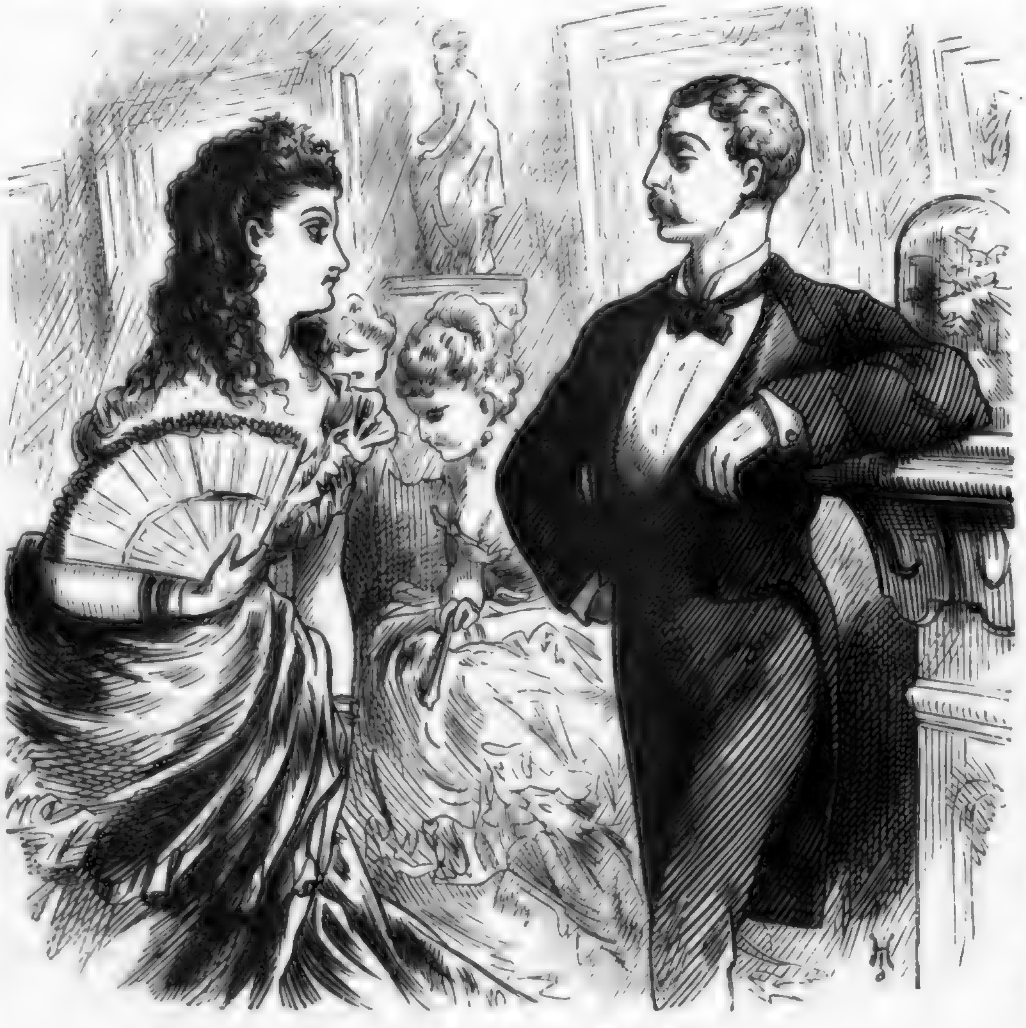
When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.

A FALSE ALARM.

One has often been disposed to laugh at the specimens of Spanish brigands produced upon the stage in old-fashioned pieces, little thinking how thoroughly true they are to nature; for the Spaniard is an individual who goes in strongly for show.

He believes in silver buttons to his vest, and a row to button nothing down the outer seam of his trowsers; cocktail plumes in his hat; sashes, velvet, silk, and the gayest of colors.

During a trip through Spain I had a good many opportunities of studying the peculiarities of these people; and after all said and done, their aspect is quite in keeping with the brilliant climate, and the gorgeous tints one sees around.



AGREEABLE COMPANY.

Gent—"*I don't converse; I don't dance; I don't play; I don't sing; I don't do anything but stand still.*"

It was in the neighborhood of Cordova, in the Sierra Moreno, where fearful gorge after gorge had brought us to the famous pass of Despeñaperros. Here blocks dark as slate rise perpendicularly on each side of the narrow road, the deep abyss yawning beside us, with the sound of water far below. Here the Moors were once defeated and driven down the rocky cliff to destruction. Hence the name Despeñaperros — the tumble of the dogs.

The Sierra Moreno has been for all time a famous resort of bandits—"the hermits of the Sierra," as they are styled. Without being too careful on that account, we were wandering among the mountains, sketching and botanizing, idling and thoroughly enjoying ourselves, when one of our party exclaimed:

"I say, boys, suppose we were to meet with brigands?"

We all laughed and went on, when suddenly, as we turned slowly out of a narrow gorge on to a kind of platform on the mountain-side, we came upon a group of four magnificent-looking fellows, evidently on the lookout for prey. We were completely staggered, for they were all armed with their short guns; pistols protruded from their brilliant crimson sashes, where they hid in company with long knives. Their velvet suits were rich in embroidery; their velvet breeches were of the gayest cut, and showy ribbons bandaged their brown legs.

As for their feet, they were not so well provided for as their heads; for, while the latter were wrapped in gorgeous handkerchiefs, over which were jauntily stuck plumed hats; their feet only bore the simple old sandal, displaying the working of their brown toes.

What a study for an artist, I thought to myself, as one fellow, who had a great, light-colored cloak dependent from his shoulders, quietly turned toward us, and lazily puffed a thin cloud of smoke from his lips, while the others scarcely acknowledged our presence.

"We are in for it now," said my friend who had previously spoken.

"Indeed we are," I said. "This means ransom, and six months' garlic in the mountains."

"Why don't they attack us?" remarked my friend.

"Because they know we are safe," I replied. "If we were to try to escape, a dozen fellows would spring up behind us directly."

"I say, old fellow," said my friend, "this is no joke, though. I wish I was at home."

"Let's put a bold face on it," said I, "and they may be content with robbing us of our watches, and letting us go."

"They are welcome to mine, and to make it go, too, if they can," said my friend. "It's a brute."

"You keep quiet," I said, "and come along."

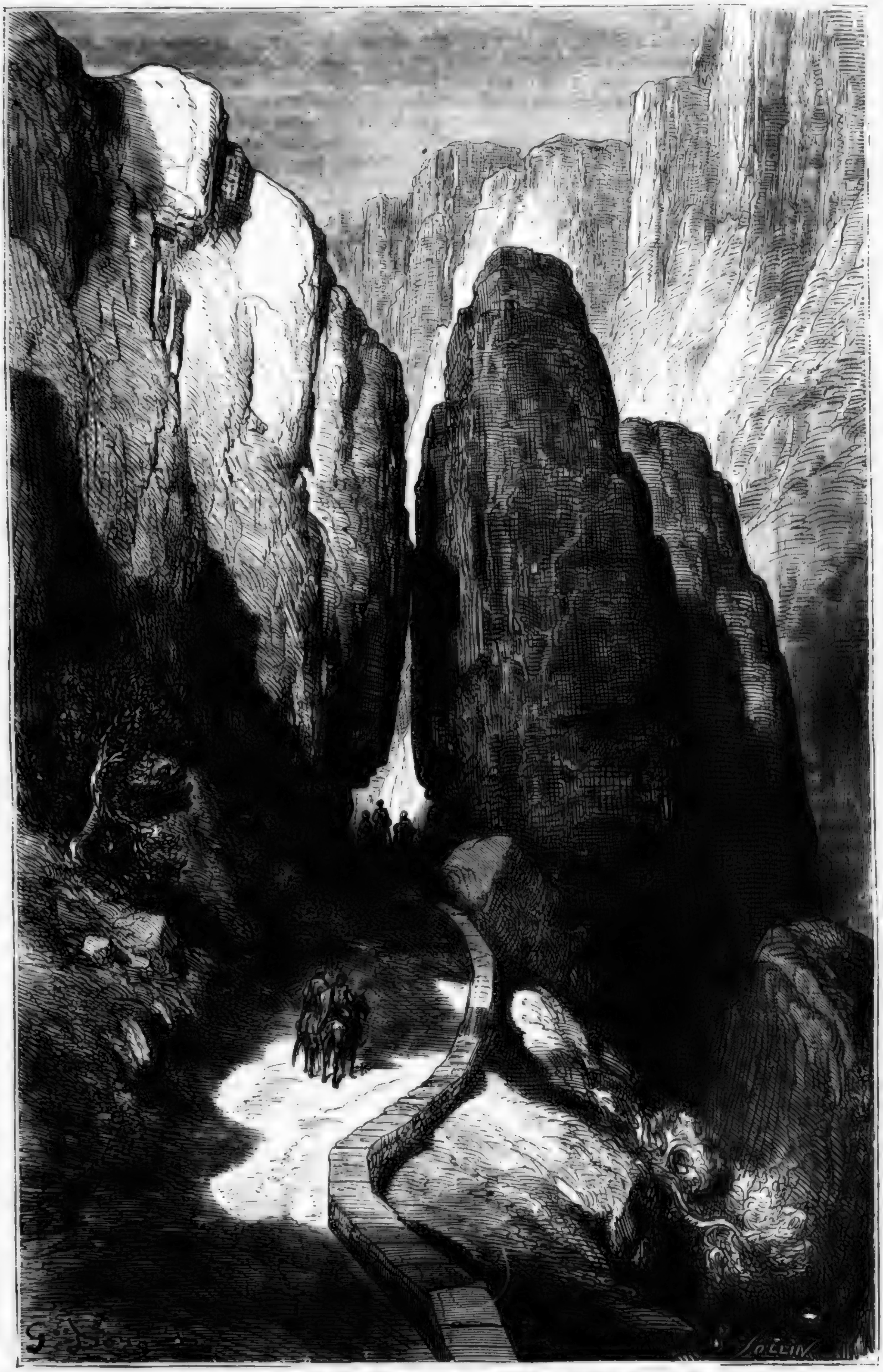
We showed as bold a face as we could, and walked steadily up to the picket, who turned at last, and saluted us, when, not to be less civil, I offered them cigars.

"What impudence!" said my friend. "How generous! Just because you know they are going to take them."

The leader of the party accepted the cigars with pleasure, and took the stopper out of the gourd of brandy slung from his shoulder, and we partook, to find it particularly good.

By degrees we found out that their looks belied them, for they were no brigands at all, only what were called *mozos de la escuatra*—really hunters of brigands, robbers and assassins who made the mountains their refuge.

We found them very pleasant, intelligent fellows; and, as we sat down, chatted and smoked with them, while Doré sketched; we learned that it was rare for them to



A FALSE ALARM.—THE PASS OF THE DESPEÑAPERROS, IN THE SIERRA MORENO, SPAIN.

have an encounter with the *mala gente* of the neighborhood.

"But you see, señor," said the leader, "our being about here keeps them away. At one time, this mountain was a regular wasps' nest; now, travelers like yourself can come and go in peace, instead of being stopped, robbed, and perhaps held to ransom."

We kept them in conversation until the sketch was done, and then, with as much show of politeness as we should have encountered in a drawing-room, our friends put us on the nearest track for the next town; and we parted, for them to resume their quiet watch, ready, perhaps, to favor some other innocent French or English party with a false alarm.

JOHN CLYMER'S EXPERIENCE.

JOHN CLYMER'S proceedings were like those of the man in the rhyme, who—

> "When he found his eyes were out, with all his might and main
> He jumped into another bush——"

It was town talk—at least, that part of the town that knew Clymer at all—that he had suffered at the hands of Katherine Berri.

All the long, gray Winter he had been constant in his devotion to that young woman. At every party and ball and sleigh-ride he had been at her side. The gossips wagged their heads. The more philosophical young folks acquiesced silently in the arrangement. These two, the leading spirits in their set, were understood to be committed to each other.

And then, all at once, the slim, dark young beauty left town "under the auspices" of a fashionable aunt. Clymer went up into the country to superintend some building business for his father. And the whisper crept about that they had quarreled, and Clymer had been jilted.

As usual, popular sympathy went with the man. It did not comfort him much, however, in that night which he spent alone out under the stars, or in the long, dusty railroad ride of the next day.

Only the night before he had said to his father:

"I'll go about that business, sir, of which you spoke to me. I'll go to-morrow."

And then, the preliminaries being arranged, he wandered off to the rock overlooking the village where he and Kate had had their last interview, and lay there on the dry moss the whole night through, thinking bitterly of what had gone, believing with the whole strength of his impulsive young heart that life had come to an end for him.

As if life ever does come to an end for more than one in ten thousand before the last breath is drawn!

When he went away next day, he was haggard and hollow-eyed. When he reached his journey's end he was dusty and weary besides. So that Mrs. Griggs, with whom he was to board, asked him at once if he had been ill.

The place was a farming town, old, scattered, shady and sleepy. His business was to watch the construction of a sawmill going up on the stream a mile away. His boarding-house was the house of an old acquaintance of the family, set deep among old elms, shadowy and cool and roomy. It looked, at sunset, like a New England corner of Lotus-land.

He had telegraphed his coming, and tea was waiting. Through the open parlor door Clymer caught a glimpse of a piano, and in the dining-room Mrs. Griggs introduced him to her niece.

His toilet had been hasty, as suited the mental condition of a broken-hearted man the short time allowed him. Clymer was a gentleman, but these country-bred ladies would scarcely be critical about minor accessories. So he bowed to Miss King with a perfectly comfortable sense of self-satisfaction. But when he raised his eyes to the young lady, something of his satisfaction vanished.

A blonde girl, with innocent, wide blue eyes, and the loveliest yellow hair. Certainly there was no betrayal of rusticity in her case. The fit of her lavender dress, the style of her ornaments, bore the unmistakable city stamp. She scarcely spoke through the meal, and after it was over vanished through the purple twilight to a neighbor's house.

Afterward, when the dark had really come, Clymer, sitting moodily in his unlighted room, heard the piano break into a long ripple of sound. He stirred uneasily. He hated a piano under unskillful hands. This might be a nuisance, situated as it was just beneath him. His critical ear waited to be shocked, and waited in vain. Miss King played late, and he fell asleep listening to a golden rain of deftly touched notes.

Wherefore the next morning he was ready to look upon her with favorable eyes. She was very young, apparently not more than seventeen. Going down to his work that day, he considered that she might help him to endure the days of his stay. But he forgot all about her over his pine lumber, till she appeared at noon, driving a basket-carriage.

"I am going into the village; Mrs. Griggs sent you this," giving him a lunch-basket.

That was all she said, going on her way again at once. No girlish airs or grimaces; unaffected, unconscious, frank.

Before a week was over, John Clymer was considering that he might as well make existence tolerable by enjoying the daily society of this very pretty, innocent, artless girl. He had arrived at the usual conclusion—all women were heartless, fickle and false. It was only a question of development. Miss King, being in the kitteny stage, was not supposed to have those traits in other than a dormant state.

Alone in his room, or in unoccupied intervals, he still bemoaned himself, and heaped bitter reproaches on Kate Berri's memory; but he was such a thoroughly healthy, hearty fellow that in less than seven days he was eating reasonable meals, whistling like a blackbird over his work, conscious of very pleasurable content in his interviews with this pretty neighbor of his.

Her innocence was not insipid. She talked as one who had lived in sight of the great world. Her home was in Baltimore. She was spending the Summer here for quiet, being a little delicate. Mrs. Griggs was the sister of her stepmother, and, to make her stay endurable, she had her piano and her horse; and she did not find it dull at all—the country was delicious.

The mill need not have kept John Clymer more than three weeks at the longest. There was a delay in getting the machinery, and when he ran down to the city to see about it, he found that another fortnight must elapse before it could possibly be ready; and that fortnight was quite at his disposal.

But this year he had not his usual longings for the seaside. He was back in Crandon on the third day after his departure.

He found a letter there that touched the old bitterness—old at three weeks. Miss Berri was at Newport, instituting quite a sensation there. Clymer had better come and look after her, wrote his friend, who knew nothing of what had happened between them.

And Clymer ground several words between his teeth, and declared that he could amuse himself as well as she. So, as Miss King was already at the piano, he went downstairs and seated himself on the veranda, just without the open windows.

The moonlight showed the beautiful face and the slender, girlish figure, and then compunctious visitings took possession of his soul. If he was to "amuse" himself, he had better find some less unsuspicious victim. It would never do for this little girl to fall in love with him. He might find a bitter taste of regret after the amusement was over. And then he assured himself that the experiment was a perfectly safe one. He had a grudge against the sex; they were all alike—women's hearts were not so tender. In the midst of which incoherent discourse with himself, Miss King's trills and runs came to an end.

He leaned across the window-ledge.

"Do you not sing, Miss Cora?"

"Yes, Mr. Clymer."

"I have never heard you."

"You have never asked me."

"I shall ask you now. Miss King, will you favor me with a song?"

And she sang—a little sea-song, full of the murmur of waves and echo of low, wandering winds. Not a powerful voice, or one of great scope; but holding the soul of all sweetness, and perfectly trained, and never attempting more than it could do. Clymer was delighted. He knew good music, and this little girl's performances were delicious.

He held out his hand toward her when she stopped.

"You sing beautifully,' he said, with genuine feeling in his voice. "Won't you come out here and talk to me now?"

"My lord must be amused," rising at once.

The word she used echoed the one that had just been in his thoughts so perfectly that he started a little.

She passed out of the room into the hall, and so joined him where he sat. Her white, thin draperies floated like a soft cloud; there was a scarlet gleam of garden-flowers in her hair and on her breast. Some delicate, intangible perfume drifted faintly to him as she came. She sat down in the great wicker-chair he gave her, and her pose was as graceful as any marble nymph's.

She had, when she talked, a way of looking straight into her companion's eyes Her own were very blue, very childlike. Then, when she was very much interested—and that happened often enough—a little frown would draw her eyebrows together, and make small, becoming wrinkles across the smooth forehead.

But to-night she was not looking at John Clymer. The small, firm white hands were dropped in her lap; her head was thrown back against the chair-top, showing all the lovely curves of chin and throat, and the earnest eyes were very far indeed out at sea.

Clymer sat looking at her so intently that when she suddenly turned her gaze on him, he was startled into telling the truth of his thought.

"What a glorious woman you will make!"

"Shall I? On what do you base your prediction?"—quite unfluttered.

"No matter. I'm not going to spoil you by flattery. A child of your age ought not even to guess that she is pretty."

"A child of my age! So I am pretty, Mr. Clymer?"

The question was asked as a child might have asked it. The frank blue eyes sought his; the arched brows straightened and dropped, in the piquant trick they had. And he answered, fervently

"Lovely!"

Whereupon she laughed aloud—a trilling, honeyed laugh—a sound he had never before heard from her lips.

An hour after that—an hour partly filled with silences, partly with "discursive chat"—John Clymer found himself saying:

"I'm a great many years older than you, Miss Cora" (he was twenty-four), "but I am tempted to be confidential."

"I shall listen."

"Well, it is only a variation of a very old story—one you will probably hear a great many times in the course of your life. A long time ago I loved a very beautiful girl. I thought she cared for me, and—I was mistaken."

He paused, rather surprised at the shortness of his story. As to the little fiction contained in it, that was only a sacrifice to the dramatic proprieties. "Long time ago" certainly sounded much better than four weeks ago.

"She was very beautiful, and you are very sorry," sighed the sympathetic voice.

"Very sorry? For a long time I thought there could be nothing else in life for me. The old scar aches sometimes now."

John Clymer was not a sentimental young man, nor an unusually untruthful one; but he wanted to interest Miss King, and he could conceive of himself in no more striking posture than that of broken-hearted lover. That attitude is supposed to be irresistible to the average feminine heart.

"And you will never see her again?"

"I do not know. She is very gay. Yet I fancy we shall meet again."

"And then?"

"Then, Miss Cora—for some deaths there is no resurrection!" gloomily.

She rose and glided away from him to the piano. She had a way of making the white keys express the sentiment of most situations. She played a sighing minor *nocturne*, and followed it by a pathetic little "good-by." The whole thing was exquisitely dramatic and tasteful. Then she rose and gave him her hand through the window.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Clymer."

"You are a dear little girl!" warmly stooping to kiss the small hand he held. But it slid out of his grasp, and his lip touched his own fingers instead. After which Miss King disappeared.

After that, Clymer found smooth sailing. Miss King's manner toward him was bewitching. No younger sister, pitying, admiring, sympathetic, could have regarded him with more tender eyes.

Clymer was not a bad man. In a fortnight he had forgotten his *rôle* of amateur villain. She was such a gentle tender, loving little thing! Who knew that she might not, after all, grow to be one of the exceptions that must exist to redeem the sex? And what was to hinder the prolonged existence of their present relations?

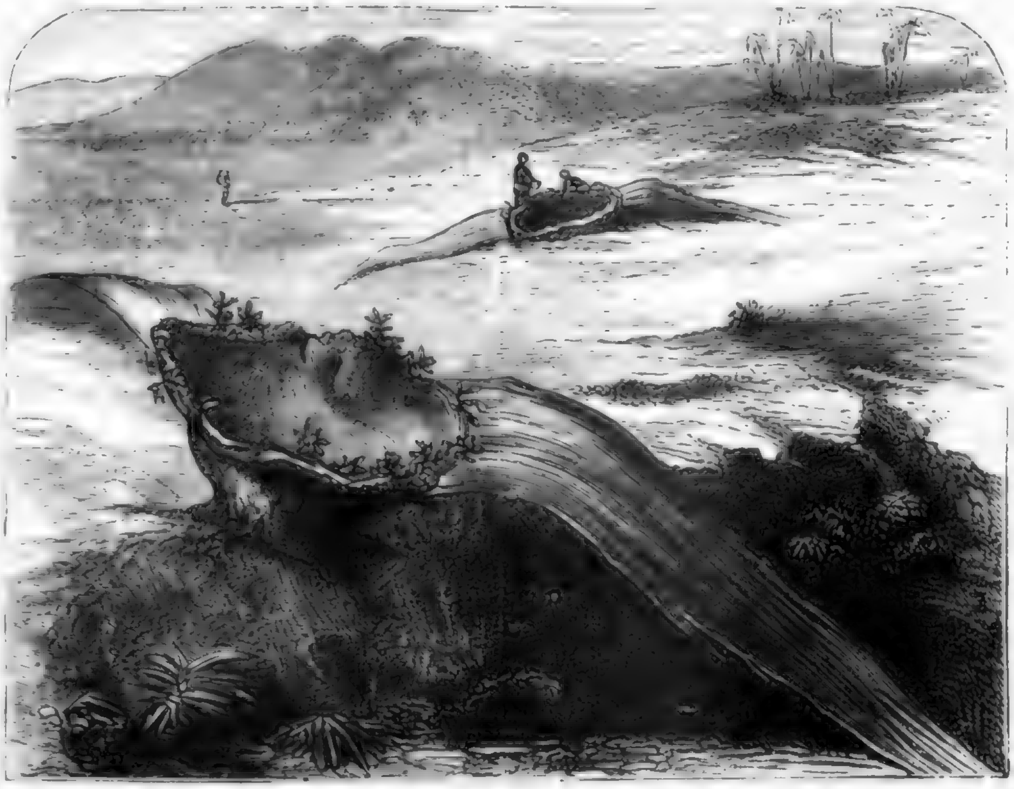
In all the time he took no lover-like steps in their friendship. There were not many waking hours that she was not in his sight, and his eyes were never weary of her. Now and then, when some reminder of Kate Berri came suddenly in his way, sharp, fierce spasms of pain would seize him, and for a few hours Miss King would see a clouded face and troubled eyes. Then the fit would pass, and there would be sunshine again.

Mrs. Griggs, good, commonplace, sensible woman, watched this growing friendship with evident satisfaction.

"She was sent here for me to take care of," she told Clymer. "I shall be very sorry to let her go when the Summer is over."

I think those spasms of remembrance were the only barriers between Clymer and the way into which he finally

XUM

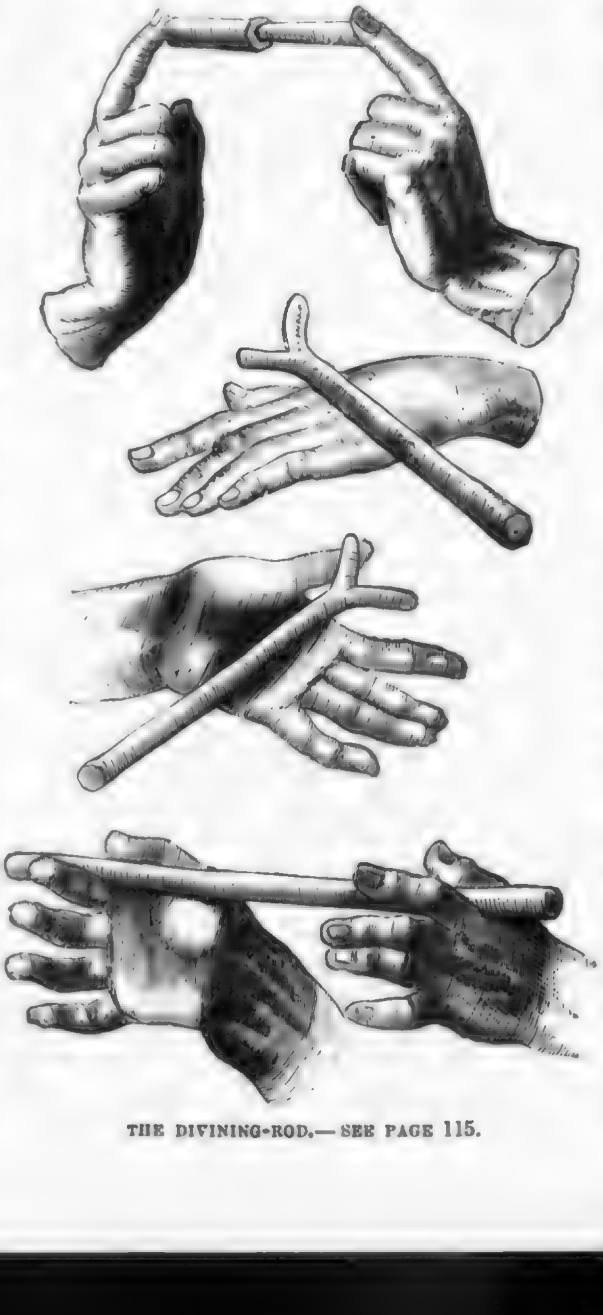


A CURIOUS AFRICAN PLANT—THE WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS.—SEE PAGE 114.

drifted. He put Kate out of his thoughts as speedily and as thoroughly as he could. There was too much unaffected pain in it. It was easier, better, to listen to Miss King's cooing voice, to yield to the soothing magnetism of her presence.

The mill filled very few hours of each day. It was necessary to see that the men employed made at least a pretense of work. Beyond that, his time was quite at his own disposal.

But one day—the day the machinery came—he was away nearly the whole time from early morning. Coming back at night, he found the house hushed and deserted. Mrs. Griggs had gone to the neighboring town on a shopping expedition, and Miss King was with her. They were not to return till the next day, and Clymer was thrown on his own resources for the evening. A letter that came in the night's mail did not help him.



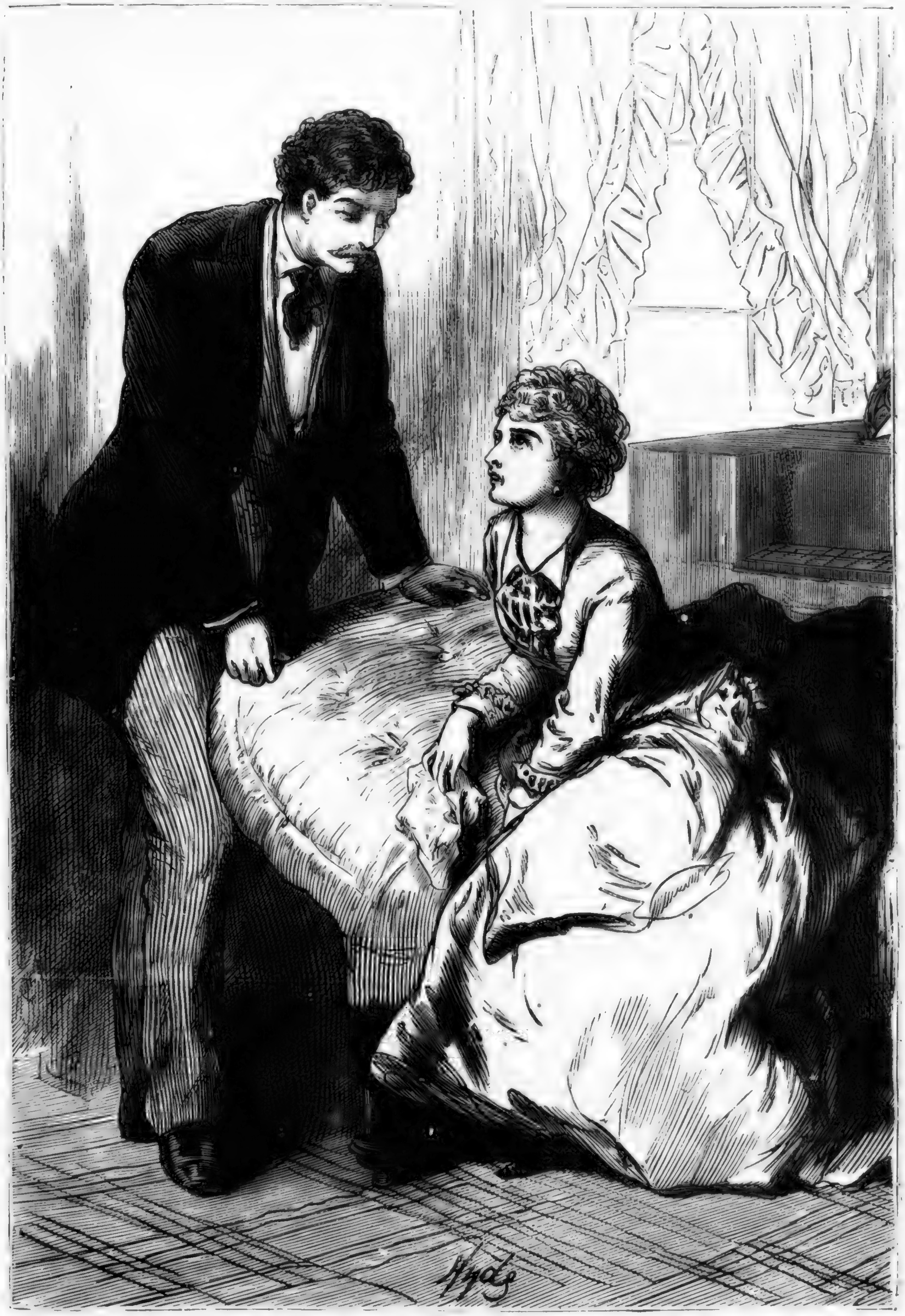
THE DIVINING-ROD.—SEE PAGE 115.

"I warned you," wrote this gossiping friend; "and now rumor says that Miss Berri and Major Montrose are on matrimonial terms. A soldier's wooing — he has been here three weeks."

Clymer, lying face down among his tumbled pillows, was groaning over this new blow. I think he cried a little—such tears as men cry on occasion, when their hearts or their vanity or their self-love get wrung by woman's fickleness. And then and there, with his face scarcely dry, he declared to himself that, after all, Cora King was the one of the two worth loving; that, since Miss Berri had so soon off with the old love, there was no reason why he should longer persist in keeping his share of the promise. And, since "masterly inactivity" was not a part of his tactics usually, it is not strange that before he fell asleep he had determined that Miss King should at least have the opportunity of consoling him. And then he went through a ceremony usually observed by disappointed lovers. He made a small bonfire of his reminders of Miss Berri, and over those funeral flames proclaimed his freedom from that old allegiance. On account of which state of things I asserted, at the beginning, that John Clymer had followed the example of that traditional nursery hero. Having made up his mind as to his future proceedings, nothing remained but to put his resolutions into action. Did Miss King, returning next day, feel any subtle difference in their relations? Possibly Clymer, recalling past days, had assured himself that opportunity to tell his story would not be wanting. And now three, four days went by, and in all the time he spent with her he found no space for that narrative.

Not that she was less charming. She had that beauty that bears daylight. She asked no odds of light and shadow; she needed not many of dress. The sweet girl-face was unwearyingly beautiful. Clymer, after the manner of men, finding what he wanted just out of reach, began to fancy that he wanted it very much. Something of the ardor of a genuine lover began to get into his looks and little speeches. Miss King's calm eyes apparently took no note, but Fate seemed to do a great deal of gratuitous interfering with his small stratagems.

One night Clymer brought Miss King a letter. She had not many correspondents, but among them was a Miss Gertrude Stanley, to whom she



JOHN CLYMER'S EXPERIENCE.—"CLYMER FOUND MISS KING CROUCHED DOWN IN A CORNER OF A SOFA, NOT ABSOLUTELY IN TEARS, BUT WITH A VERY WATERY SHADOW ON HER FACE."—SEE PAGE 118.

wrote incessantly and voluminously. Miss Stanley's replies seemed of the same order. Clymer had learned to know the stiff, schoolgirlish hand, and recognized it on the thick epistle that he gave Miss King at tea.

The piano was silent that night. Clymer, going down just in the tender edge of twilight, instead of an empty parlor as he had expected, found Miss King crouched down in a corner of a sofa, not absolutely in tears, but with a very watery shadow on her fair face.

"What is it?" bending tenderly over her.

The clouded face went into eclipse behind hands and handkerchief, but there was no spoken word of reply.

"I wish you would tell me. There's nothing I wouldn't do to save you annoyance."

Miss King's handkerchief stirred a little.

"Homesick!" she said, as if the one word was all that she could manage under the circumstances.

Clymer hesitated a moment before he spoke again. Observe, if you please, that he was talking to a girl of seventeen, quite innocent of love-making. He laid his hand gently on hers, and they did not shrink away from his touch. It was his first approach to a caress.

"I want to tell you something. In all these weeks you have been a dear little friend to me. I came here very sad, almost hopeless. I thought I should never care for any one again; but in these days, and since I came to know you, I have learned that life will be incomplete without you."

He paused in his little speech. Miss King gave no sign. He was forced to go on.

"Cora, won't you speak to me? I love you!"

She sat up then, her eyes very wide open.

"Oh, Mr. Clymer!" she said, half reproachfully, half in utter amazement.

He smiled at the ingenuous face and voice.

"You are not frightened, dear? and you are not going to send me away?"

"No, only—— Oh, Mr. Clymer, please, you mustn't talk about it!" catching her breath.

"Very well; we won't talk about it. Only, now you know, you must tell me what troubles you."

Thus John, from the heights of his superior age and experience. Of course she was fluttered and frightened; but the warm little hand in his was not withdrawn, and he felt a comfortable sense of proprietorship.

"Gertrude Stanley, my very dearest friend—and I have not seen her for three months—is to be in N—— day after to-morrow. She is to wait there three hours for a train on the Northern Road, and she wants me to come in."

"Well?"

"I can't ask aunt to go again so soon, and she will never let me go alone."

"There isn't any need. I am going in myself on business. We will start early and drive in, and you may spend your time with Miss Stanley while I am about my engagements."

She started up.

"If you only would! But I ought not to trouble you."

"It isn't trouble; and you have the right, certainly, if any one has."

At which crisis Mrs. Griggs appeared. That lady agreed to the arrangement with less opposition than might have been expected. Perhaps she had had some hint of the turn affairs had taken.

Miss King was very thoughtful all the next day. More than once Clymer saw tears in the blue eyes, but that was not so very strange; and if she shrank from him with a half-frightened, pleading look in her face, it was only in keeping with his ideal of girlish delicacy. But she let him kiss her at night—just the faintest, lightest touch on her forehead—and then she was out of his reach.

The ride next day was delightful. The day was perfect, and Miss King was in her gayest spirits. They reached N—— and the station fifteen minutes before the train was due.

"Don't wait for me. You said you were already late for your engagement. We shall go straight to Mrs. Graham's, and you may come for me there."

Mrs. Graham was an old friend of Mrs. Griggs's.

"I don't like to leave you so, but it seems unavoidable."

"I don't mind it at all; it is only a few minutes to wait. If she doesn't come, I shall go there at once. You've been very good to me, Mr. Clymer," giving him her hand.

And so he went away and left her, and for the next few hours was thoroughly absorbed in his business.

When it was over, a little startled to find how much time had gone, he went to Mrs. Graham's. That lady knew him slightly, through his connection with Mrs. Griggs.

Miss King was not there. She had called in the morning with a gentleman, and had left a note for Mr. Clymer; and in Mrs. Graham's parlor he read the following astonishing document:

"DEAR MR. CLYMER: I must confess to a *ruse de guerre*. My friend was Mr. George, instead of Miss Gertrude, Stanley. He came as I expected, and we were married fifteen minutes ago. It was all quite regular and proper. A friend had secured a license, and we had witnesses, etc. When you receive this, we shall be on our way to Baltimore, where, I dare say, there will be quite an exciting little storm.

"Dear Mr. Clymer, I am so sorry that your heart should be wrung a second time. But you recover so quickly that I think you will be quite fresh for a third experience before the Winter begins. Kate Berri is an old school-friend of mine, and I had the story of that romance before our idyl began.

"Thanks for the assistance you have given my plans. I hope you won't think me ungrateful. I shall always gladly remember you. CORA KING STANLEY."

"P. S.—I haven't told Kate."

There! I hope you can appreciate something of the state of mind in which John Clymer took this news, and the letter inclosed in his own, home to Mrs. Griggs. His recollections of the scene with that agitated lady are somewhat confused. He does not recur to them oftener than necessary.

"She was sent to me to keep her out of the way of this George Stanley. I thought she had forgotten him, and fancied you instead."

"It seems we were mistaken," rather bitterly. "However, being a minor, I suppose this marriage will not hold, if that is any comfort."

"A minor! She was twenty-one day before yesterday."

* * * * * * *

Two months afterward, in the glow of a dreamy October day, Kate Berri and John Clymer stood together on the very rock where Clymer had once spent a very miserable night.

"Very well, if you are properly repentant, and are willing to be forgiven."

"Am I not? I was absurdly jealous and unreasonable from the very beginning; and when I heard you were engaged——"

"There never was a shadow of a foundation for that story. Major Montrose married Laura Kane a month ago."

"I know. I have a confession to make. I'd better get it over with. It's enough to make a man sink into the ground to think of it. At Mrs. Griggs's there was boarding a young lady—a Miss Cora King——"

Kate laughed.

"I'll spare you that, John. I know the whole of it. Cora always was a bright little thing."

"You needn't have told her about our quarrel, at all events," half-vexed.

"I tell her! I haven't seen or written to her in two years. She wrote me just after she was married, and gave you a very good character indeed, in spite of the uncertain state of your affections."

"The little serpent!"

"Don't call names—it isn't dignified.

"It's a great relief to one's mind. For instance, when I call you dearest, best——"

"Don't be absurd, John."

AN ECCENTRIC TRAVELER.

We have heard of an Englishman who went abroad with the design of taking an extensive tour on the Continent, but who was diverted from his purpose by finding himself so comfortable on board a certain canal-boat in Belgium that he went no further; preferring to be a daily passenger in the boat, which went and returned between certain limits on alternate days. There is more than one version of this story, which we believe to be founded on fact. It seems to be agreed that the gentleman started on his intended tour in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo; that he landed at Ostend with the design of pushing on to Brussels, and that the canal-boat which arrested his progress was one that plied between Bruges and Ghent, starting one day at Ghent, and the other at Bruges. According to one account which we have heard, the individual in question went abroad not merely to see foreign lands, but in the hope of meeting with illustrious personages and distinguished characters, which will account for his making for Brussels in 1815. Finding, however, that on board the boat he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them at the *table d'hôte*, he thought he could not do better, and went backward and forward, never getting further than Ghent.

A CHEAP PLEASURE.

Lovers of flowers find window gardens, in the Winter season, a source of inexhaustible pleasure. Don't wait until you can buy expensive brackets and vases. Upon the window-sill a piece of board wide enough to hold a box of size and shape your taste or necessities cause you to choose must be securely fastened. Then take a box not more than fourteen inches high, width and length proportional. If possible, have another box two inches smaller each way, to set inside, and fill the space between with straw, tan or any refuse substance that will retain moisture. If you cannot compass this inside box, there will be continual danger that the sun will scorch the roots. Make some holes in the bottom of both boxes, then put in bits of charcoal and broken crockery, to insure drainage. Of course, the better the soil the better the flowers will grow. Then in one end of the box plant a German ivy. In the other end have vines and morning-glories. If the box is ugly, over its front edge and end must droop some of the trailing small nasturtiums. Their beauty is infinite, they are absolutely without caprice, and add a charm to life. All these yellow flowers demand a plant or two of blue lobelia, as a contrasting color.

THE PROCESS OF MAKING RUBBER SHOES.

The first operation after receiving the crude gum from the importer is to cleanse it. To facilitate this process, the rubber, which comes in lumps resembling in size and shape a soldier's canteen, is cut into thin slices by means of a large circular knife, revolving with great speed and constantly wetted. Then these slices are cut into small pieces by means of a chopper—a machine which resembles in its action a common hay-cutter—and afterward the pieces are reduced to minute particles in another machine, which at the same time washes out all the dirt and sand. Besides the accidental admixture of foreign substances with the sap, the natives are in the habit of throwing in sand and ashes to increase the weight. This grit, unless completely removed from the gum, will show itself in the shoe, impairing its smooth surface.

The small particles of rubber, all clean, are now shovcled into another machine, which rolls them together into rough sheets. These sheets are then taken to the drying room, where they remain about three months, to admit of the complete evaporation of the moisture. After the gum is sufficiently dry it is carried into the grinding room and fed into machines called grinders, where, passing between heavy iron rolls heated with steam, it is softened so as to permit the admixture of the vulcanizing material. The call for low-priced goods has led to extensive cheapening, by which less expensive material than rubber is added to lessen the cost. Coal-tar, lamp-black and other cheap and bulky articles are thus sometimes used.

The gum is then run into long sheets between calendars. The sheets as delivered from the calendars, after being cut into convenient lengths, are carried to the cutting tables and cut into uppers and soles by means of patterns, and sharp, wet knives in the hands of skilled workmen. The uppers and soles are now ready to be lasted.

Meanwhile, in another department, the linings are coated on one side with rubber, by passing a batch of gum in company with the cloth between heated steel rolls in another calendar, and, after being cut into various sizes, many thicknesses at once, with dies in a drop-press, are distributed to those who make up the boots and shoes.

After affixing various strengthening pieces of cloth, stiffenings, etc., the rubber upper is carefully laid on, and sticks fast to the rubber on the cloth, with a light pressure and smoothing movement of the hand. No pegging or sewing is required. The edges are then trimmed, the sole is put on and rolled down firmly, so as to adhere closely in every part.

The shoes are now collected and carried to the varnish-room, where a coat of elastic varnish is quickly applied, and the shoe, now of a greenish color, is hung in the heater.

The heater is a large fireproof room, heated by means of a large number of steam-pipes. In the evening, when the heater is full of goods, the doors are closed, the steam turned on and the baking begins. The heat is gradually run up to nearly 300°, under the supervision of experienced hands, who remain all night, carefully watching the progress of the baking, as indicated by thermometers hung up inside, but visible through small windows in the wall of the heater.

Too much heat renders the rubber brittle and rotten, and not quite enough heat detains the sulphur in the shoe, and causes its appearance afterward—when they become what are called "white" goods. These white or sulphurous goods are really better to wear than those completely cured.

During vulcanization, the gum becomes very soft, and runs together into one homogeneous mass, and, finally, when a higher point is reached, it hardens again. After remaining in the heater a sufficient time—about eight or ten hours in all—the shoes are carried, at an early hour in the morning, into the packing-room.

XUM

THE HEROISM OF CATHARINE DOUGLAS.

It is strange that the Stuarts, unfortunate from first to last, never without deadly enemies, yet called out on all occasions the most devoted loyalty. Men and women alike sacrificed life and property in their cause. The heroic devotion was not always appreciated, but at the next emergency loyalty again burns forth with all its wonted fire.

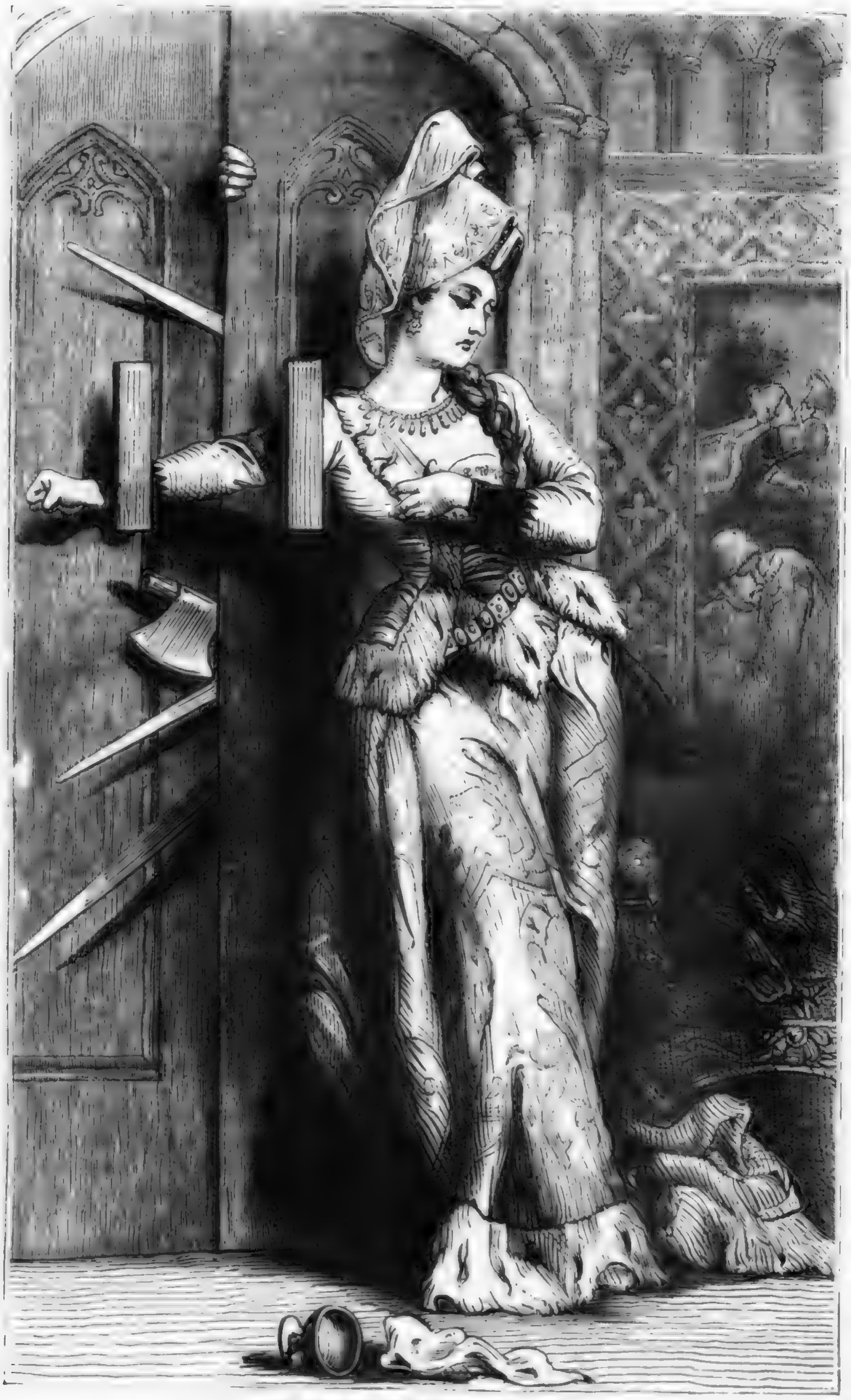
Among all the instances of devotedness, one of the noblest is that of Catharine Douglas, one of the maids of honor of Joanna Beaufort, Queen of James I. of Scotland.

That king had been repressing his lawless nobles with a stern hand, and roused all their hate and vengeance. They watched their time. On the night of February 21st, 1437, James, with the queen, was supping at a Dominican convent near Perth, unattended even by a body-guard, trusting to the "divinity that doth hedge in a king."

It was the moment looked for by the conspirators whom Sir Robert Graham had gathered around him. Through the assistance of the king's treacherous chamberlain, Sir Robert Stewart, the conspirators not only posted a band of outlaws around the convent, but gained entrance to the building, Stewart having removed all obstacles.

During the supper, Walter Stratton, one of the king's cup-bearers, left the room to renew the supply of wine. Discovering armed men in the passage, he gave the alarm, but was cut down on the spot. At the cry, Catharine Douglas, one of the queen's maids-of-honor, rushed to the chamber-door to secure it. The hasp had been removed. Without a thought of self, and resolved to save her king, she thrust her arm through the iron staples in place of a bar.

The ruffians tried to pry the door open with their swords and axes, threatening to break her arm if she persisted. But the heroic Scotch lady did not flinch, and held the door till they actually burst it in, breaking the bones of her arm. The few attendants gathered around the king. Patrick Dunbar, brother of the Earl of March, was killed defending him. Queen Joanna received two severe wounds, and James, after a desperate fight, fell pierced by twenty-eight wounds.



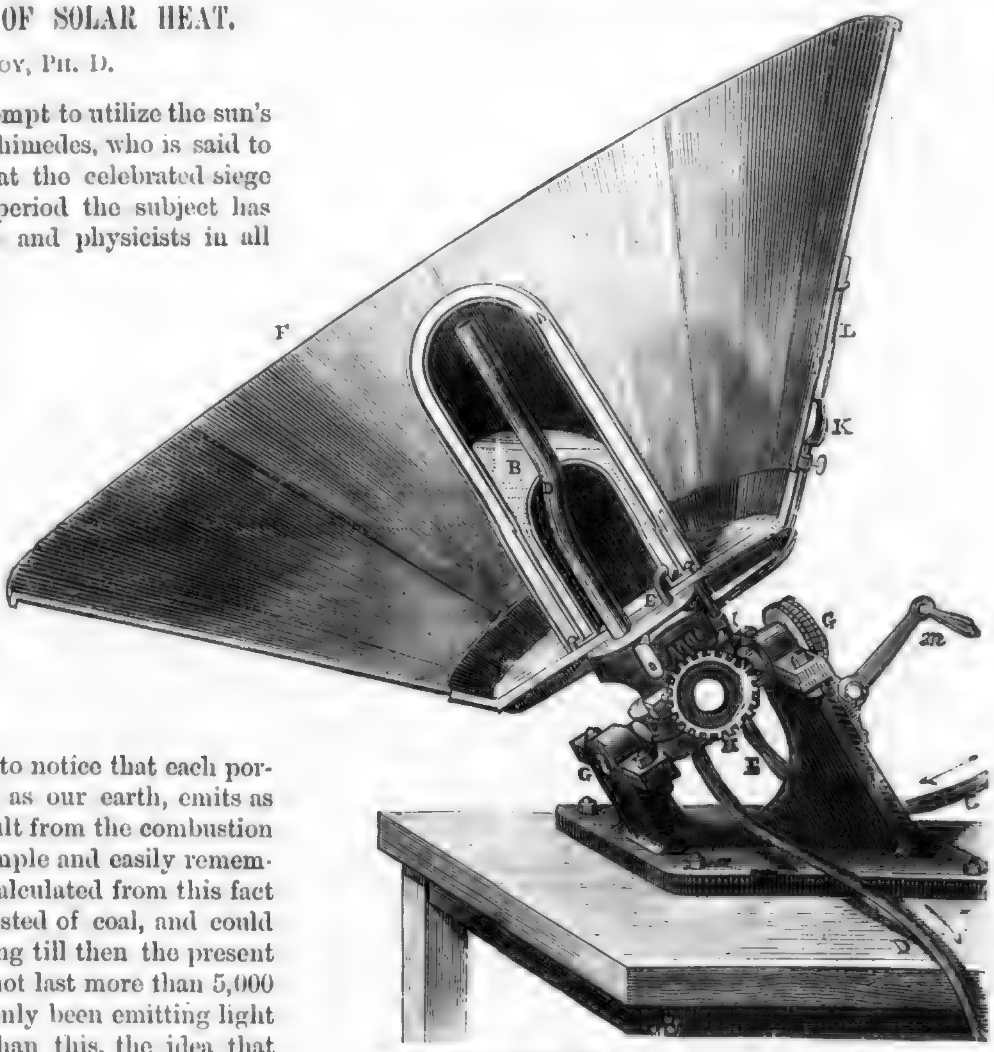
THE HEROISM OF CATHARINE DOUGLAS.

Housekeeping.—Let no one call housekeeping a menial occupation, neither suppose that no ability is needed to carry it on. When it comes to be considered how much is to be embraced under the general term "housekeeping," used in its best and full sense, it is plain to be seen that there is an ample field for the exercise of the most extended and enlightened education. Book-learning is not wasted; there is every day occasion for its use, and the more readily and intelligently artistic and scientific knowledge is applied in domestic affairs, the more easily the work is accomplished, and the more pleasure is given in its results to all who are participants therein.

INDUSTRIAL APPLICATIONS OF SOLAR HEAT.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

It is well known that the first attempt to utilize the sun's rays dates back to the time of Archimedes, who is said to have destroyed the Roman vessels at the celebrated siege of Syracuse, and ever since that period the subject has engaged the attention of chemists and physicists in all parts of the world. It was not, however, until modern times that philosophers found a method for determining the amount of heat given out by the sun. We can now solve this question, because we can measure the amount received by our earth, which intercepts about the 2.300,000,000th part of all the light and heat emitted by the sun. We thus find that, in every second of time, the sun emits as much heat as would result from the combustion of 11,600,000,000,000 tons of coal.

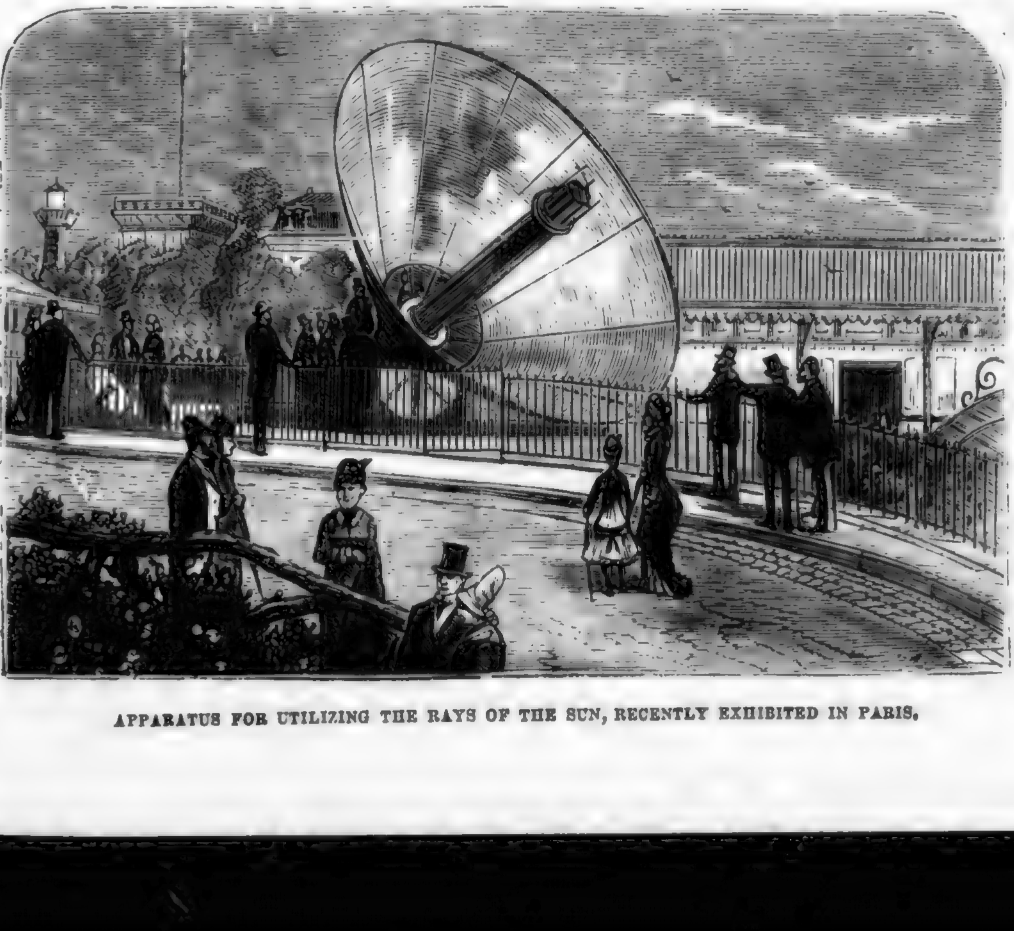


MOUCHOT'S APPARATUS FOR GENERATING SOLAR RAYS.

In passing, it may be convenient to notice that each portion of the sun's surface as large as our earth, emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of 1,000,000,000 tons of coal--a simple and easily remembered relation. Now, it is easily calculated from this fact that if the sun's whole mass consisted of coal, and could burn out to the last ton, maintaining till then the present rate of emission, the supply would not last more than 5,000 years. As the sun has most certainly been emitting light and heat for a far longer period than this, the idea that the solar fire is thus maintained is, of course, altogether untenable.

There are, however, many other reasons for rejecting the idea that the sun is composed of burning matter, using the word "burning" in its proper sense, according to which a piece of coal in a fire is burning; whereas a piece of red-hot iron is not burning, though burning hot. In like manner we find ourselves compelled to reject the belief that the sun may be a body raised at some remote epoch to an intense heat throughout its entire mass, and gradually cooling.

Now, we find that in the course of a few thousand years, such a mass would cool far more than the sun has cooled (if it has cooled appreciably at all), even within the historic period; and we have evidence that he has poured his heat on the earth during periods compared with which the duration of the human race is but a second æon of centuries, while the duration of historic races is utterly lost by comparison.



APPARATUS FOR UTILIZING THE RAYS OF THE SUN, RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

The probability of the heat of the sun dying out is too remote to disturb us in our calculations; but the alarm which periodically arises as to the probable exhaustion of the coalfields has had the effect of turning the attention of inventors to the finding of a good substitute for the generation of steam and for other purposes. Many machines have been invented, worked by electricity, magnetism, etc.; and although some of them have been useful under special circumstances, they all have the drawback of being far more costly than the old system of coal and water.

A French engineer, M. Mouchot, conceived the ingenious

XUM

idea, not simply of replacing the steam-engine, but of substituting a new heating power for the coal. He certainly has sought his generating force in the cheapest possible manner, for he does nothing but utilize the rays of the sun which fall upon us gratuitously, and which, we have just seen, are likely to continue to emit their beneficent heat until the end of time.

The experiments carried on by M. Mouchot during the Paris Exhibition are highly instructive. They had for objects, on the one hand, the cooking of food, and the distillation of alcohol; on the other, the use of solar heat as a motive power. In the matter of cooking, it was found that mirrors of less than one-fifth square meter sufficed to roast half a kilogramme of beef in twenty-two minutes, to complete stews in an hour and a half that required four hours with an ordinary wood fire, and to raise to boiling, in half an hour, three-quarters of a litre of cold water. A pure brandy was obtained in a short time from the distilling apparatus.

For obtaining motive power, M. Mouchot had constructed a large solar receiver, the mirror having an aperture of about twenty square metres. In its focus was placed an iron boiler weighing, with accessions, 200 kilogrammes, and having a capacity of 100 litres, 70 being devoted to water. This apparatus was put in action on the 2d of September last for the first time; in half an hour the water was raised to boiling, and a pressure of six atmospheres was ultimately registered. On the 29th, a pressure of seven atmospheres was reached in two hours, notwithstanding several fleeting clouds. On different occasions the steam (with a pressure of three atmospheres) was made to drive a Tanze pump, raising 1,500 to 1,800 litres of water per hour a height of two metres, and to produce ice in a Carré apparatus.

There appears to be no doubt that the introduction of this apparatus in southern climates would be attended with great economy of fuel for agricultural machines, irrigation and cooking. It was certainly a novelty at the Paris Exhibition to see an engine driven by steam generated with solar heat, and to witness the artificial production of ice by the same agency.

M. Mouchot has received the reward coveted by all Frenchmen, that of the decoration of the Legion of Honor, as well as a gold medal, and has been highly complimented by the numerous scientific men who have visited his exhibition.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A Good Sewer.—According to Colonel George E. Waring, a good sewer should be so tight as to prevent all leakage. Its fall or inclination need not be great, but must be regular; giving an equal clearing velocity of 120 feet per minute in every part, with no place for dead water to lodge. Ample ventilation should be secured by manholes and open gratings 100 yards apart, and by tubes in each house connected with the soilpipes and opening above the roofs. Free discharge at the outlet of the sewer, and the means for flushing it periodically, must also be provided. With these precautions, there need be no sewer-gas. The size of the sewer should be carefully adjusted to the volume it will have to carry, so that heavy rains will flush and cleanse it, carrying out any heavy substances likely to obstruct it. One of the most important considerations to be observed, is to secure ample ventilation of the sewer. The air oxidizes organic matter and prevents the formation of foul gases. It is always well to introduce a break between the pipe from a sink and the hopper into which the waste water runs; this is only possible in country houses, but is most important when feasible.

The Castor-oil Bean a Poison to Insects.—Poisonous qualities are popularly attributed to the castor-oil bean, the fruit of the *Ricinus communis*. According to the statements of a California newspaper, this property extends to the leaves sufficiently to make them of use in destroying insects. By distributing the leaves where grasshoppers were numerous, great numbers of the insects were soon killed. The effect of the poison upon the grasshopper is said to be apparent very shortly after it eats a portion of a leaf.

The Origin of Consumption.—In 18[illegible]3, when Hanover and other parts of Northern Germany were visited by a very malignant kind of smallpox, the great anatomist Langenbeck tried to discover the peculiarity of organic structure which disposes one man to catch the disease while his neighbor escapes. "I have cut up more human bodies than the Old Man of the Mountain, with all his accomplices," he writes from Gottingen; "and speaking only of my primary object, I must confess that I am no wiser than before. But, though the mystery of smallpox has eluded my search, my labors have not been in vain; they have revealed to me something else—the origin of consumption. I am sure now of what I suspected long ago, viz., that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance or with erotic excesses, and much less with cold weather, but are nearly exclusively (if we except tuberculous tendencies inherited from both parents, I say quite exclusively) produced by the breathing of foul air. The lungs of all persons, minors included, who had worked for some years in close workshops and dusty factories, showed the germs of the fatal disease, while confirmed inebriates, who had passed their days in open air, had preserved their respiratory organs intact, whatever inroads their excesses had made on the rest of their system. If I should go into practice, and undertake the cure of a consumptive, I should begin by driving him out into the Deister (a densely wooded mountain range of Hanover), and prevent him from entering a house for a year or two."

The Vienna Geographical Society.—This Society now numbers 70 honorary, 1[illegible]2 corresponding and [illegible]41 ordinary members. The Austrian Minister of Public Instruction has granted a yearly subsidy of 1,000 florins to the Society for the period of three years, and this sum, as well as other donations it has received, have enabled the council to enlarge the Society's library, which, during the past year, was increased by 234 new works and 19 geographical views, as well as to facilitate materially the publication of scientific works and to support geographical exploration. The President, in his annual report, announced that the scientific investigations made in Central Africa by Dr. Oscar Lenz and Lieutenant Lux will soon be published, and that the Austrian traveler, Dr. Emil Hollub, after a sojourn of nearly three years in South Africa, will shortly return to Austria. The receipts of the Society during 1877 were 7,[illegible]32 florins, and the expenses 7,11[illegible] florins.

The University of Gottingen.—The present attendance at the University is 909, a slight decrease on the past Summers. They are divided among the faculties as follows: Theology, 86; medicine, 115; law, 275; philosophy, 433. The representation of foreign countries is unusually small, with the exception of America, which supplies a contingent of 27. The corps of instructors, numbering 116, includes 9 in theology, 26 in medicine, 14 in law and 67 in philosophy and science. Among the scientific professors is Wohler, the Nestor of German chemistry, who, at the age of seventy-eight, still takes an active interest in chemical researches, and constantly assists candidates for degrees with stuff upon which to prepare their dissertations. He has ceased lecturing, but visits the laboratory every day to instruct the advanced pupils.

A Simple Liquid Cooler.—A simple contrivance for the rapid cooling of liquids, invented by M. Toselli, is described in *Les Mondes*. It consists of a cylindrical cup for holding any liquid, into which may be plunged an inner goblet, shaped like an inverted truncated cone, and having a lid which rests on the outer cup. By putting 150 grammes (5 ozs.) of nitrate of ammonia in the inner goblet, filling it with cold water, and stirring it so as to hasten the solution, the temperature of the outer liquid is soon reduced at least 2 deg. Fah. The salt may be used for an indefinite period, by spreading it on a plate after each trial, and exposing it to the sun until it crystallizes anew. The inventor prepares a salt which will lower the temperature 50 deg. Fah. in the warmest countries.

Synthesis of Ultramarine.—M. Plicque, of Paris, engineer of mines, prepared some insoluble silico-aluminate of soda according to the method of Henry St. Claire Deville. He heated 100 parts of this to redness (75 deg. C.) for several days, in the vapor of carbon di sulphide, and thus obtained an intermediate product, which, heated in a current of sulphurous acid for about ten hours, until its weight remained constant, yielded 107 parts of a very beautiful blue ultramarine. Ultramarine is now made on a large scale by fusing in reverberating furnaces or in black-lead crucibles, sulphur, soda, kaolin and silica, and carefully washing and settling in water. Many tons of it are now annually produced in this way.

Soles and Turbot for America.—A consignment of soles and turbot was recently sent from the Southport Aquarium, England, to America, in charge of Mr. Mather, agent to Prof. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. If they arrive safely, they are destined to be turned adrift in Massachuset's Bay. It appears that while so many members of the *Pleuronectidæ* are common enough on the American coast, soles and turbot are entirely unknown. Hence an agent was sent to England by Prof. Baird, to see if these desirable fish could not be safely transmitted across the Atlantic. Since writing the above paragraph, we understand that the fish died on the passage. It is proposed to try again.

Detecting the Impurity of Water by Electricity.—At a recent meeting of the Health Society of Berlin, Dr. Falk described a new method of testing the purity of drinking water by electrical experiments. From researches carried out in the laboratory of the School of Artillery in Berlin, it appears that the conductive properties of water for the electric current vary rapidly according to its degree of purity; the resistance decreasing with the purity of the water. It is possible, in this manner, to detect with great ease the presence of small quantities of organic matter in water.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Not Amiss.—A pretty widow.

Beef Allah mowed, said the Turk, when the hail killed his cattle.

When Strongest.—When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

Tit for Tat.—It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

The world without woman would be a perfect blank, like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

Soliloquy by a Tippler.—The public always notices when you have been drinking, but never when you are thirsty.

Despite the lively times they've had, and the amount of work performed, most of the thermometers are still in high spirits.

"How **did** my little girl get on with her alphabet?" asked a mother of a schoolteacher. "She was lost at C, ma'am," was the reply.

Soothing Thought.—If you wish to pay your debts, you have paid them. Your creditors cannot deny that there has been pay-meant.

When usefulness is considered, the man who smokes cigarettes dwindles into insignificance by the side of the individual who smokes hams.

New Reading.—The woman—and all of the sex do—who glances under the bed at night before retiring, evidently has in mind the proverb, "Look before you sleep."

Too Bad.—An agricultural contemporary has observed that, immediately after every high wind, farmers come into town with choice lots of fresh hand-picked apples.

Two lawyers, bathing, being chased out of the water by a shark, one of them said to the other, "It strikes me that that was a flagrant want of professional courtesy!"

Novel Theory.—"I have a theory about the dead languages," said the new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they were killed by being studied too hard!"

"**Why**, my dears," said an aged spinster aunt to her nieces, "I'm shocked to hear you wish for *buoy*ant spirits. Girls should be girls in spirit as well as in other things."

Not her Fault.—"One half the world don't know how the other half live!" exclaimed a gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "don't worry about it; 'tisn't your fault if they don't know!"

"How **does** my mustache impress you?" asked a conceited fop of a young lady. To which she replied, "It impresses me with the idea that your upper lip is in mourning for the loss of your brains!"

"I **wonder**, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad, the world had to be drowned!"

"I **wish** you could teach my son to keep his own counsel," said a father to an experienced old judge "Let him get into a chancery suit," responded the judge, "and then I'll be bound he'll keep his counsel. He could never get rid of him!"

Putting in Mind.—The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray, and wheeze, and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men; "and, by-the-way, that puts me in mind—how is *your* cough?"

"**Ha**, ha!" ejaculated a rich old bachelor, pointing at an infant nephew that was furiously squalling, "you don't want any of my money here; you already have a wroth-child (Rothschild) in the family!" They all laughed so at his joke that he made the angry little joker his heir.

"**But** you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture!" "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture!"

"I **say**, Pat," said a philosopher, "can you be doing two things at the same time?" "Can't I?" answered Pat; "I'll be doing that any day!" "How?" asked the philosopher "Why," replied Pat, "I'll be slapin' and dramin,' too, at the same time, don't ye see? So none of yer gammon, ye spooney!"

"I **don't** like that!" exclaimed a good old lady, as she rattled her newspaper. "Don't like what, grandma?" asked a girl sitting near her. "Why, this 'piping of all hands' by the boatswain of a man-of-war. Who pays for all the pipes, I'd like to know?" Is that the way our public money goes?" And the old lady shook her head sorrowfully.

A **new** arrival from the Emerald Isle was asked at a dinner whether he would take some of the apple pie. "Is it houlsome?" he inquired. "To be sure it is," was the reply. "What makes you ask such a question?" "Because," said the newcomer, "I oncet had an uncle that was killed with the *apple*-plexy, and sure I thought it was something of that sort!"

Every one can appreciate the feelings of the little boy who, on one intensely hot day, ran to his mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, mamma, I'm leaking all over!"

Leading Men.—A stranger in Fall River lately asked a resident where he could find some of the leading men of the place, who replied, "They've mostly been sent to the State Prison, sir!"

Sweet Creature.—"My dear!" said a husband, in startling tones, awaking his wife in the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well then, do for goodness' sake lie still, or it may come up!"

Very Severe.—A French gentleman meets a young and pretty American girl in Paris. "What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm spending my honeymoon." "But where is your husband?" "Oh, he's in New York!"

There is a good story in Planché's *Memoirs*, told by Rogers, of a man who got very drunk at a country house, was tarred and feathered, and put to bed He awoke, still drunk, in the morning, reeled over to the looking-glass, and exclaimed, "Become a bird, by Jove!"

It was an Irish horse-stealer who, when O'Connell had obtained his acquittal, exclaimed, in the exuberance of his gratitude, "Och, counselor, I've no way here to thank yer honor: but I wisht I saw ye knocked down in my own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

The "Seal" of Affection.—Only a few years ago a man used to put the seal of affection on her lips. Now he has to put it on her back; and if it isn't trimmed with otter she makes trouble. The new style costs more, but it can't compete with the other kind for real comfort.

Sheridan, being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready for business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking round the table, said, with a droll expression of countenance, "Will any gentleman move, that I may take the chair?"

A **contemporary** says that there was an English bride recently married in hunting costume, and that the papers are making a great fuss over it; but *Momus* sees nothing remarkable in it. She was only a trifle more candid than the rest of her sex in keeping the costume on after the chase had been completed!

Particular Lodger to landlady at a popular watering-place: "Mrs. Brown, excuse me, but I hope your sheets are well aired?" *Mrs. B.:* "Oh, yes, sir! I wouldn't for worlds put you in damp sheets. In fact, I can prove it, sir. I slep' in 'em the night afore last, an' another party slep' in 'em the night afore that, so they must be well aired."

A **young** gentleman lately said to a little urchin who sat loitering about his premises without invitation: "Young man, clear out, begone, slope, march, disfranchise yourself, evacuate, disperse, disgorge, cut, be off." At which the boy, suspecting his meaning, said: "If you don't want me here, why don't you tell me to go home, and be done with it?"

Perfection.—An American says that a new way of fastening on ladies' hats is to bore the tops of their ears, put in gold hoops, and have the hat-strings tied through them. Thus, step by step, we tread the pathway to perfection, and ere the darkness of death envelops all the world, man will have utilized his nose in holding up his trousers or pulling on his boots.

"Now, **then**, madame, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it; and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there!"

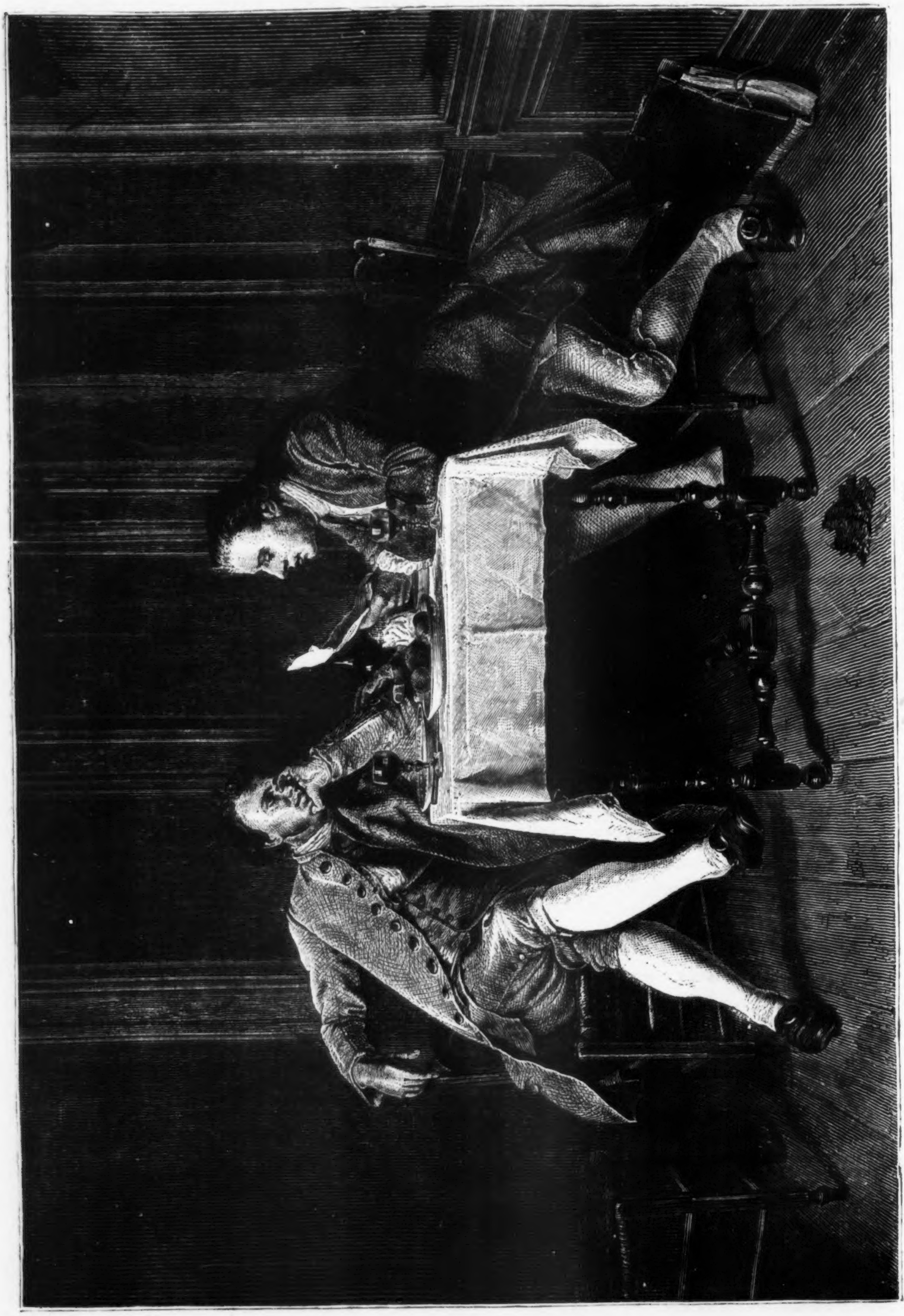
A **merchant** recently ordered a clerk of seventeen or eighteen, whom he had just received into his counting-house, to take off an account from the books with all dispatch. Soon after, hearing him scratching out something from the ledger, the merchant inquired what he was doing; to which he replied that he was *taking off* the account, but his knife was so dull it would take all the afternoon to get it off!

A **clergyman** called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that one so young could not have committed any grievous sin, and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. "Ah, sir," said the simple creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there!"

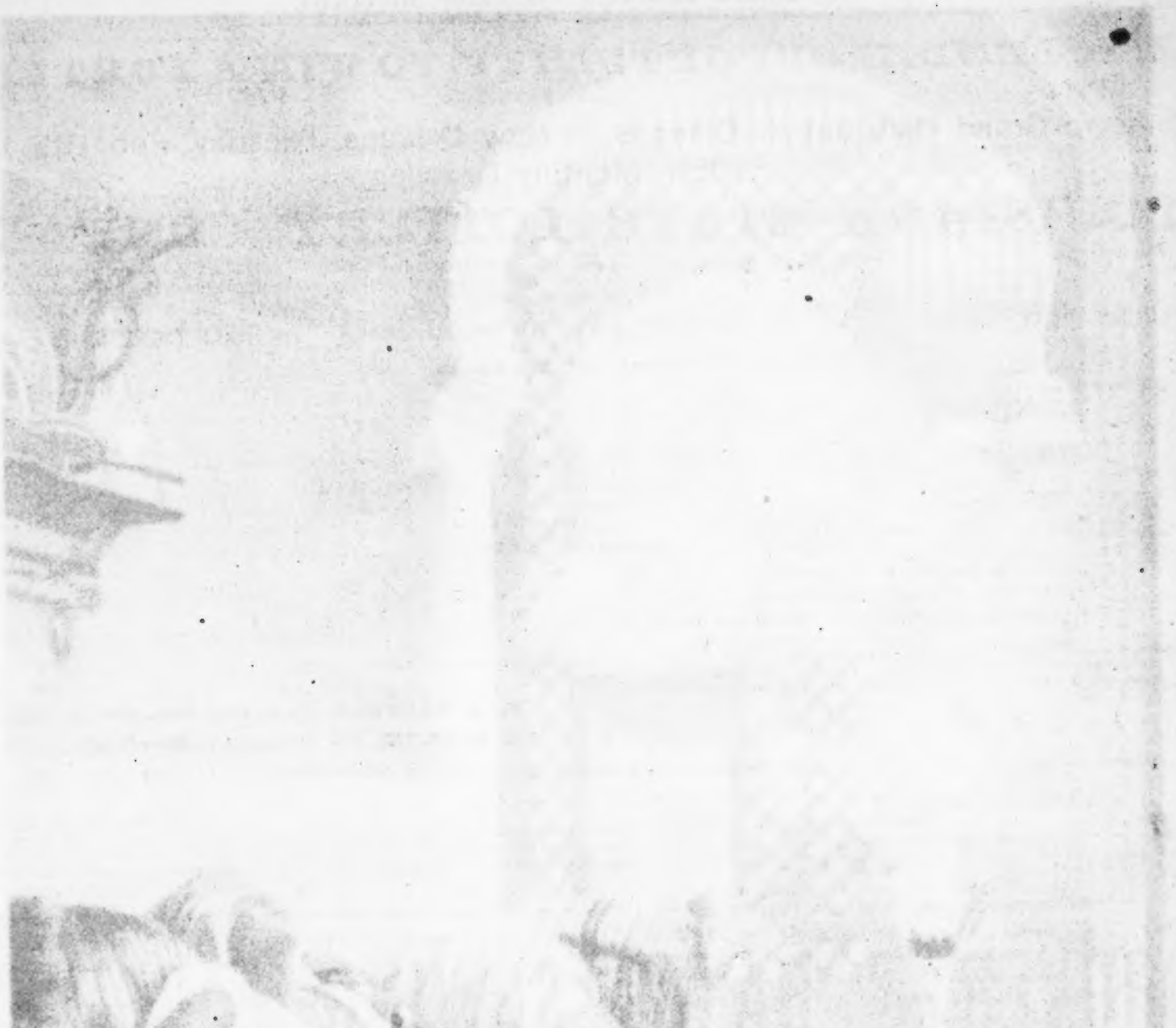
An economical Hibernian couple, a sporting contemporary relates, were having an Anglo-Portugal oyster supper, when the bride exclaimed, "Here's luck; I've found a pearl!" and then, less joyfully, holding it up to the candle, "I'm afraid it's not a real one." "Shure, darlint," replied her husband, "would you be aftner finding any but artificial purls in oysters at a shilling a dozen?"

Different Ways of Putting It—This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture, with his mouth open, his jaw drops; his tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated, the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue, and, if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep, he will snore."

XUM



CONFIDENTIAL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.



XUM